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Vagor, or, Vicissitudes of a vagabond

VAGOR;

— OR —

VICISSITUDES

OF A

VAGABOND.

McVITTIE.

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VAGOR;

—OR—

VICISSITUDES

OF A

VAGABOND.

—EDITED BY—

J. McVITTIE.

A. M. EDDY,
BOOK AND JOB PRINTER,
ALBION, N. Y.
1891.

SURPLUS
DUPLICATE

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VAGOR;

OR

Vicissitudes of a Vagabond.

Keep not standing fixed and rooted
  Briskly venture, briskly roam;
Head and hand where'er thou foot it,
  And stout heart are still at home.
In each land the sun doth visit
  We are gay whate'er beti de,
To give space for wandering is it
  That the world was made so wide.

GOETHE.

Lord Byron found among the dons his hero,
  The Franks supplied him to Torquato Tasso;
Another finds him somewhere below zero,
  Where Boreas sounds his high-faluting basso
One finds him in the stern old R man Nero,
  And Scratch himself is caught in Milton's lasso.
We caring not for far-fetched, pompous wit,
  Take for our hero roving Solway Kit.

EDITOR.

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PREFACE.

Every life lived however unassuming may be called one of God's poems, and fairly well presented, reflect light and joy upon the paths of others; for just as any statement made by us reveals ourselves—the bias of our minds—so the works of God reveal him in intrinsic grace and glory. They speak falsely says Bancroft who say that truth is the daughter of time; it is the child of eternity and as old as the divine mind. The perception of it takes place in the order of time, truth itself knows nothing of the succession of ages.

If by studying the lives of great men, we master to a certain extent all the knowledge and resources of their times, we are yet more strangely excited and improved by the fortunes of an individual swept along unnoticed and unknown. His toils and trials, falls and indignities raise our emotions, while his virtues, triumphs and sympathies become ours. Whatever relates to human life its experiences, joys, sufferings, achievements, usually attract beyond all else. Man only, says Emerson, can paint, or make, or think.

It is an individual of the latter class we have chosen to present because "the most numerous class is precisely the class respecting which we have the most meagre information."

Briefly no mind can be devoutly given to such realities without enlargement of spirit and hence the editor has taken pains, whenever possible, to verify the statements in the MS. and here presents it to the world as a record of the age unvarnished and direct.

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VAGOR.

INTRODUCTORY.

I.

On the English road—a highway leading out of Scotland into England—a few miles from a quaint old city is, or was not many decades since, the abnormal village of Trench. Abnormal we call it because both collectively and in detail it was against all rule and precedent.

If, after imbibing its contents, you twirl your tea-cup around precisely three times and invert it, you will probably have from the refuse a correct representation—from the hovel of sod on the verge of that dark, treacherous morass, to the substantial farm-house or mansion of stone. As intermediate, domiciles of mud, clay, cobbles, bricks, with roofs of straw, sod, grass, rushes, tiles, slates—after the tastes or exigencies of their possessors.

On each side of a magnificent turnpike, attesting the triumph of mechanical ingenuity, and stretching east and west beyond the horizon, was an almost impassable moss dividing the dales of Annan and Nith; or, in local banter, the Annandale thieves from the Nithsdale robbers.

Hence this locality still retained its prestige as the refuge of the distressed and outlawed as well as of aliens from the sister countries. A few patronymics are suggestive—O'Neill, O'Connell, O'Rafferty, Wells, Morgan; and to these Smith, Milburn, Robinson. The really native scions were few and far-between but, all so amalgamated, woe was sure to betide the constable or posse of constables who

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either ostensibly or warily attempted to entrap anyone who had committed himself to their honor. In a word there might have been found swamp-heroes to charm the wits of a dozen Dickenses.

This vast track was encircled by scenes and memories of historic interest. To the South Mousewald—the pastorate of Rev. Henry Duncan, the founder of Savings' Banks; Torthorwald with its old castle, yet hugely lowering over much of the dale, and mementoes of the brave Kirkpatrick. Northward an ancient and renowned city lovingly dubbed the Queen of the South—the site of a famous cattle-market—whose streets had echoed the tread of a Bruce, a Scott, or a Douglas, and latched the magical tones of a Burns, Aird, or Carlyle. It was said by the biographer of Burns that his speech was so taking the hostlers and domestics at inns where he stopped late would rise out of bed and gather round him to listen to his accents.

Westward towers Criffell—an abrupt mountain of 2000 feet in altitude—overlooking the Solway and birth place of John Paul or Paul Jones—so endeared to Americans by his indomitable courage and victories in their behalf.

As to educational advantages, at the time of which we write was one thatched schoolhouse, or side school, taught by an amiable and respected middle-aged gentleman, whose attainments might be on a par with a District schoolteacher's.

The chimney was in the middle and descended by means of canvas low enough to be easily touched by the larger scholars. The fire was of peat or turf, on a raised hearth about two yards square, and composed of cobble or whinstones against which the infant classes placed their feet in winter, the other receding according to grade and acquirement. There, my reader, you may see in imagina-

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tion, in the year of great Scott's demise, our client as the foremost scholar of his age—his feet on the parallelogram and wonderingly peering up through the canvas chimney into the serene heavens, which shed their silent smile over him more enrapt than the Epicurean who sang the subjoind rhapsody to his gay philosopy—

"What! think you the gods place their bliss eh!
In playing the spy on a sinner?
In counting the girls that we kiss, eh?
Or the cups that we empty at dinner?
Content with the soft lips that love us,
This music, this wine, and this mirth, boys,
We care not for gods up above us
We know there's no gods for this earth, boys!"
—Bulwer Lytton.

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II.

VILLAGE AND PECULIARITIES.

We may explain that the village took its name from the fact that it stood on trenched or reclaimed ground.

It contained not a few really snug, convenient dwellings besides a grocery, smithy, carpentry, and weaving establishments.

The genera population might be classed under the general weaver, drover, pig-jobber, horse-cowper, turf-monger.

One exception and thereby hangs our tale.

The last structures as you go south were a farmhouse with its adjuncts and—removed twenty rods or so—two cottages for the use of cotters or laborers employed upon the farm.

It stood on a rather imposing elevation in an acute angle, formed,—on one side, by a pleasant hedge shaded lane, and, on the other, by the smooth well-kept highway.

Beside the door was a large spreading hawthorn overhanging a deep, perennial draw-well, always kept under cover from fear of accident.

The interior and surroundings would favorably compare with any of equal pretension. The occupant or farmer was a middle-aged man of medium height and full contour. His countenance was ruddy and features regular though prominent, while expressive blue eyes spoke under a rather shaggy but classic forhead. His manners were blunt characteristic of his country—"the worst word first."

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Like Brindly, the engineer, he thought no more of looking into a book for information, with respect to his calling, than into the heart of a millstone, and, like him, his success was exceptional.

His ancestral boast, paternally, went back to "forty-five,"—of which he felt prouder than many of the bluest of blue blood. And to that date so suggestive of Highland fidelity he might well recur; for

> "'Tis wonderful
> That an invisible instinct should frame them
> To loyalty unlearned, honor untaught,
> Civility not seen from others, valor
> That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop
> As if it had been sowed."

An old moss-grown slab in Tinwald graveyard on which was placed some device or insignia might one day indicate his family origin—it was beyond him.

Maternally the name furnished the nucleus of the Gallant Grahams or Scots Greys.

His partner was a woman of singular prudence and address, pious and cheerful believing that all events would one day work in for good.

By descent, too, she shared with the Primate of all England and Europe's historian, the blood of the national hero, which she transmitted in hatred of what was mean and ignoble.

Of their scions we need not enlarge.

There were four of each kind—one our hero.

Their lives passed peacefully and happily because each had his or her apt employment and enjoyed a sense of progress both in efforts and results—the source and secret of all happiness; and when, in the evening, they were closed around the large, open fire-place there was little to be desired. That little seemed supplied when, as

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often was the case, a few neighbors happened in whose qualifications as oracles were remarkable and unique; for some of them had trailed their pikes for ould Ireland in '98, and others were Peninsular veterans who had fought under Sir John Moore and Lord Wellesley.

The song and jest went round or personal scapes and ventures, often moving to tears by pathos or evoking bursts of laughter by humorous and grotesque pleasantry.—

The marvels and incidents of the day were not unnoticed—the last Border tale or Chambers' Journal.

In such a heterogeneous place there could hardly be any lack of incident, passing, too, to the music of the sphere Nithsdale—squealing of pigs, bleating of sheep, neighing of geldings and lowing of cattle on their way to some market.

You might have seen miles of road covered with black Galloway muleys or horned Highlanders bound for the border. Often grazing on the farm their drivers formed an important addition to the evening circle.

To the juvenile's delight, the daily mail coach, with the Royal arms resplendent on its yellow panels, passed through, drawn by four horses. The driver in gay uniform, and the guard behind in red tunic blowing through his horn in gamin sense—clear the way for the heavy mail—while lumbering grandly along the hybrid street.

There was an unusual complement of dancing-bears, ballad-singers, blind-fiddlers, Bavarian buy-a-brooms, Irish harvesters, English cotton-spinners and tramps northward.

Circuses were frequent but, perhaps, to youth, the most captivating spectacle was the approach of sodgers interchanged as often happened between the two countries. The coming of a squadron of

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cavalry upon the smooth, macadamized highway, on a fine summer's day, was specially imposing. The sun shining upon their dazzling array they seemed at times to Kit as to the poet.

"A host angelic clad in burning arms."—And with the blare of trumpets and bugle fanfares well might he eagerly follow their appearing and disappearing—soul and body in wonderland.

In the lane before named, the effervescent vitality of the villagers spent itself—running, wrestling, jumping, and so forth. Nor did it always end thus.

"Are you willing"? Said one to long Peter O'Neill.

"Troth and I am and thank you too"—was the rejoinder, and hence occurred, perhaps, the tallest fight on the village record.

From this exuberance it was hard even for outsiders to escape as a Sunday incident to "Vagor" will evince.

A few young men promenading one morning chanced te see him in the stack-yard and at once began to chaff and dare him to a contest with a small fellow about his own age. This, declined, the latter crawled through the fence and in common phrase went for him; but, the affair having gone from vanity to vim, the assailant was thrice stretched and then chose to shuffle back into safe quarters.

The victor had yet committed two great sins—broken the laws of God and man. It was Sunday, and he was forbidden to fight.

He might have avoided both by simply retiring a few steps, but it did not occur to him then and he was sore exercised over his transgressions.

This feeling perhaps may hardly be understood by many, but we contend it is a healthy one. In

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spite of the stigma Sabbatarian they know little of what they lose who do not honor the Sabbath.

What a blissful day it is to those most observant of its claims; its glamor and solemn stillness affording a striking and happy contrast to every day activities. These lines we heartily endorse—

The Lord's Day.

Dear day of rest—memorial blest
Of Him thy Lord and Donor!
The happier all the more they love
And hold thy rites in honor!
Sweet space in which the glorious sun
Of righteousness full shineth,
And casts a glow by which alone
His future man divineth!

"Just as I spend the sacred day
In worship—real or hollow,"
Said England's wise and honored judge,
"Is sure the week to follow."
Let me caught of its spirit go
From strength to strength and duty
And find the path his feet have trod
The path of joy and beauty.

Should we again that land behold
Where first we read the story,
May it upon our vision burst
In Sabbath's old time glory.
And when life's stream we ferry o'er,
As says the bard it shall come,
In heaven itself we ask but this
Its Lord's own smile and welcome.

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III.

LITIGATION AND RESULTS.

But reliability is not indigenous to man's estate and a change now came over the Burleigh associations.

From kindly good will he, with a neighbor, had become sureties to a village trader for a considerable amount, and years passed without hearing further of the affair.

The principal had gone abroad, to all appearance without fear and without reproach, but anticipating—he had committed an over sight—neglected to lift the original bond and as the poet has it, "tis true tis true, and pity tis tis true, the sight of means to do ill deeds makes ill deeds often done."

The other surety had gone beyond life's bourne and the farmer himself from home on a business trip of a few days, when the cyclone first burst upon his house. A decree against him had been quietly procured by the finesse of the usurer who forthwith essayed to capture the position.

The first officer to whom he applied—a hearty outspoken ex-midshipman—called him emphatically the equivalent for a lean worthless deer, and bluntly refused to proceed on his errand, but the city also contained an agent of the baser sort and to him was committed the undertaking.

He organized a party to surprise and levy on stock and chattels and, like the Border chief, drive off anything on 'four legs'.

They succeeded individually in passing through

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the village and assembled in the Lundy's lane of its history in the dusk of a calm evening. The lnyx eyes of a village maiden had yet seen them and divined their character. Jolly Sal! who that knew her could ever forget that robust form, those merry brown eyes, or fun loving propensities? Dressed as a swain she would run the beau from his lass, down the wrestler and dare the champion to conclusions!

Passing the signal, her gallants quickly mustered in force and she went forth to reconnoitre. Assured of her surmise she knew how to start the fray and the slogan arose—"Go it Sal and I'll hold your bonnet."

They closed in on the aggressors and began hustling them about and in the words of Virgil—who no doubt was a Trencher for does he not speak of his poor hut covered over with turf?—now clods and now billets fly. Fury supplies them with arms and the limbs of the law are forced to unbecoming flight—some "praying never prayed before" and some sticking fast on the invocation itself. The whole procedure was witnessed by one who little guessed its interest to him.

How little we know what circumstances make or mar us! What is doing for us even with our eyes open!

A counter suit followed on the farmer's return with all its surprises, delays and "damnation of expenses," to quote the national bard. But true as truth to him were these words of the wise king—"money answereth all things"—for he was finally taken on a market day from his wagon and cast into prison till he should pay the uttermost farthing.

There was however a Portia to this Shylock in the person of the devoted partner. Observing that the estate of the deceased surety had gone into his

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hands she resolved to discover the reason why, and persisted until from the heirs leave was obtained to search the important records. She was rewarded by finding a document proving—apart from the principal's settlement, of which they had no moral doubt—that the surety had responded to the claim in full. This at once freed the prisoner and returned him untrammeled to his hearth and home, while it subjected the usurer to the scorn and scathing denunciation of the judge who specially regretted his inability to weigh out ample distributive justice.

Such in brief was an incident that altered the whole tenor of many lives and but for one kind, untoward act they might still be flourishing individually and indigenous.

At the close of this ordeal we find Burleigh on a small piece of land, distant from the former one, about a mile and a half. The eldest son whom he had destined for the ministry now in a summer clime in search of more prosperous times.

One horse and his dam yet afforded healthy exercise and competence, through tilling the small farm, while retaining unitedly the other members of the family.

Their lot after all was not unenviable.

Lack of scholastic opportunity for the junior members was the chief desideratum—the school now three miles away.

By moving from the village at six our hero's attainments stopped in the chief reader and at the syntax in Lennie's incomparable grammar.

When nearly nine he resumed his schooling a whole year.

His progress was locally exceptional for the class medal was won so repeatedly he came to despise it—this prize was a large coin about the size

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of a silver dollar, suspended from the neck by a blue ribbon.

On leaving school at the age of ten he had been again and again through the current arithmetic and wrestled with book-keeping in Hutton's large work. Between and after these periods he was a farmer's boy generally.

He scampered over the springy heath as light as a bounding deer. Often with his kine he spent many hours reading and pondering on themes suggested by his romantic surroundings, or the evening sky, yet more suggestive to his weird imagination. But often too he had sterner duties to perform as digging, harrowing, harvesting.

The adjoining farm was composed chiefly of orchard and thus he was located literally at the gate of Eden.

Over against his home and leading to the gate indicated was a fence interlaced with honeysuckle and interspersed with rowan or elder trees. Going on you found yourself in a dense shade formed by massive overarching beeches, but soon emerged into the light on a small green abutting on a long perfectly thatched cottage and outhouses—the Steading of Paradise.

In front and rear were beautiful gardens—the front one entered by means of a small gate, scarcely perceptible in a well trimmed hawthorn hedge of unusual height.

Once in the garden the tout ensemble was delightful and the details no less admirable. The borders of the walk were composed of showey flowers in artistic contrast—daisies, day-lillies, bleeding-hearts or dicentras, eulalias marked across and lengthwise, forget-me nots, carnations and other perennials. Roses, amaranths, asters, pansies had their due place.

Shrubs, vines, convolvuli supported by fruit trees

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of all kinds, combined to please and gratify every sense.

The rear garden was more of an orchard for general fruit. It contained the well which was in solid masonary and reached by broad stone steps—the apiary consisting of perhaps two dozen hives and the summer-house thatched with purple heath.

The whole scene was resonant of harmony; the bees sussurrus or gentle murmer among the flowers, the cooing dove, the piping blackbird, amorous thrush, and away up beyond ken the lark discharged his gushing melody too rich for earth only.

The larks of Scotland, says one in Detroit Commercial of Dec. 17, '86, are the sweetest singing birds of earth. No piece of mechinism that man has ever made has the soft, sweet, glorious music in it that the larks throat has. When the farmers walk out early in the morning, they flush the larks from the grass, and as they rise they sing, and as they sing they circle. And higher and higher they go, circling as they sing until at last the notes of their voices die out in the sweetest strain that earth ever listened to.

You may enter the house with me if you like for its possessor both sings and means it as few others do—

> "Both rich and poor a welcome have
> Beneath my roof of straw."

Do you see him the younger of the two occupants?

A man of probably fifty, stands 5 ft. 10 in. or more. Strong and solid. Head massive, nose Grecian, expressive mouth, and hazel eyes that look kindly from under a lofty, ample brow. The whole expression force with simplicity. The native terrier may stand as a type of him "He is a gentleman," says his enlogist, goes along and

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minds his own business, is not fierce nor cruel but, attacked, completes his work with dispatch and energy."

The other occupant is an aged uncle whom North, our neighbor friend, delights to honor.

Schoolmates in old Torthorwald the intimacy of Burleigh and North was heartily resumed and only to be partially interrupted some years after.

The former on a visit to his eldest son then in Liverpool noted its advantages for family enterprise and resolved to seize them, which soon after he effected.

The latter in compliance with his wish undertook to visit him a few months later and bring along our hero.

Reader, have you ever crossed the Solway?

EMBARKING.

The good ship stands on Solway sands to start with tide receding;
The steed and steer, urged flank and rear, are up the gangway speeding;
The drovers whoop as up they coop their stock around amidship;
The tars about their orders shout in words set by for worship;
The grunter squeaks, the cordage creaks, impressed by too much tie-ety;
The children squall, the mothers bawl with elegant propriety;
The engine toots while Jack in boots and shining broad souwester
Stands by to steer through sand banks drear and snags might quickly best her.
But, hark! that bell rings out the knell of souls such glances darting
As concentrates all other dates to this one focus—parting.

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One blood-warm-kiss imparts a bliss, embalms the heart is breaking
As rarest then the odor when dear life's the tree forsaking.
And now the shore recedes, the core of severed friends is bleeding
Yet say ye wise who hope despise is no curator heeding?
Can such things be on land and sea and no sweet junction ever!
Why is it found all worlds are round to loving brave endeavor?
Then speed along my steamer strong your pulse beats true to progress,
Each wave downcast and overpast leaves one less vengeful ogress:
So shall we gain that higher plane where earth with all its fashion
Gives place to love, all gifts above, one blest unending passion.

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IV

LIVERPOOL

Liverpool!

What a name to conjure by!

What hosts of recollections crowd its utterance!

Within its compass not even then styled a city, was contained probably a specimen of every gift which genius and enterprise offered to humanity.

In its structures, customs, energies and inhabitants it was, is still, a model of the whole British empire—or rather a mineature of the ages civilization.

Steaming into the broad and noble Mersey we have, on the right, the Lighthouse and delectable shore of Cheshire, dotted with princely merchant villas, villages, and ferrys—on the left, the magnificent line of docks stretching away eight miles at that time, at present possibly double that extent.

They are built of huge masses of hewn granite and jointed with cement that becomes even harder.

The groves of mast crowded into these basins were astounding nor did a nearer inspection lessen the surprise.

Vessels and flags of every kind and nationality invited the eye and imagination and often from the nature of their freight gratified the senses.

The gate into which our friends slowly steamed on the flowing tide was the Clarence and, passing through the outer basin, entered the dock proper, bringing up on the side next the town. Soon whirling along towards their destination, what were the youth's emotions may be more readily imagined than described, He was to meet not only his

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parents but a brother whom he had not seen for ten years—a whole decade! Would he be companionable? Was he yet—

> True to the old amenities divine
> And Doric symphonies of auld lang syne, or

throughly anglicised?

While woolgathering and projecting, the hack brought up before a large gateway revealing a mountain of black diamonds, Anglice coal, and in the rear a snug, lime-washed two story cottage. The outer gate secured, the interior was as cosy and secluded as Paradise itself.

How good and pleasant it all seemed to him! The business too was increasing and promised to be remunerative.

His mother's refined and eloquent features, radiant with renewed health, beamed on him complacently—a sweet reward for his short homesickness.

The voyage and its fatigues were soon forgotten so that, after refreshing, with all a boy's versatility he slipped out to reconnoitre, leaving the old folks to fight their battles o'er again.

Behind the cottage, the Theatre Royal loomed majestically up and extended the whole block. To the right was a long solid building ostensibly private, and parallel with the yard—to the left, with a high dead wall between, was a restaurant completing the block.

Stepping out and turning southward he noticed on the opposite side a few well-looking, able young men hanging around an inn, conducted by one Peter Taylor, a pugilistic instructor, whose pupils these were as he afterwards learned.

Keepiug to the left on a great square he found the entrance to the restaurant and also to the theatre. Further he came to a large hotel with a

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saloon proper, or spacious hall into which any one wishing refreshment could enter and, inter bibendum, be entertained gratis with music vocal and instrumental. This was kept by the redoubtable James Ward fistic champion of all England.

He noticed several other points needless to state here as very little escaped his keen, retentive glance.

Ret urning he perceived two men in conversation and one of them awakened strange emotions—intuitively he judged him his long absent brother. The rapid glance, full chest, and quick, nervy action, belonged, he felt, peculiarly to him, and he was not mistaken though the mother prescience failed at first to recognize him.

Passing on to gather fortitude, for his feelings were too big for utterance, he returned betimes to introduce himself and, together, rejoicing they re-entered in years one parental home.

Fifteen and energetic for, though always of a delicate appearance, he had never met any in wrestling who had not gone under nor contended with any in running whom he had not outwinded, he could not be an idler and cast about him for some suitable employment. This was found in a sort of wholesale and retail grocery on the corner of a street off London Road.

His duties were to make himself generally useful and carry packages to small stores and aristocratic customers; for, in those days, delivery of goods by wagon was not common. At first all unused to such exercise, he was often literally borne down and outdone by smaller boys; but in this as in others from practice he soon astonished himself, and, but for the long hours current in such places, might have remained a dispenser of good things.

The employer was a sharp, active man of business, abrupt, imperious, yet by no means a bad

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fellow as an incident will show. On a ladder one morning, as handling a mop in cleaning the windows, he shouted for another pail of water, enforcing his order by a tap on the head—this style of instruction was unknown to the home-bred youth and, indignant, he clutched a lower round to prostrate the offender—only restrained by his scared, beseeching look.

So far from resenting the boy's address and spirit he thenceforth showed him every consideration and repeatedly asked his parents to have him indentured.

There was in the employ a youth, really two years older than Kit but an indefinite number by assumption, who was often left in charge during the employer's absence—a robust, beefy, handsome lad, and came he averred of a great many, great people, and there only pro tempore at the will of an arbitrary guardian.

We give a colloquy with its results as an exhibition of dignity—

"Hurry up with those raisins, master told me to see to things."

"All right."

"Look alive will you—take that."

"Take this."

"What! you! you youkel! Come down here if you dare."—

He said and raised the trap of the storage but to his amaze the youkel responded cooly—"All right."

Down they went into the darkness leaving the firm unrepresented. They grappled, and pounded, and tumbled, so as to break a box or two of mould candles. They tussled pretty evenly till Jonah, as we may call him, like the renowned Hotspur short and scant of breath, proposed a truce—glad to back out of his whaling expedition.

To give in detail the difficulties of a country lad

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ignorant of the simplest rudiments of street lore, employed as a messenger in a town such as that would be impossible. If the address was written probably he met none could read it, or his doric was at fault, or worse yet, he had to take and give so much Dickey Sam 'punch'!

On one of his errands he saw a notice—'Boy Wanted'—and ascertained it was to learn an art of which he had never so much as heard, but resolved to investigate.

"I hold it truth with him who sings
To one clear harp in divers tones,
That men may rise on stepping stones
Of their dead selves to higher things."

—Tennyson.

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V.

LITHOGRAPHY.

The Art and Mystery of Lithography was the conundrum had exercised his imagination.

He was captivated by its productions and hours of application—from 7 a. m. to 7 p. m.—so many fewer than those then exacted of him and at once took steps to secure the place.

He was readily accepted as just the style of boy wanted.

Lord Street, that part of Liverpool to which we are now transferred, was tenanted by the largest and most enterprising merchants of all kinds, and so presented shop-fronts and facades the most varied and attractive. It was also the direct route to the various ferries and consequently the most electric thoroughfare and promenade.

The establishment most interesting to us comprised on the basement a large print and stationary mart—intermediate, family apartments, and, on the fourth story, Letter Press and Lithographic Offices—forming a suite of rooms of imposing extent.

The artizans.

He in the brown, frock coat, with stovepipe hat airily tipped on his head, and about his neck the unchangeable high, black stock, is the chief W. Lunt. If not a very imposing object it is not his fault for his figure is erect and bearing high. Is about 5 ft. 8 in. and compact. His color is sallow though a native—nose bold and abrupt, eye black and demanding—who the devil are you?

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Comes there in his long, black surtout and shiney castor Darby Carroll. He shuts you down with a glance and passes on to his press. His extra clothing doffed he exposes a frame slender but well-proportioned and using the former for comparison, you may see that with much less compass of muscle what he has is more seasoned, nervy and condensed. His head is round, covered with black, curt hair, face long and characteristic, nose aqueline, and eyes emit at times a fierce, furtive light, expressive of disdain and untamed passion.

Rolling along, like a ship in a short sea, comes Dick Rockley. Cause why--his supports are uneven. There is enough of him left, however, to be presentable and his features are pleasing—would be quite taking were it not for that point near his mouth indicating sad questioning. He is a captive of that demon which often throws his clients prone and leaves them wallowing—foaming. So is he often presented to his shopmates, and it was in one of these fits, induced by over-indulgence, that he fell down a ship's hold and was unevened.

He, just stepping aside into the next room with the cutaway coat and regulation hat, is Baldy Glegg—a native of a rival city and unhappily the chief's rival in art.

He is taller but his strength runs too much to the shoulders and chest. The head and neck are classic in their mould and his features indicate high refinement. Ah! here is Larry O'Lafferty—good, chaffey, rollicking—may be 5 ft. 9 in. and massive in limb and buttock, though spry as a cricket. His head is medium and well-developed, nose aquiline only raised in the middle a la Wellington, and possibly a little awry as there is a suspicion of the midwife's finger on its tip. His lips are full and mobile, eyes large and mischiev-

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ously blue. He is 3 years Kit's senior and in jest the Brunmagem Irishman.

As to our hero at this time he was straight and lithe as well as symmetrical; with brown curling hair and noticeable grey eyes.

We have said nothing of mental furniture as their art guaranteed at least fair attainments.

I.unt as pastime cultivated music.

Larry, besides his regular calling, attended the theatre Royal as Stage Carpenter, much to Kit's gratification as he was thus treated to a synopsis of whatever was there presented.

Young's Night Thoughts, Thompson's Seasons and History in general were familiar on the latter's native heath, and he now gave himself to read the choicest works in continuance. In addition but under strong protest he was constrained to read a chapter from the Book of Books every morning before leaving home. His late hours precluded his enjoying the benefit of regular instruction but, as often as possible and at the expense of a meal, he attended lectures at the Northern College and obtained first-class reading.

The Mersey's shores and stirring scenes
Now won his spirit's revel,
For duty loved and done he roved
A merry, printers' devil.

Nor these alone his wit engaged—
You might have found him later
Within those halls great Brougham graced,
His evenings Alma Mater.

Or there within his cottage home
He held the cozy corner,
And plucked the plums from classic pies
As proud as Jackey Horner.

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VI.

UNCLEAN SPIRIT OF FROGS.

For rosy cheeks and forms divine
And sparkling eyes and teeth so fine
No other girls can outshine
The pretty girls of Liverpool.

"You don't say!"

"By my sowkins."

"The Liverpoodlians have no teeth at twenty argal thou'rt mixed like a Brummagem Irishman."

"They're not girls at twenty argal thou liest like a flattened Scotchman."

"They're nowt else and you go to Bowton to larn Henglish."

"A Cheshire man's as good as an Englishman any day. Eek cedle ee."

"So gurl was owd Henglish for man, woman, lad and ladess Larry Laree."

There lives a wee lassie way down in yon glen
How I love that lassie there's nae one shall ken,
And though the sea parts us still faithful I'll be
For weel I love Nelly and Nelly loves me."

This was not chaff and nothing but—underlying all is the key to Kit's studious retirement.

He might, using his friend's entree to the stage and kind offices, have been present at most choice representations as well as balls and soirees, but few and far between his visits. He had been caught in the meshes of "twa lovely een o'witching blue" and this so forestalled the realistic that he

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surrendered himself to the delights of imagination and mental culture. He was in a land in which he saw everything through an enchanted medium. Every female face and form he saw were guaged through this prejudice and homely or beautiful accordingly.

It was a kind of intoxication it is true but like exquisite music it fascinated to refine and exalt.

Little dreamed his friends that under his passive exterior wrought and moulded the youthful divinity.

Even the cause of it all was unapprised he thought by word or look.

But men, nations, customs, perish, the affections are immortal. The past, says Lytton, lives again when we look upon its emotions, it lives in our own! That which was ever is!

To continue our chronicle—as well expect courtesy and the amenities of life where jealousy and spite are as amity in an aquarium holding a bull-frog. Fish, live mice, brown bats, young alligators—all, become its prey. What wonder the sacred record compared the spirits of devils, inducing the kings of the earth to battle, to unclean spirits of frogs?

These filthy tempers showed themselves to Kit's unrest. If he was called by one to do something another yet more imperatively demanded his help—that remedied, for his good genius of decision soon cut the gordian knot, other seeds of war sprang up. As one example—

It had leaked out, nor was it confined to the attic, that the chief in youthful days, through attachment to music, had appropriated a flute. This fact unhappily was employed to tease and irritate and the enemies of Baldy accredited him as the mischief-maker, though, on the contrary, he sought to stop the demonstration.

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One day a boy from another department, on some errand to the lithographers, putting his lips into the prescribed pucker emitted boldly—"who stole the flute"?

This was the coup-de-grace, the finale.

Darby, moved by sympathy or toadyism, for, personally, it was no interest of his, rushed at the offender but, suddenly throwing him aside, went with an oath for Baldy exclaiming—"you are at the bottom of it."

The latter taken by surprise as also by Darby's nervy clasp around the throat was considerably fluttered and as soon as released demanded a fair fight in a room adjoining.

Hither they went followed by Lunt, Larry, Rockley and Kit.

This room was used for storage of the stones used in the art. From retaining any impression made upon them they suggest the name lithography—lithos, a stone, and grapho, I write.

They are of various sizes according to requirements—many about 24 x 18 x 4 inches usually set on edge to prevent injury to the print.

After a few feints Darby, closing on his opponent, hit him foully and threw him headlong on a pile of stones.

Larry's quick eye detected the cowardly game and he vowed vengeance only to be silenced perforce.

Lunt and Rockley urging Darby on, again the meanness was repeated. Kit now made a break to run down and give the alarm but was forced backwards by Lunt who again urged on his minion.

What the immediate consequence would have been only the conspirators know, but they were interrupted by the entrance of the employer's wife who, even in the basement, had heard the scuffling and falls overhead.

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The fray was short but its results inestimable.

A noble and useful life—the love of a maiden gifted with youth, beauty, genius, devotion of the highest order—the joy of a widowed mother, and a brother's mentor suddenly engulphed, for he did not long survive the struggle.

And from what! The small beastly spirit of assertion that distorts and devours everything that stands or seems to stand in its way!

Is it not written in the chronicles of that period and over against the assault—

Principal—eleven shillings and costs!
Abettors—five shillings each!
Tell it not in Egypt, publish it not in India
ONE GUINEA AND COSTS.

You scorn those far lands where a foe's taking off
Costs a crown to some bravo or thug;
Yet softly, my horrified friend! are you sure
You have there the right sow by the lug?

2.

With all your proud claims, in the light of dear day
And on Freedom's loved, magical coasts,
You suffer your own to be wounded and maimed
To the death—for a guinea and costs!

3.

Say, where is there found this base spirit of earth
So pronounced aa in your island hold—
The best gifts of manhood so bruised and debased
For this cure—all—a circlet of gold?

4.

A guinea and costs! A bright guinea to heal
All the anguish of mortal defeat!
The costs! what may serve to uphold all the pomp
And the semblance of justice complete!

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5.

But what can appease the great claimant within
Or repress guilt's self torturing hosts?
Woe, woe to the culprit who yet has no means
To redeem from the gathering costs.

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VII.

CAERLAVEROCK.

The change from the open, breezy borders, to the close rooms and pent up offices of a large town, beginning to tell upon his health, he was constrained to revisit his native strand.

The location chosen was Caerlaverock which comprises much of the Solway shore and contains the old family castle of the Maxwells; Hutton Hall, a famous parish school and seminary—to which, through the teachers' abilities, were drawn pupils from all parts at home and abroad; Bankend, a quiet and secluded village, the capital of the parish.

We quote just one witness to the special interest of the castle and topography:

Walter of Exeter in his Norman French account of the siege of Caerlaverock stronghold by Edward first in 1297, says:—"Caerlaverock belonging to Herbert Maxwell, chief of a powerful border clan, was so strong a castle that it did not fear a siege. Its shape was like that of a shield for it had only three sides all round, with a tower in each angle; but one of them was a double one so high, so long, and so large that under it was the gate with a drawbridge well made and strong. It had good walls and good ditches filled to the edge with water and I believe there never was a castle more beautifully situated, for all at once could be seen the Irish Sea towards the west, and to the north a fine country surrounded by an arm of the sea so that no creature born could approach it on two sides without putting himself in danger of the sea. Towards the

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south it was not easy because there were numerous dangerous defiles of wood, marshes, and ditches where the sea is on each side of it, and therefore it was necessary to approach it from the east where the hill slopes."

Of course six centuries have only enhanced its claims.

Our wanderer's home was with an uncle, the possessor and worker of a stone quarry that adjoined the grounds of the Institute.

The family circle comprised besides him an aunt and two cousins—James and Isabella. James was about ten years Kit's senior—tall and well-looking had a knack of rhyming and composing. She was yet older, of medium height with dark eyes, piquant features, and happy disposition.

At his own free will he roved about—watched the operations of blasting, hewing and loading the heavy stones used for railway purposes, climbed the broken stairway of the old castle and prospected from its roof; walked musingly along the loud roaring sea or gaily buffeted its waves.

His cousin betimes was cicerone and companion. He could locate Cromwell's cannon whence it belched against the castle and point out the debris therefrom—the smuggler's haunts and methods of concealing their treasure—the nest and habitats of indigenous animals winged and terrestral; better still, the characters and current oddities and present to them curious his traveled friend. These last were a revelation for, though only seven miles from the place of his nativity, so mixed and cosmopolitan were its inhabitants he had an imperfect conception of his own home-spun countrymen.

Their direct and hospitable manners revealed peculiarities and angles which only the wear and tear of a large town or city rounds off or erases;

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but yet relatively so attractive as to bind him to his native country more. Indifferent of a reputation for smartness or wit they let their humor illuminate every subject come in their way.

After all, as some one suggests, this witty quickness is among the least of the mind's properties and belongs to her in almost her lowest state: nay, it doth not abandon her when she is driven from her home, when she is wandering and insane. "The mad often retain, the liar has it, the cheat has it, we find it on the race-course and at the card-table—education does not give it and reflection takes away from it."

"Wit," says Dr. Bushnell, "is work, humor is play." An object presented they preferred to be all there and grasp it as a whole, the grotesque as the pathetic—the mouse and the Jolly Beggars for instance.

This cast of mind was often evinced even in the village Debating Society.

When the question, 'whether the loss of fortune or disappointment in love was hardest to bear,' was discussed, an oddity arrayed as a peddler took the latter position and recited in support an original, poetical effusion.

Like a Homerian hero, after making his debut to the president, he thus proceeded:

"I wha stand here in this bare scaury coat
Was ance a packman worthy mony a groat,
I've carried packs as big's your meikle table,
I've scattered pots and sleepit in a stable!
Ance for my pack sax punds Id not have taen
And I could bauldly brag t'was a' mine ain!
Aye thae were days indeed that gart me houp
Aiblins through time to warsle up a shop;
And as a wife ay in my noddle ran
I thocht my Kate would grapple at me than.

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O Kate was past compare, sic cheeks, sic een
Sic smiling looks were never, never seen;
Dear, dear I loved her and whene'er we met
Pleaded to have the bridal day but set.
Yet still she put it aff from day to day
And aften kindly in my lug would say—
'A half year langer's no an unco stop
We'll marry then and syne set up a shop.'
Since nocht was left but quaitly to resign
I heezed my pack for a lang, hard campign,
And, as the Hielans was the place for meat,
I ventured there in spite o' wind and weet.
Cauld noo the winter blew and deep the snaw
For three hale days successively did fa'
I lost myself amang the whirling drift
Where nocht was seen but mountains and the lift
Clean o'er my head my precious wallet flew
And where it gaed, Lord kens, I never knew.
I bade Kate aye be kind and no despair
Since life was left I soon would gather mair;
But ae black day brocht word frae Rab my brither
That she was cried and married on anither!
Aye though I'd heard the last day's dreadfu' ca'
Nae deeper horror o'er my heart could fa'
I cursed myself—I cursed my luckless fate
And grat and sabbing cried O Kate! O Kate!
And from that day I never mair did weel
But drank and ran head foremost to the de'il
My siller vanished far a frae hame I pined
While Kate for ever run across my mind.
T'was this Sir president that gard me start
Wi meikle grief and sorrow at my heart
To gae my vote frae sad experience here
That disappointed love is waur to beer
Ten thousand times than loss o' warl's geer."

We have given only an outline memoriter but it may serve to illustrate the rustic, doric humor of the time and place and how it tends to elucidate a subject.

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An instance of another kind we may give showing how the quality acts both ways.

The parish minister at that time unhappily incured a reputation for intemperance which led to investigation.

On trial it was charged that from intoxication he had fallen into a filthy pool and was dragged out helpless. The only witness available on being asked if he noticed the scent of liquor on him replied naively "I dinna ken—he had so many kinds o' stinks I couldna tell ane frae anither."

It was a great treat to Kit to hear the debates though he could only participate by proxy or as a substitute. That happened only once and in this way. In a friendly wrestle between them his cousin fell so as to be rather severly injured and was confined to bed a few days. The noble fellow rather than risk a misunderstanding kept from his father the cause of invalidism and induced Kit to prepare for him the opening paper on the question —'are learned or unlearned most addicted to vice?' In deference to his cousin he affirmed the latter but so biased was he from his biographic lore he anticipated both sides and left no room for argument.

A tall stalwart stone mason, with eagle beak and warrior glance thought Lord Liverpool had under estimated some of his examples.

The workshop of a clogger was the debating room but his burly, Falstaffian form and pleasant, beaming face, were worth more to the members than the richest setting.

That ruddy youth, kicking against a tool chest, looking so lumpy while probably each one is under critical inspection, is the son, a tutor in the Hall—may yet be heard from.

Having come an invalid, there was one journey

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he felt unable to undertake—revisit the old home-s'ead and see its lares shivered, stand by the Gate of Paradise an exile, for its artist too had gone over the waste of waters—or risk his secret beneath those eyes of shining penetration he so well remembered, and so he indulged his fancy much after the poet—

> "By absence this good means I gain
> That I can catch her
> Where none can watch her
> In some close corner of my brain:
> There I embrace and kiss her
> And so I both enjoy and miss her!"

On his cousin's convalescence their endearing intercourse was resumed—Kits peculiar and varied experience in exchange for

> 'Heart affluence in discursive talk
> From household fountains never dry;
> The critic clearness of an eye
> That saw through all the muses walk—
> When each by turns was guide to each,
> And Fancy light from Fancy caught,
> And Thought leapt out to wed with Thought
> Ere Thought could wed itself with speech.
> And now they sang old songs that pealed
> From knoll to knoll, where couched at ease
> The white kine glimmered, and the trees
> Laid their dark arms about the field."

And more locally

> How gently night's ambrosial veil
> Came on them prone to tarry
> In converse high, as stretched at ease
> Along the hillside quarry!

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No curfew there had ever tolled
The hour for slaves retiring
The light prolonged to Northern homes
Had yet been free—inspiring —

Inclining all to peace and rest
As of a flowing river
That winds upon itself—is loth
From flowering holms to sever.

The hemispheres both east and west
Have claimed one widely roaming
Yet foremost still for witching calm
Is old Caerlaverock's gloaming.

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VIII

LUNT AND LARRY

His convalescense assured, after a stay of two months he returned to his distant home and labors, but in a rather characteristic fashion. Instead of going by steamer as the custom was, he took passage in a schooner trad ng between the points, that he might the better appreciate the meanings of usages old and new.

The result was highly suggestive.

The Nith as it approaches the city is available only to ships of light burden and it requires considerable tact to navigate the shoals. The tide must be taken at the flood leads on to favoring gales and a flowing sea.

The nick of time for exit was not struck in this instance.

Before they were under weigh a sailor was disabled by the breaking of a taut bowline and not many miles were gained, when they stuck fast on a sand-bank. The time being twilight nothing remained but to cast anchor and wait for the day. Happily with the recurring tide a southerly breeze set them on their way and they crossed the Solway scudding along the English shore with the speed of the famous 'Antelope' exulting in every modern appliance.

Rounding St. Bees Head they encountered a heavy gale. The white-capped waves chopping and tumbling over their little barque with its occupants, alarmed the mariners though delighting the youth who refused to go below. The dashing

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and whelming waters imparted only sensation of buoyancy and pleasant reminders of Caerlaverock's shore while it illustrated fully the popular saw—'Where ignorance is blessed t'is folly to be wise.'

They drew up finally alongside Prince's Pier having accomplished the trip in the legitimate time of the fastest steamer, counting from their bankruptcy of the night preceding. So in life all is not lost when passion or ignorance drives one aground. Some new disposition of circumstances often contains the germ of unimagined success. Wellington wrecked on the Excise Board little dreamed of the eminenc to which he would thence be wafted. Bruce—denounced of the church—disowned and driven by Saxon and Gael—hunted out of his native land and inheritance by blood-hounds—a brother executed—his partner a captive—himself an exile on a barren island—in Winter and Poverty's extremity—possibly never guessed the future:—that only the next summer he would stand upon the forbidden shores—begin a series of victories to culminate in one so great as to eclipse anything on the English calender—the consequences of which, wherever light and liberty prevail, can never be ignored.

Kit jumping gaily ashore towards midnight wended his homeward way with buoyant tread. That grim old church looming up from the raised necropolis means Water St., and that Dale, St. Thomas, Whitechapel, Richmond, Home—and home!

Talk of wealth and luxury as you please—that bright, single, gas burner within the pane, throwing its beams far out over the sparkling diamonds, as also illuminating the cottage kitchen—the cheery flaring fire with its ruddy reflections from the massive dresser—its rows of delf arrang-

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ed as to size from the diminutive plate to the encroaching assiette—the cozy nooks and cupboards with the dear, sympathetic faces presiding over all,—were more to him than state and all its surroundings.

Without unnecessary delay he resumed his old life, though, as our readers may surmise, from the characters already introduced queer things would occasionally happen.

The sympathy shown by Larry and Kit to the unfortunate Baldy dwelt fixed in their narrow minds, and few means of teasing the lads were unused by the trio—Lunt, Carroll and Rockley. Expectorating near the boys when at dinner—keeping the secrets of the art dark, as they phrased it—or even extorting the finest work were some of their tricks.

Nor were the boys now verging on manhood altogether passive. Larry's attainments unavowed, among others, included caricaturing and his pencil or chalk was used in picture-gallery so ludicrously as to sting them to madness. Darby as usually resorted to the argumentum baculinum—to his muscle—but unexpectedly he caught a tartar. Lunt invoked the veto of the employer but Larry was irrepresible and again there came a day of conclusions.

One shiney afternoon found Larry rejoicing over the beautiful work due to his manipulation. To say he was astonished when the foreman asked him to surrender his job would be hardly strong enough. 'Why'! said he, 'Mr. Rich has just commended it'!

"No matter, I say turn it over. Where is the paper?"

"Here."

"Hand it over."

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For answer Larry laid his hand on it and a struggle for its possession ensued. The sheets flew under the bench and Larry innocently stooped to pick them up.

O what a mark was there to Lunt's insulted majesty,his heart intent on giving 'ell and Tommy! So, grasping the rebel round rib No. 5, he begun pegging away at the large surface with his strong, right hand—Having poor Larry fully in Chancery.

What a pose by the way to precede—to be continued in our next! We throw it out gratis to the romancists our task is realistic.

To this proceding were two witnesses—a boy probably fifteen and Kit nearly two years older. The latter from his press had been quietly observant of all transpiring around him but his agitation here knew no bounds and, leaping over the intervening space at a bound, planted the weight of his feelings on the face of the assailant who, at once, left off his *labor of love* and vengeance.

Lunt was a powerful fellow and possibly might have punished both lads severly, but, instead he unhooked his cast-off clothing—vest, coat and castor—and vanished, vowing vengeance on Kit.

The effect of Kit's ire was carried for sometime as two black eyes and he refused to return until the lads were seperated.

This was complied with and our hero was left alone with the lion in his den.

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IX.

CHAFF.

During the civil contest in America, when a senator stated in the House that the enmity between the sections was so great they could never be united, Garfield in his place remarked:—"It is not, cannot be greater than that between the English and Scotch for many generations and yet observe their amity! what, together, they have accomplished as Great Britain!"

It was no overstatement and while the Union Jack covers their united efforts the spirit of rivalry is perceptible even yet—remarkably so on the side of the Southron

All that is commonest and most offensive to himself he attributes to the northern and, backed by number, throws out his chaff regardless of courtesy or truth.

Such at least was Kit's experience forty years ago as we have it recorded in this specimen of badinage.

"My country for a dirty trick."

"Perfidious Albion!"

"Aha John Menteith! How's that!"

"A traitor fossilized to show the national contempt of double dealing. The English claimed the inhabitants of whole shires for traitors—how's that!"

"The lousey Scot sold his king for a groat."

And phwat king? Charles the 1st! Dear at that—we made thrippence by him. But how is

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this? An English king in all respects, for his authority had long before been discarded by the Scots, on English soil, in face of an English army was sold to them too dastardly to demand him, by their own auxiliaries! and thus results the Q. E. D.—Meanness thy name is English.

But is there not too much Bull about this charge?

It was not till a month after the settlement of the Scottish dues that the king was even claimed and four months later, refusing to yield the point for which they began the contest, he left at his own desire for Holmby to be near the two houses of parliament.

Why are you here you Scotch duffer?

To make up for the locust English in Scotland. By last census you will see there are three Englishmen in Scotland to one Scotchman in England with respect to population—you will find besides that for every three Scotch emigrants to this country nine Irish and one English are installed. Come again!

This is but fragmentary yet truthful and shows how the world wagged in the youth's experience. It is also suggestive as to the operation of prejudice and the value of facts general and historical. It was these winged his retorts and finally induced a truce quite amicable!

The ranks of workmen and apprentices modified a spirit of fun occasionally carried away the boys on the wings of adventure. As instance. A new accession who shall be to us Tommy Dodd, from his physique and peculiarities suggested the motion that he should act the street ballad-monger. He bravely accepted the challenge and dared them to buy the ballads. This being done three of them sallied out one night to realize.

He took his stand in Park Lane, one of the bus-

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iest thoroughfares from the Custom House, and commenced his efforts undisguised, for patronage; for such was the condition.

He could sing and his handsome, colorless face, impassive to aught but his melodious, melancholy strains, attracted such sympathy as to elicit pennies in abundance—many refusing the proffered sheets. Possibly he would have sold his bundle, but his companions, tired and capricious, began to hustle him about to the great indignation of the crowd who knew not the joke.

Presently the disturbers had to scutter away for their lives and Tommy, afraid of discovery, managed unhurt to slip out of his dilemma the richer by about a dollar.

The Princess Parade was often the resort of the fraternity when foot racing was the pastime and the boys strove to give a good item whenever a reporter happened along.

"An exciting race," the press issued, "of a Hundred yards for Five Pounds, between Rufus Harding and Kit Burleigh, occurred last night and resulted in a tie." The race was sui generis for a copper.

When an exposition was held in the Northern College, Larry cut off an overgrown toenail and had it put neatly on a cord, beautifully superscribed by the draughtsman— 'Toe-nail of Lord George Gordon when confined in the Tower of London.' This he put on the show-case in which it was honorably placed by the curator and not more enjoyed by the public then by himself and companions.

The employer in one of his jovial fits sent the lads to a theatrical performance. You may present them to your imagination as seated in the pit, fourth seat back. Kit in modest gray pants, close vest and shooting coat. Dick, the artist appren-

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tice of flute memory, with precise exterior, a rather clerical attire and magnanimous regard for his native patois. Larry resplendent in long surtout, ample shirt front and jaunty outfit generally. He is beaming for his progress with a radiant maiden beside him has been remarkable. His native address and wit have already won from her a shy assent to a meeting.

But, alas for human foresight!

The first act over and spectators settled back to follow their bent, a pretty basket-girl stands in the third row, confronting our friends, and invitingly calls—"Any apples or oranges, gentlemen?". In the spirit of mischief Dick roars out—'We've gor no browns!'

Had a bomb burst upon the roof snd shattered it to fragments the surprise could hardly be greater. The shock, specially to the dear girl and the amorous Larry, is irreparable and no more words are exchanged; but, talk of Brougham's invective and force of sarcasm as you may, it was possibly nothing to the stinging ire of the redoubtable Larry the morning succeeding the event—we cannot do it justice.

What missile can equal bold Dick's
  In driving apart hollow ties?
Or in showing the ore that remains
  When the rubbish of courtesy flies?

The friendship will stand this great shock
  Is that which life hallows and crowns
And wings it with effort and hope
  Though the cry does go up—We've no
[Browns!

The youth he could smile debomair
  His pockets all bare and unlined;
For, better than luxuries rare,
  Were guardians watchful and kind.

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So—back of all seeming and scenes—
  Observing our ups and our downs,
You bet there are guardians wait
  Both hands full of blessings and browns.

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X.

Y. M. C. A. AND RAGGED SCHOOLS.

If all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy too much indulgence leaves him altogether too lively.

Carlyle, in his French Revolution, remarks that the most playful animals are the most cruel and so with mankind. Those most frivolous and capricious often display most of the tiger. Kit was of a temper too direct and earnest to be indifferent. Always given to study an accident inclined him to it yet more.

On his way to answer a call up the speaking tube that ran from the basement to the attic, he was intercepted by a youth, familiarly the letter press devil, and, swinging around with hands clasped, they slipped just at the top of the stairway; when Kit, from the impetus, struck like a catapult on a large, broad stone a story below. His left arm was so decidedly injured as to stop its growth and after many weeks seclusion, contrary to expectation he was with difficulty enabled to resume his calling.

While the effects were constantly obtruded on his own attention they failed to affect his favored physique—that it did not demoralize him has been already proved.

In connexion with the church to which his family belonged was a Young Men's Christian Association—a great novelty in those days. To it with great suasion he joined himself. The number of members was about thirty—and, heterogeneous as

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to nationality, one in sympathy. The order observed at meeting was singing, supplication, reading in turn a verse of a chapter selected by the essayist, essay, comments thereon generally, a concluding hymn. Every one was expected duly to present his mite in essay form and submit to criticism.

This led to a profitable concentration of mind. It must be busy in good or evil as long as we are awake and he who is not engaged in some useful pursuit, either real or ideal, had better sleep. We cannot forbear quoting Dr. Moore in this place: "The feeling of ennui," he says, "is a weariness of soul verging on malignity; and it is peculiar to educated society, because the habit of sleeping when we have nothing good to think of is deemed barbarous and impolite. But as surely as a mind is not well employed nor permitted to withdraw itself in sleep, it will become either imbecille or immoral. There is nothing for educated minds to do but sin if they will not work. Ceasing to cultivate themselves or their neighbors and unwilling or unfit to practice the various husbandries of life, they must live on bad books or qualify themselves for Bedlam."

As concomitants to this enterprise were two other institutes of wider influence—a library, and a ragged—sohool in which, on Sundays, every member was expected to teach. On week-day evenings the classes were conducted by trained instructors. The school was in Toxteth Park among those vulgarly called Park Roughs.

Whether from curiosity or a better motive they turned ont in great force from the first, so that there were classes for all the members. But if order is heaven's first law the law of rough and tumble was there supreme ab initio. Raised and

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angry voices were heard all over, and thrice happy he who stilled at all the warring elements.

A most exuberant class of boys fell to Kit. The largest the son of a noted pugilist, the next a red-haired irrepressible whose vitality was greatest when least expected, and others of kindred temperament.

Strange to say they soon accepted his fiat and repaid his devotion with genuine affection.

It was a great surprise as well as shock to him when, after some holidays, he found not one left—The superintendent eulogising his tact informed him that the boys had overruled every successive teacher and finally were all expelled.

But there were obstructions without as well as within.

When the genus Arab could not prevent their companions going to school by gentle suasion they tried stone suasion. They waylaid them near the entrance wounding some and paralyzing others.

On one occasion the teachers sallied out in a body and gave chase.

It happened that the superintendent—a live intreped little fellow—pursued one he took for the leader—a lad of 15 or so—and captured him. On looking round he found himself unsupported save by Kit, the mass having dissolved as by magic.

The prisoner refusing to answer any questions was entrusted to him while the chief went exploring in court and alley for some clue to his identity and antecedents. The spectacle exhibited by Kit and prisoner soon attracted much notice and he found himself the observed of all observers.

Fully alive to the situation, he could realize the time he would be permitted to retain the prisoner in his native village—that which would cover the interim space, and he knew, too, that he was sur-

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rounded by members of the same race though ever and anon might be heard:

"Up with the orange and down with the green,
Bad luck to the Paddy wherever he's seen."

The Catholic native was only meant by this epithet derived from his ccuntry's saint. The lips that were uttering the conplet were probably first breathed through on the emerald sod for this was a colony of orangemen—notably north of Irelanders.

Like a good general, however, he kept a steady front resolving to be true to his trust and await developments. After a good deal of chaff and while a crowd of light skirmishers hung threatningly on the outskirts, the superintendent returned without success, and so upon a little admonition, the lad was liberated.

This sally, notwithstanding its seeming futility, had the desired effect—the scholars thereafter came unmolested.

About this period a prominent member became intimate with a French gentleman formerly Publisher and Proprietor of a Parisian Journal, and before Napoleon Third's confinement in Ham, his secretary. Six years residence in Engl'and had peculiarly fitted him for the office of a teacher of his native tongue, and he consented to instruct a class of members of the society. The hours, to Kit's great delight, suiting him he became a member. His progress was exceptional and in a few months his teacher avowed he could speak it almost like a Parisian.

The provision for rational amusement and recreation then current in Liverpool comprised plays, penny-readings, lectures, and concerts. The first he patronized on the advent of such stars as Vandenhoff, Macready, Mrs. Wood—the second less frequently,

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third and fourth probably once a week, since offering a high order of entertainment. This was the motive of the beneficent founders of the concert hall especially, and the names of artists will be suggestive. Sims Reeves, Henry Russell, Wilson, Templeton, Lover—of Rory O'More fame and Irish wit—besides others more severely great as Hugh Stowell Brown, noted for quaint texts and their masterly application to the phases of life.

His 'Five Shillings and Costs'—'A man's a man' and 'Respectability' were admired by the ablest divines.

The impression on our youth may be gathered somewhat from these crude lines—

Ye shades of the past who have helped the soul's uses
And cast over life a beneficent spell,
Your names like the echoes from Lochar's quaint [turrets
Repeat to your subjects—"cheer up, all is well,"
Not vainly you voiced in Niagara's accents
The thoughts were too big to lie passive—unsung,
One linked diapason now leads through life's changes
To joys overlasting—a heart ever young.

The lightning in paths of our choosing rejoices
And flashes our thoughts and affections abroad.
So he who has taken the light from high heaven
Should flash to his kind the dear presence of God.
And baser is he than the gold—captured miser
Who stints thoughts and words quick with beauty [and joy—
That inly degrades, while *this* robs from the many
The grace would the foes of their welfare destroy.

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XI.

SOLWAY REVISITED.

The small village of Bankend, before named, and to which our youths destiny again led, might be called the capital of the parish. It was in the form of a T, the head representing the highway to the county-town, the trunk, the road borderward along the shore, and through the Brow—famous as the last resort and expedient of the poet Burns in quest of health, alas, in vain. His previous visit to the same neighborhood, on the same errand as the bards, had been more propitious and, having obtained his indenture, he returned thither to secure the mens sana in corpore sano—the sound mind in the sound body. He did not quite adopt the old saw—ab normis sapiens—wise without instruction. He hoped at all events to be wiser from entire application and a term of study in Hutton Hall Academy.

He again sojourned with his uncle who had meanwhile vacated the quarry and calmly awaited the great charge beneath a roof of straw—the third from the village entrance entering from the border.

The village itself was merely an assortment of straw-roofed cots without alderman or officer, saloon or inn of any kind, library or lecture room; but the natives lived in a kind of community and reading matter specially was common. Kit added a Scripture Dictionary and Dick's Christian Philosopher—acceptable godsends.

There was a small Post Office kept by a gloomy old maid.

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The characters of the villagers were as diversified as their cognomens and faiths of all kinds palliated—unfaith boldly avowed.

The humorous, the grave, and the grotesque were amply exhibited and we suggest as a clue to self-knowledge a residence in the country. Anyone may pass at his own valuation in a city, but he will be analyzed pretty accurately and his worth ascertained through all assumption when acting alone under the burning lens of earnest rustic scrutiny.

It will readilly be perceived that the transition to Kit was striking and even exacting. Accustomed to manual exercise his muscles were seasoned and energies almost exhaustless. The lessons and tasks over, his vitality was hardly affected and the only narcotic he could safely use was discipline.

Waiting generally till all retired he used, towards midnight, to don the garb of a stonemason, a young fellow residing there, and sally out to court old Somnus—the postmistress to the contrary notwithstanding.

A footfall after hours, a creaking gate, a raised sash, a tumbled peat-stack, a noise unmusical—all implicated him, alias the phantom stonemason, as either going to or coming from his affianced. Her keen perception struck the culprit and she divulged her suspicions to two sisters, through whom it reached him.

Resolving feelingly to show her his appreciation of her wit he took the simon pure into his confidence and went to work. When all were still on a cloudy night the friend ascended the roof, easy from the fact that the back of the house stood against a considerable elevation, and, while Kit threw up sods and material, closed the flue.

Next morning! Oh the bother of it!

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The poor spinster, an early bird, got up en deshabile to rouse the slumbering embers, for the fire of peat is seldom extinguished—a little manipulation with additional fuel soon requickens a flare. In vain she attempted alere flammam to feed the flame—the more she wrought the fewer the embers.

Extinct, she relit it and tried for hours to get it under weigh amid darkness felt as well as seen.

Finally, the source of the trouble dawning upon her mind, with smarting eyes she hastened across a little ravine to the girl's indicated, for help:—"Ay there," she exclaimed, "that glowering mason or devil of a boy at Johnny Steel's has stuffed my lum." Thenceforth, it may be said here, the rage for speaking ceased. A public gain, for, while she hit sure enough the actor, she missed the motive and thus evoked no little mischief-making. He did not aspire to win the fair and radiant maiden, for his cherished youthful fancy precluded all others.

What evils arise from want of thought!

After a few months' residence he was constrained to revisit his first romantic home. Entering upon the scenes familiar to him seven years before each place he passed was redolent of 'some dear, former day.'

But when, awaking from some pleasing reverie, his glance unexpectedly fell upon his boyhood home the thought—that of all dear to him as the heart's ruddy stream not one remained to welcome or be kind—transfixed him. The blood seemed to rush painfully back and life's pulse to pause, overwhelmed by the conception.

Resuming presently his course though melancholy, slow, he yet often realized the joy of grief. Some pleasing memory accompanied every view.

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That small tree-girt parallelogram, that daisied green in front of the trim, hawthorn hedge, curving from the window in a sweeping arc and abutting on the boundary line, defined by dark larches—the whole as in detail was eloquent to him.

But what were his emotions when on entering the house of expected strangers he found it the home of his divinity—of her of whom he dreamed, whose influence had been so potent through all the formative years of youth.

Alas for human constancy, the mere witchery of beauty—far other than anticipated! The ravager small-pox, that iconoclast or image-breaker, now effaced the enchanting spell of her once entrancing features. The love and devotion he had so religiously guarded remained for ever unexpressed and her heart-attitude to him also a mystery. Nor, gentle reader, do we claim your sympathy for him. He was withal in mind and heart immensely the gainer and would have cordially endorsed the apostrophie of Longfellow: "Oh there is nothing holier in this life of ours than the first consciousness of love—the first fluttering of its silken wings—the first rising sound and breath of that wind which is so soon to sweep through the soul, to purify or to destroy."

The widowed mother received and entertained him royally for she claimed and truly, that he had saved the life of her boy; ever grateful and garrulous of old times. She kindly invited him to make the old place still his home as they would be glad to have him the time he could spare before returning. After a pleasant hour and ramble into Paradise he took his leave while she who had caused such indefinable emotions watched him from the winding hedge until out of sight. Often he turned to review the scene and often sought a sign but she

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stood immovable and still in his recollection she stands, her eyes intent on him receding from view.

His school career thereafter was short, for business increasing to his old employer in Liverpool he returned sooner than intended. He had yet acquired a thorough knowledge of English, arithmetic, mensuration-superficies and solids, conic sections, introductory, trigonometry and geometry.

With much regret he parted from these scenes.

Of the friends whose impressions were indelible, the chief were his venerable uncle and aunt. A grand old man he—with features rugged as a Michael Angelo! His tall form often recurred to him—the blue Kilmarnock placed upon his silver locks as retreating into some obscure garden nook in the twilight to meditate and pray.—She with hale, beautifully rounded features and cheery glance—the impersonation of a happy, old age.

All honor to their memories. He sympathized fully with Dr. Johnson praying for his dead parents—that they might be as happy as possible, and often in after years wished for them equal fate.

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XII

ARCADIA.

He resumed his calling, now a freeman of the old town from his completed service, whatever he thought of the couplet—

"Tis a noble charter deny it who can
Is contained in the words—I'm an Englishman."

His chief ambition was to fit himself for the high honor of a teacher in his native land, and so, much of his spare time he taught the apprentices and others whom he induced to a storeroom of his father's, suitable yet for the purpose.

He was besides Treasurer of a Printers' Association.

In passing we may state that an unemployed member in this organization received half his usual fee—a delegation to the last employer satisfied his idleness was no fault of his.

And here a question obtrudes summarily—Why are there so many societies besides the great Christian one? Why must it be supplemented by Free-mason, Odd-Fellows, United Workman societies? Admitted to membership the initiated pledge themselves to regard your welfare temporal and spiritual but, alas, with Jefferson and slavery —"I tremble for professor's when I consider that God is just." They stoop not any more to bind up the wounds or wash the feet of poor brethern—they must be attended to by proxy.

Can they be moved by that love which is the fulfilling of the law? That love which has no limits to its range—is always seasonable, and may

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at any time utter all it feels, for kindness must belong to its feeling, that may be ever busy and travel as far as the light for all it utters is truth, all it does is beauty, and all it aims at happiness.

His versatility could not be long appeased by a plodding life at the press—he longed for adventure—to travel and collate information for himself. Hence with his old friend Larry he visited the consul from Venezuela in order to transfer his energies.

Both applicants were accepted and liberal offers made them but his mother's state of health first deferred and finally suppressed the enterprise.

The routine of his existence was yet soon interrupted by an occasion inducing him to revisit his native strand. The marriage of a younger brother near an ancient border town.

The affair proved a momentous one to him. The tide that wafted him up the Firth an Englishman fancy free returned him shortly a Scottish bondman—He had yielded unconditionally to a witching Annanite. Her features were regular and aristocratic. A regal grace sat on her ample brow —the ruddy lustre of youth on her cheeks—the beam of insight and truth gleamed radiant in the glance of her azure eyes—nose faultless Grecian, mouth and chin irreproachable.

"And oh, she danced in such a way
No sun upon an Easter day
Was ever half so fine a sight."

But more than all to him was her gayety of heart hereditary training and virtue. The humble, cozy cot, at the base of that easy ascent was more attractive to him than the enchanted isle of the goddess Calypso to the kingly Ulysses.

This lowland nymph as guide and hostess, he

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wandered along the winding stream—thridded the cunning mazes of wooded, high Coquair—sauntered under the bosky avenue that led to Hoddum's grand old castle—examined its rich belongings—explored its sunny glades and ascended the commanding height on whose summit perched Repentance Tower. A penitential work, by the way, of Lord Herries or Harris to prevent shipwrecks, and so atone in some measure for cruelly harrying and slaying on the further shore.

Hence before him stretched a panorama perhaps for beauty and intent unsurpassed. The fertile shore subjected to highest culture, from Galloway to England, from towering Criffell to far over the southern strand among the fells and hills of canny Cumberland—the sea ahead stretching illimitably away and dotted over with boats and sails and cirrhus clouds of smoke escaping from passenger steamers. And what themes of general interest are suggested from these surroundings—the intrepidity of the border clans—the adventures of Bruce—the achievments of bards and philosophers!

Here beneath the cooing doves, nestling aloft in the tower, and the glorious vault of heaven he blustered forth the tender tale. He was not a poet luckily! Burns had his Mary—removed, alas, how soon! Byron had his in his in his mind only! But bluff, unmusical Kit escaped the wrathful fates since if he committed poetry at all he blundered into it.

The poet in exquisite numbers
Expression for passion may find,
But what can arrest the clown's slumbers
Like live darting flashes of the mind?

Aroused by the soft glance of woman
No more are his energies numb.

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For him then to sing is as easy
As sweet clover pirates to him!

Be more than a pirate in daring,
While tender and kind as a god
To her who has roused the soul's forces—
The angel that brightens earth's sod.

Does not even heaven rise clearer
So near to her love-lighted eye—
Her graceful and wise ministration
Lead up to a father on high?

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XIII

SCEPTICISM.

After some months he became a benedict and so to all appearance traversed the hopes and ambitions of youth. An early marriage is too often thought the bane of external success though history amply illustrated the old, outspoken truth—woman was created a help meet for man in every exigency. The curious may consult a volume entitled—"Illustrious Women."

He met however the usual trials which loug observation inclines us to think fall generally to early married life. A depression in trade induced spells of idleness with succesive employers and and temptations. Ultimately he fell upon a nest of sceptics and freethinkers of the most dangerous sort, for they were total abstainers and strict moralists. As one instance—Each workman or workgirl—it was a large Printing and Bookbinding Establishment—subscribed weekly for the purchase of books, to be after general use the property of the proposor. A girl unwittingly named one of evil tendency but, when so judged, was entrapped into proposing something irreproachable and the other returned.

Ridicule of Scripture faith from such a position was not to be despised. An exsoldier of the famous Espartero gave his views with characteristic force—"At the request of a dear old grandmother I read the bible again and again and could not beleive and yet some people have the impudence to tell me Ill be damned! It has always seemed

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a mass of absurdities and contradictions.—Can you beleive in an ass speaking? What right has God himself to create anyone to be wretched or even with such a contingency?"

Such assertions and queries moved our bendict's reflective powers to their depths and painfully changed their course.

Hitherto he had accepted Scripture unquestioningly but now, too candid and direct himself to doubt the sincerity of others, he could not ignore their difficulties and hence began to question and doubt everything. Whatever bore on the subject of revelation pro and con was eagerly sought—Keith, Beattie, Butler, Paley's Essays on one hand, Hume, Shelley, Paines on the other. And yet while these studies made an impression for good they failed to meet an ingeneniuty inspired of evil. Indeed with the author of Atheos, we have no doubt that infidelity at least in its grosser aspect is a phase of insanity. "He who denies the existence of a personal God and the operations of his providence and who refers all things to chance can hardly claim integrity of intellect, since by his profession he denies one of the constituents of the normal mind. In truths like these the human intellect finds its enduring foundation from which it may rise, as in the instance of Milton, to the highest flight of poetry, and from which as in those of Chalmers and Newton and Hugh Miller it will enter into deepest researches of science." One of the first symptoms which betray a foundering intellect says the physician, is its vagaries into the unknown—its abberations into the dreary fields of supposition and mystery, whence it returns frantic with uncertainty and perplexed with subjective questioning Dr. Ray, of the Butler Hospital for the Insane in Rhode Island, says—"I believe, and it is in some measure the result of considerable

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observation of various psycological states that, in this age of fast living nothing can be relied upon more surely for preserving the healthy balance of the mental faculties than an earnest practical conviction of the great truths of Christianity."

Were it cordially apprehended that we cannot sympathize with an unrevealed deity, that he cannot be revealed to us but in our nature since there is no other way in which we can have communion, how acceptable might be the prophet's declaration —Isaiah XL: 10, "Behold the Lord God will come against the strong and a recompense for his work. He shall feed his flock like a shephard—shall gather the lambs with his arm and carry them in his bosom." How natural and rational then to take him at his word and learn of love humanized, the meaning of fellowship in spirit, knowledge, love and truth!

That he could squarely meet such objections as the first-man's inability to believe, was patent to himself even then, for only the author could reasonably be expected to grant repentance or a right understanding of his own words—and 2nd That condemnation was only a consequent if the pursuit was instigated by pride of intellect since the requirement is to go in the spirit of a child. 3rd That it appeared to him a mass of absurdities and contradictions might be expected from his limited view just as most good works are at first displeasing. Beauty itself, as some one remarks, is never seen by the eye of fear or distrust, since the most fascinating being on earth turns hideous and hateful the moment it ceases to suggest ideas of heart —rest and confidence. What natural man can come to this light without his deeds being reproved? 4th That an ass should be used as a means of reproof and instruction is not more surprising than that an ant be thus honored. The

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naturalist, says Emerson, sees one type under every metamorphosis, and regards a horse as a running man, a fish as a swimming man, a bird as a flying man, a tree as a rooted man. Each one is an emblem of human life and why not the ass—a running man—be endowed by the one maker, highly and holily, for once to exhibit the rational man? 5th As to the query—What right has God himself to create any one to be wretched or even with such a contingency? It was some time before he caught even an inkling of a solution. It did not strike him that there could be only one infinite being and that his creatures must be conditioned within limits, liable to falls, recoveries and glorious advances, for as knowing and loving he was capable of laying hold on infinitude and becoming wise in his wisdom strong in his strength and reaping the benefit of all his attributes. The wretchedness so offensive to the objector was a principle of progress for through dissatisfaction with evil the creature would seek for glory, honor, and immortality, grace and rest eternal. It cannot be good to the Almighty that he should purposely oppress.

'O life! without thy checkered scene
Of right and wrong—of weal or woe,
Success and failure—could a ground
For magnanimity be found,
Or Faith midst broken hopes, serene—
Or whence could virtue flow?"

Hume strangely argues—"The life of a man is of no greater importance to the univers than the life of an oyster. It would be no crime in me to divert the Nile or Danube from its course were I able to effect such purpose. Where then is the crime of turning a few ounces of blood from their natural channel? Cato and Brutus, Arrea and Portia

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acted heroically and those who imitate their example ought to receive the praise of posterity."

On this line of argument there is no harm in turning blessings into curses or privations! What would Egypt be without its Nile or Austria without its Danube? It is tantamount to making any kind of murder praiseworthy and saying with Satan himself—"Evil be thou my good."

The ordeal of doubt and unrest was on the whole salutary as it urged on to higher attainments—made him covet among other gifts that of knowing the original text. Besides only thus, more life and fuller we attain. Reform says Carlyle, is not joyous but grievous, no singlehanded man can reform himself without stern suffering and stern working. The serpent sheds not his old skin without rusty disconsolateness—he is not happy but miserable.

Amidst all were yet glimpses of sunshine—not to mention domestic enjoyment—friendship—the generous rivalry of noble minds, lectures, concerts, social opportunities were in order.

One incident—Prizes were publicily offered by the managers of a famous Hall for the best Essay on Rational Amusements and this coming to his ears the night previous to deposition he sent a very curt one. A few days thereafter to his surprise he received a card of invitation for himself and friends to a banquet at the Hall, and most cordially was he congratulated and assured of the Committee's future interest.

Their sincerity was flatteringly evinced at no remote date.

Another source of enjoyment was now presented—a residence in Birkenhead, occupation in Liverpool. Here their first born was introduced, a prospective owner of part of that site now occupied as docks, and whence issued the baleful Alabama to illustrate the poet's thought—

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"Not failure but low aim is crime."

Betimes, through an inducement to go to New York, there came a tide led on the way he wished to go. Paying a farewell visit to his native land he was moved to locate there and thither again his vagabond wanderings lead us.

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XIV

FIRST SCHOOL.

O Caledonia, stern and wild,
Meet nurse for a poetic child—
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood,
Land of my sires, what mortal hand
Can e'er untie the filial band
That knits me to thy rugged strand?
Scott.

The force of this apostrophe has been felt by many wanderers and not least by this one. Yet he cared not so much for its poetic as its practical nursing.

While meditating on his introduction into tuition an event occurred deeply affecting—the death of his mother. His indomitable love of learning was her inspiration and her regret his want of university advantages. Her last words contained a reference to him absent and a small poem, published long after, attests his reverence of her teaching. We give it as—

A Mother's Theology.

All these things will come in.

1

The rich fields of nature and thought I have traversed
And culled from their fruits and their treasures a store;
But better than these to allay life's commotion,
Is one little draught from a dear mother's lore!

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2

When harssed by stern duties and trials most grievous
To murmer and kick against Fate I'd begin—
Serene she would hush my fierce passion to stillness
For—"one day for good all these things will come in."

3

Long, winding, and chequered the path I have trodden
Since first on my heart this wise maxim was sealed,
Yet there the inscription grows bolder and bolder
As time ever proves it a truth God—revealed.

4

What rubble so rough as to foil the wise builder—
That finds not betimes its appropriate niche?
What ore so defaced or ingrained with alloyment
As comes not through fire immaculate, rich?

5

What shape so untoward on man's rugged journey
As may not enhance the full rounding of life—
Diseases and cares and fell hunger that counsel
Us evil, and seem but to trip in the strife?

6

Then, courage, my brother, now wretchedly faring—
Obscured for a while brighter glories to win;
For loaded with truth and its blessings eternal
One long day for good all these things will come in.

Dying in Liverpool her remains were conveyed over sea and interred in the family burial ground—Tinwald.

After a short stay with relatives he pursued his studies in the small town which gives its name to the dale or district and which Thomas Carlyle and Edward Irving honored as alumni. The past discipline had endowed him with a considerable amount of stored force, mental and physical, and,

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engaged in his chosen pursuit, his progress was such that in three months he was Assistant Teacher and in three more master of a school tendered him by the parish pastor.

This seminary was on the northern border of the district about five miles from the town and implied a residence in that locality. On the road leading to the romantic Kirtle, it was convenient to the village of that name, which contained a chapel-of-ease to supply the spiritual wants of those too remote from the parish church.

The attendance was consequently good.

The building was of unassuming stone and straw thatched. It abutted on the public highway and fronted Creca Moss—a large heathy waste presenting a delightful play ground. Their abode was with a peasant on a lofty eminence covered by several farm steads and dwellings and hence 'Hill-town.'

Most pleasing memories and associations official and domestic cluster around this pastoral scene.

Only a few weeks after his installation the village pastor presented himself and remained long enough to appreciate the mode of teaching—founded by the way upon Dunn's 'Principles'—and began a friendship terminating only with life. "This is no place for you," he kindly remarked, "I want you to come to the manse and continue your studies." We need hardly say a proposition so consonant with his aspirations was gratefully accepted and weekly or bi-weekly Kit wended his way to the manse. Latin was their chief study and no visit was made without a portion of it read and discussed. The teacher's aphorism to him had been, 'thumb your grammar,' the pastor's was—'read-read-read.' The last perhaps he preferred since only knowledge applied and proved can be called

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our own. Having resided six years in France, French, too, came under the pastor's review but was at once dismissed with high commendation.

His Greek was simply alphabetical.

Often they sat far into the night discussing plans and projects of local interest. Repairs for church and school specially. The school building was chiefly obnoxious to the pastor but it was through overlooking some improvements on the former that he caught a fatal cold.

His humor like his piety was gay and fearless. Once alluding to the state of the thatched roof he asked naively—Could you not apply a torch to it one night? A few days before his death when asked if there was no way to remove the laryngeal or throat obstruction he replied smiling—"Not unless you could send a little sweep down it."

He was just on the eve of marriege when translated. A lovely specimen of a genial whole-souled man and minister. Robust, fair-complexioned, with cheery blue eyes and brown curling hair.

Alas, a few months a light and joy upon the stranger's path and, lo, he was not! Nor was he the only friend whose countenance was changed and removed in a brief period. A farmer whose family attended his instructions and who took every opportunity to intimate his appreciation and good-will soon followed.

Their relations had been of the closest. One morning in vacation time, the teacher noticing their need of aid in the harvest-field, buckled in to forward the work. Every one accepted his service as a spurt but, when, day after day, doing more than the current (darg), he continued without bating strength or spirit, they felt unwonted kindness and admaration. Dying, the aged father evinced his sincere regard, and expressed presentiments of something good ahead awaiting him.

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This hearted interest was evidenced by all the family in the most gratifying manner. Any service tending to the teacher's comfort was freely rendered—a doctor to be brought, coals carted, or anything transported was sure to be accomplished gratis and with kindly alacrity. One instance of this self-denying consideration may be given. During a wet, slushy spell when, on the hill, it was difficult to obtain the grossest supplies, the eldest, happening in one evening accidentally as it were, after a little parley told the young folks he had left a small parcel outside lest they might have company—a small acknowledgment of kindness received.

What was their surprise on finding a large sack holding perhaps three bushels of potatoes! This he had carried a mile and a half up a steep ascent, in a rugged track, over fence and stile! In the black and dark night!

An audacious act of courtesy to his friend soon after will indicate his humor.

On a ramble along the beautiful and historical Kirtle they came to the tomb of the devoted Helen on fair Kerconnell Lea. A large memorial tree, its lower limbs conserved by iron bands, stands near the spot where she received the fatal bullet sent from the opposite bank and intended for her lover. That is all storied over wherever available by the initials or names of pilgrims. From a reverie inspired by his surroundings, Kit was aroused by observing his friend use a large jackknife upon the trunk, slashing and desecrating the mementoes of his forerunners. Presently as the result his own monster initials appeared through and above all others.

On charging his friend with injustice and obscur-

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ing others by this prominence he laughingly replied—"that's just the way I want it."

Many were the hours winged by his sunny smile and bright nature. He would find nothing that did not tend to amuse. Even when his solution of a problem differed from that recorded the author was the one sure to be mistaken.

Their task over a friendly contest began in the making of sweet sounds. The 'master' with varied life and double zest from a dual nationality chose the comic or 'Chanting Bennie' Series, the farmer student, oak-like and formidable, the most moving and pathetic airs—making altogether to judges, usually a few congenial neighbors, a most ludicrous and enjoyable exhibition. If not the music its emphatic expression had charms to lure the rustic breast.

But alas he too must be removed!

Under a calm and happy exterior he possessed or rather was possessed of a spirit of adventure—he wanted to travel and explore.

Tall, probably six feet two, straight, largely and gracefully proportioned his motions were express and admirable. The loyal, kindly glance of his clear brown eyes lit up features beautifully rounded and singularly taking. He seemed chiefly a personification of Jocus or good humor yet it was bad for him would impose. A huge, local pugilist thinking to acquire fame at the expense of this youth of twenty-two and innocent of the 'noble art,' so called—intercepted him one night at an inn or tollgate in presence of some hard spectators, but, before he could display his skilled force, he lay prone indifferent to his quickly lost art.

Looking at him, enabled you to understand how historical truth often seemed stranger than fiction—how the dalesmen, as from Annandale, Niths-

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dale, Clydesdale, Eskdale, Douglasdale—repelled on one hand the English hordes and on the other the Highland hosts, retaining at this hour their distinctive forms and institutions.

He left for America 1851. Omne solum forti patria. To a brave man every soil is his country.

The census taking of this district was entrusted to Kit through which he became thoroughly acquainted with the locality—its acreage, arable and waste, every domicle with its inmates and nationalities. Impressed by the fearful consequences to David of a like act some were shocked at the thought of this numeration. One of two old ladies, living in a cottage far remote, thinking it so heinous a crime, became partially insane and, en chemise, at early two, rose and ran across the moor, declaring when caught that the dreadful man who numbered the people, with the great book, was after her and the judgement of God was beginning.

When about a year in that position he received a letter from a gentleman in an adjoining district requesting a call as they had then a vacancy for a teacher. On calling, Kit was assured of his efforts and active influence to secure for him the appointment, and directed to the village pastor. But the latter assured him his application came late as the affair left with him had already been assigned to one he favored.

He returned home resigned, though the salary was double and attendance more remunerative.

His friend however again wrote requesting him to send in a formal application to the parish pastor as his reputation was such the inhabitants were bent on having him. Acting on this advice he was unanimiously chosen—the village parson notwithstanding!

But, hence, the pleasure of his flattering recep-

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tion was not unalloyed.—The village pastor was then a power not to be despised. He was inspector and superintendent of youthful training, the receptacle of any charge, legimate or otherwise preferred against the teacher, and, prejudiced, could work him no end of annoyance.

His statement that he had already chosen a teacher Kit could not reconcile with the result and whether his legitimate applicati n would be considered an irreparable indignity remained an enigma. A friendly clergyman referring to this same position remarked to him—"no one is more vindictive than a minister, the opportunity of brooding in his cl set over a slight, real or imaginary, tending much to exaggerate as well as perpetuate."

Hitherto his pastors had been most kind and sympathetic, the relation between the pupils and himself most cordial, the locality endeared by many reminiscences, another conjugal pledge added, and so, with only regr t, he left for sterner scenes.

> "But why regret? Sorrows humanize our race;
> Tears are the showers that fertilize this world,
> And mem ory of thin:s precious keepeth warm
> The he rt that once did hold them."

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XV

SECOND SCHOOL.

"Shoulder thy hook, slant the bog and march off my park" were the characterestic orders of an old farmer to an offending reaper, and if we follow much the same course we shall attain our new destination. Leave Hilltown, slant the Brown-moor stretching along the Midd'eby turnpike, march along that westward two miles or so and there you are on the stone bridge over the winding Annan. The village of Bladge before you where the new incumbent may find his rest, and Providence his guide.

To the right is seen the stream flowing gently toward you fraught with airs from the present and blasts from antiquity. It has laved God's acre there above, kissed the cultivated fields and flowery meads attesting the charms of nature and art; and, at the same time hugged the base of Hoddams massive walls and girdled old Coquair big with the grandeur of time and romance.

To the left it flows along banks artistically ornamented by glades and leafy arcades—a shady footpath on one side extending along the river to the town. As if personified by Tennyson it hums

"I chatter over stoney ways
In little sharps and trebles,
I bubble into eddying bays
I bobble on the pebbles.

I wind about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing,

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And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling."

It is widely noted for its salmon and trout as also for the sport of otter-hunting.

The village lies before you as in an amphitheatre. A horizontal line crossed by four others will represent its aspect accurately enough—four broad macadamized streets cutting the highway at right angles. The houses are nearly uniform, of hewn stone, slate—roofed and lime-washed. The church, manse, and school, hence, form the points of an isosceles triangle.—The first at the apex on an easy elevation—the second at the south on extreme left of 2nd St.—the third or schoolhouse to the north, on the same street, at its extreme right—an elevated and commodious building capable of seating 150 pupils.—A vacant space between it and a kind of table-land fenced by a flourishing hawthorn hedge, together with the site of an old stone quarry in the rear, offer a play ground that gives ample room and scope for youthful enterprise. The cottages between the manse and school are tenanted by cotton-weavers, a few millers and turners excepted. The mill stands on the stream a little way below the village and the turning shop between 2nd and 3rd. An Infant school for children under seven is on our way up town and an inn, a smithy, grocery, clogging shop, tailorage and carpentry.

Other industries here and there. But let us now follow the fortunes of him gone in to take possession and dominate his clients. The first is easy enough, the latter we shall see!

We find the ceiling lofty and light abundant, school furniture all that one desires. Desks are placed against the walls where practicable, with tops convenient for inkstands, copies and slates, and beneath, a drawer for the use of each pupil.

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There is a good supply of maps, a blackboard, and even a large case of classical works on every subject. We have heard a learned scientist deprecate such an arrangement of desks and commiserate teachers and pupils, but it seems to us the most preferable mode, since the more advanced and studious scholars, their faces to the wall, see not the changes ahead of them—are not distracted by signs and commotions and so are more apt to bend manfully to their tasks.

We have no doubt more is learned in this way in two years than currently in four—ay in six years.

It may be we confess that each fashion has it's fitting locality and the latter is more suitable to the versatile American. In the simple matter of language for instance while there they are pondering over the roots and derivations of words here they are attending to their enunciation and uses and attain a readiness unequaled. One Sunday noon as returning from a lowly church in Nebraska, passing a lady in humble attire, we overheard her observe in response to some adverse criticism on the preacher—"he used the right inflexion anyway." Of course in all republics oratory is in high demand as a means both of serving the state and personal aggrandizement though like most other rules it will work two ways. Kossuth in a great speech to Americans reminded them of Emerson's remark—The curse of this country is eloquent men.

But, returning to order, whom shall we invoke can aptly transmit the eloquence and inflexions of those Border gamins on that eventful morning? What to this purpose could effect even the wise Daniel of Columbia, the great Scott, or the Dickens himself!

Their dialect in many cases defys transmission

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and it would be ridiculous to attempt the elucidation of their vowel sounds as in ay, you, me, one, two, three. They had resolved to try the teachers temper and in their phraseology, see what he was made of

"Maister, I canna fin' my book."

"Jock Biggar has my sklate."

"Bob Elliot keeps kicking me."

"This is my sate I ay sat here.,,

On letting out for recess they crowded around door and windows and made the interim hideous, while comments on the teacher's aspect were freely thrown off.

He meanwhile calmly beheld the racket yet observing each one's pecularity and impulse. We said he had a noticeable grey eye it was also a noticing one and he was gathering the shortest and readiest method of suppression. About 2 p. m. he dismissed them triumphing in the spirit of mischief, presuming they would have all their own way.

It was his purpose to get a good case before showing his traits—the bigger the offender the better.

Approving, in this case, the old saw-nothing (like leather) he next day provided himself with a piece cut from a donkey's harness, and, sportively, the 'cuddy bridle,' and awaited developements.

He bore all patiently until about the hour of dismissal on the previous day and then came the denonement.

Through some pretense the largest pupil had got out and now pressing his nose against a pane of glass invoked the others to vacate. They rose en masse and were barely restrained from taking, as is said, French leave. On coming in the smart Aleck was called up for review and answered in such a way as gave the desired opportunity and

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smilingly the teacher extracted the pay for the whistle.

This was decisive and so universally approved that his trials in that respect were over.

But there was another and perhaps more dangerous element of trouble—this was the adult compound of weavers' and millers' apprentices who infested the quarry for varied games, arresting by their noise and uproar all school recitation. The village though manufacturing and populous possessed no constable and the teacher's expostulations unheeded, he was induced to cut the gordion knot in a way suggestive of Bacon on Boldness. "Boldness," said he, "is blind, whereof tis ill in counsel but good in execution. For in counsel it is good to see dangers, in execution not to see them except they be very great."

It was a November afternoon.

The bright, serene sky bent lovingly over the grassy floor of the hawthorn bordered play ground and quarry. The air was balmy and bracing. The village youth were assembled in force and the object of contention was a football.

They might have made the goals parallel to the hedge, and thence could be no offence, but they had chosen the other course and the tug for supremacy almost always was beneath the rear windows making progress impossible.

The teacher not the first time remonstrated and asked them to withdraw a little, at least till school work was over.

"We can't do it for you," said one. "We played here before you came and will play here yet," retorted another.

"I have no objection to that," responded the teacher, "only please go farther back so as not to disturb us."

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"We wont do it" said a robust young miller.

"Who are you" demanded the now indignant plaintiff—"What is your name?" "Touch-me-not." "I will have it" was the retort and seizing the youth to drag him into the schoolroom where no doubt were witnesses of his identity a desperate struggle ensued round which all were interested. For a time the scene was pretty lively and result doubtful. The miller at man's estate was used to wrestling with weights and floursacks, the teacher lithe and sinewy had muscles yet tense from his previous calling and his endurance at length prevailed —the offender was hurled breathless into the room.

His name secured and the vengeance of the law denounced in case of persistance he was permitted to rejoin his astounded companions. Thus, too, this annoyance ceased. The miller became a warm friend and with more than a score of other youths were recipients of evening instruction.

Shortly after these passages the village pastor presented himself and congratulations. He was a man of scant medium height and well knit. His ample head was crowned by a partial supply of jet black hair—the knowing region bald and shiney. His features were bold and well defined illumed by an eye deeply, darkly, dangerously blue—revealing betimes an unfathomable back light which might mean assent or dissent—good for you or bad for you.

This never get-left air diffused an atmosphere alien to his high profession and more in accord with his previous calling—he had left the law for gospel.

The days yet passed peacefully and well, for schoolwork to the teacher was always a labor of love. The traits and tricks of the pupils and village gamins afforded much amusement and

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themes for thought. Yet his contributions are summerized in 'A boy's a boy.' Despite his intimacy with different nationalities, audacity, pure and simple, could not have been better examplified than there in that simple border village. Taking a family as they ascend from the youngest then eight years probably. He was wont to intercept scholars on their way to school and one of them to get even brought along one morning a savage dog —spying the foe right in his way he grimly hounded on his canine friend but, instead of retreating the intrepid little fellow calmly stood his ground, and with one blow of a shinney laid the brute dead at his feet.

One noon as walking homeward, the teacher hit upon his pupils assembled round the little gamin defiant—a stone in each hand and his back against the door of the vacant cottage. A comical caricature of Ajax defying the lightning. Released and kindly addressed by the teacher he became one of his most exemplary pupils.

An elder brother had a difference with a lad much taller than himself and withdrew in school time for a settlement, returning cooly after a two hours tussle. Of course such a breach of discipline could not be overlooked and every truant received his quota of punishment. The brother, when asked to change hands, quietly remarked "ee may keep that ane if its a' the same to you sir." We need hardly say if the devil had his due it was not over done.

The eldest brother, just on the verge of manhood, was caught in the act of holding up an unbecoming remark upon his slate, which was taken and indignantly, though unwittingly, broken over his head. But he only grunted "ee needna ha broken the sklate onyway."

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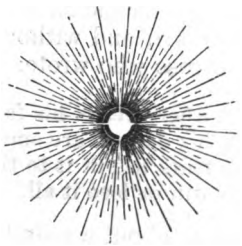
These escapades excepted, few lads more promising ever graced a schoolroom.



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XVI.

PRESBYTERIAL EXAMINATION.

The teacher had not yet seen his ordeals through, an examination of fitness scholastically yet remained for him. This was called the Presbyterial as in presence of, and by, all the pastors or presbyters of the district. He might have avoided this as his predecessors had done, one excepted, who failed in his attempt so painfully to himself as never to regain his equanimity and died soon after. This aspect of affairs rather increased his resolve to stand or fall without fear and without reproach. It was the great Montrose who wrote:

"He either dreads his fate too much
Or his deserts are small,
Who fears to put it to the test
To win or lose it all."

At this time about a mile from the village and near the banks of the beautiful stream in a noble mansion lived the nearest school patron—Lady Dido—and with her abode her son, Colonel Dido; his son and two daughters.

From her at this juncture, was received an autograph letter stating that he had omitted the duty of attending Sunday school and would find it to his advantage as his predecessors had done, to comply forwith. He had been absent twice from sickness of a relative, and hence this unwarranted assumption and imperious air only suggested an entire departure from that prescribed by her. He resolved

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to stand upon his merits and undergo the trial without any pledge or indication of surrender, conscious it was not the duty or part of a public teacher to serve on the Lord's day unless voluntarily. If successful he would then duly take up what ought ever to be a labor of love.

He stood thus before a grave and unbiassed board of examiners and, after passing consecutively through the branches required, received a hearty unanimous appointment.

A life-vocation now legally secured, he gave heed to the matter in abeyance. He resumed the broken strand of Sunday work quietly ignoring the unjust assumption of his accuser and abettor or abettors—striving to act so that it would no more come into mind.

The result will be seen as we proceed. Of too rare a temperament to anticipate any evil or have his career sicklied over with the pale cast of thought, he entered joyfully into "the generous rivalry of noble minds."

Nothing was taken for granted and, when embarrassed, he thought an eight or ten miles journey to solve a doubt a slight impost for value received. Kind and able instructors arose in the persons of a teacher and pastor—the latter the successor of his old benefactor at Breconbeds. Hearing of his predecessor's attachment he lost no time in making our friend's acquaintance. A warm and profitable intercourse resulted—the Greek only substituted for the Latin of the former period.

But in due time, in the village itself, an oracle arose, and, during some seasons, almost nightly, this scene transpired We have entered a modest but convenient cottage, passed along what might be termed a hall, turning right have unlatched a

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door and reached the 'ben'—a large room with a high, open fireplace and the customary grate.

Our horizon comprises a box-bed, a few chairs and an oblong table, at which sit two young men, between whom are scattered a formidable array of books and manuscripts—a glance at which may heighten our curiosity in the possessors. We discern a Whateley's Logic, a Treatise on Botany, a Schrivellius, a Latin-Greek Lexicon, Grammar and Greek Testament. A Horace, Virgil, Arnold's Latin Composition, and a German Commentary of which those sheets of mss are translations and criticisms. Nor are they exposed for display as evidently they are only text-books well read and digested. So well indeed, by one he gained the first prize in that district for practical botany, that, too, superadded to the degree of A. M., Artium Magister, won at a famous Northern University.

The only son of his mother, and she a widow, he owed his ascent from the beginning to a blessing on his marked abilities. Attracting the notice of the pastor of a rural parish in the parochial school, he kindly supplied the means for college initiation and it needed only an introduction to both justify the venture and secure a continuance, as he carried off bursaries sufficient for his curriculum, together with many important, because judicious prizes. He has not yet reached his majority, though you think so as you look at him—so goodly of person and well-favored. He reminds us of the friend of the great Luther, the amiable Philip Melancthon—with his towering dome and auburn locks. His large, kindling eyes have the same warm, dancing glow; and did you ever see the soul of humor genial, enraptured, so taking as in that quizzing glance, on those mobile lips? "I am full of matter, the spirit within me constraineth me. Behold

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my belly is as wine which hath no vent; it is ready to burst like new bottles." "That fellow is in a bad way, isn't he?" I hope you do not think him irreverent—one is never master of a subject until he can afford to joke about it. Even in religion one must be in it as in play before he can render free and joyful service.

His companion or vis-a-vis is perhaps the senior by a lustrum, less florid and robust. That youth is the ideal of a young man rejoicing to run his race, has met no equal, his brows bound with victorious wreaths. This of the storm-tossed rover dowered with repose won from varied vicissitude, conscious of divine prescience his eye keen with admiration. That the early sun rising on the jocund mountain tops for all he touches sparkles with kindly light. This the later sun often eclipsed by shadows, clouds and tempests which it breaks through so enhanced, as to draw the very odors from their dells and hollows. Thus they supplement and cheer each other. Some author, we forget whom, observes—"Regular education we think is unfavorable to vigor or originality of understanding. It strengthens and assists the feeble; but it deprives the strong of his triumphs and casts down the hopes of the aspiring." He who has enjoyed a college curriculum may happily defer to the lord of large experience and riper growth. The native acquired French and masterly English idiom of home and office growth, invaluable in translation—are no slight return to a classicist and interpreter for a few suggestions and solutions in logic, mathematics, botany and ancient lore.

Each in his sphere has breasted the blows of circumstance and grappled with his evil star, and so exists sympathy warm and unselfish as that the noble poet enshrines in In Memoriam. We find it

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hard to avert our glance from this scene repeated so often and enhanced by many a walk beside their native streams and rills embowered by leafy coverts.

"With them went Fancy like a lovely boy
Of rare aspect and beauty without peer."

What sallies pass between them as they drink from rippling Kirtle out of the paper-cup occasion-born, and wind beneath the lofty trees ye clad in summer's pride. As they discover paths and alleys broad.

With footing worn and leading inward farre
Past that rare bole where rude mementoes are!

Once gazing at these aspirations after immortality with the loving relics of Kit's absent friend in view, the younger thought to immortalize himself by graving his initials high over all had gone before. He raised a lofty cairn and from it cut the characters desired—would have perpetuated his friend's, too, ere descending had he not been jocularly assured he had already done so—their initials being the same.

Alack yet for human ambition! On a circuit around the trunk, he discovered that some mounting spirit had anticipated him, and placed his ensign higher, even though on a slender bough.

He was not quite broken by this discovery, for—

"On him smiled Hope in rank a perfect maid
Of cheerful look and lovely to behold," and

beguiled him into concluding his banner the superior—as the legitimate one.

Ah, to him the maid was still the capricious one—
Who always smiles and doth great liking show,
Great liking unto many but true love to few!

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Not long after he passed over to the majority. Just on his advent to Divinity Hall he was cut off by a fever, and the bereaved, blest with the noblest friendships, seemed destined to enjoy them proportionately brief.

We thank the noble bard for this introspection.

"Yet in these ears till hearing dies
One set slow bell will seem to toll
The passing of the sweetest soul
That ever looked with human eyes.

So many worlds so much to do
So little done, such things to be,
How know I what had need of thee,
For thou wert strong as thou wert true?

And manhood fused with female grace
In such a sort, the child would twine
A trustful hand unasked in thine,
And find his comfort in thy face."

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XVII.

KNOCKHILL.

The incidents related were but as 'gleams of sunshine mid renewing storms.'

Evidences of the pastor's and lady Dido's dispositions toward him came in, to his unmitigated surprise. His candidature for higher positions was ignored and even when subjected to searching competitive trials and superiority conceded, the prize was withheld because of defective temper and antagonism to his pastor and ladyship!

"O quam indigna prepeteris, Phocion!" O what indignities you suffer, Phocion!

The position of the incumbent may perhaps be better appreciated by a comparison. In Abdera there was only one dentist who had an extensive practice in the neighborhood, and traveled from place to place. On one occasion he had an ass and its driver to carry his baggage across a wide heath. It was a hot and bright summer's day, and the weary dentist was glad to sit down and rest a while in the shadow cast from the figure of the ass. Against this appropriation of a shade the driver who was also the owner of the ass, protested, saying that nothing had been said in the bargain about any such use of the shadow. The dentist must therefore come out of the shade, or pay something extra for its use! He refused to do so and a lawsuit was the result—the best lawyers of Abdera were employed on each side and the whole population of the town was soon divided into parties

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styled respectively 'Asses' and 'Shadows.' So bitter was their enmity that an 'ass' would not sit down at the same table with a 'shadow.'

The teacher representing the dentist, the grounds of his persecution were less tangible than those of the great lawsuit as given by Wieland—he had not even sought to rest in the shadow cast by the figure of the 'asses' but kept the even tenor of his way.

We give only one instance of this asinine attitude as it led to important issues. Eight candidates appeared before the trustees and representative of a neighboring parish to contest the school there vacant. The examiner adjudged him of Bladge the best general scholar—first in Latin, French, English and mathematics but, on the same apocryphal grounds, the bone of contention was given to a young fellow with a Ducal recommend who, in his own grandiloquence—'just presented myself.'

Some results to the foiled one yet followed. Two trustees sent regards subsequently—one assuring him he should never have to undergo another ordeal but have the first vacancy in any adjacent district, the other engaging him at a generous salary to teach evenings. The interval was probably four miles but to him it seemed only a bracing walk. Besides, the route was one of much interest. A mile from the village he struck the highway at right angles at a prominent tollgate—thence after another mile's progress he lit upon truly enchanting and romantic scenery. Westward loomed Repentance, the beacon previously named as descried far over the Solway—eastward high Ecquair densely wooded to its summit and, before him, the gorge or valley of Hoddam.

Joying to hear the birds' sweet harmony and yet

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more at the means thus secured to his 'pretty chickens and their dam,' he plunges into this on a smooth macadamized road, densely shaded by lofty, interlacing trees, that shut out the heaven's clear light. A little way forth he crosses the river on Hoddam bridge near the Lodge that invites to the castle. He takes not the hint, however, though its owner is he who occupies the residence to which he is bound—that is yet some distance ahead on that gentle eminence—and whence the mansion is Knockhill.

The remainder of the way is almost a repetition of smooth turnpike and grateful shade until we reach the base of the easy ascent. Passing a grocery and farm house we strike the desired haven where he aspires to train the stable and lowly mind—for of his pupils are jockeys, grooms, dog-coursers, et caetera—the chief himself an old bachelor. As you enter, are evidences of his sporting proclivities. Here hounds and kennels—there a horse-racing establishment—one of three, one assigned to England and two to Scotland.

To describe the tout ensemble and details of the mansion is beside our purpose and, briefly, from the courtesies and comforts received by the tutor it ever loomed up to him an object passing fair—a thing of joy as of veneration.

So liberal was the estimate of the trustee of services rendered therein, and so much in accord his renumeration thereof that on his divulging the amount received to his beloved spouse she exclaimed with glistening eyes—"Did you take it a?"

We have been thus definite once for all as this relationship continued without interruption, a period of four years, or while possible, besides the patron's assurance that he had not said all he would do. Lord of the castle and of much of the

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parish by descent he was untitled and simply William Keen—a kind, good man.

This courtesy recalls a remark of Rev. A. Y. Fields—"Going around the world," says he, "is an education. One will see the greatness of other nations and the virtues of other people. Even the turbaned Orientals may teach us a lesson in dignity and courtesy—a lesson of repose, the want of which is a defect in our national character. In every race there is something good, some touch of gentleness that makes the whole world kin."

Nor yet was Kit's office a sinecure. Eight miles walk, often over snow, much of it through a wood in storm and darkness might almost be felt, and returning far into the night, implied no small stock of energy, not to mention address and confidence; for he frequently possessed a considerable item in his salary. This exertion, too, was after his daily duty of teaching unaided more than a hundred pupils.

His feelings after all were enviable enough as he himself has represented them in these lines we willingly transcribe.

"O Hoddam, Hoddam, thy wild woody way
The quivering trunks and nodding tops between,
In storm and gloom I've wandered proud and gay,
Or, when the moon in brightness sailed serene
Through depths of blue o'er thy superb display,
Off yonder bridge I've gazed on Aman's sheen
Along thy heights—light—flooded, steep Coquair,
And, rapt in bliss, have stood and worshiped thee!"

This first season at Knockhill was one of almost unexampled activity, mental and external; for, besides pursuing his studies and duties stated, he also gave lessons in French to two young ladies distant probably two miles. But, strange as it may seem, this busy time was likewise the most import-

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ant and far-reaching. "Within, within, 'twas there the spirit wrought"—Yes, wrought in him a peace unspeakable and full of glory. The unrest with which, as we have seen, he had wrestled in vain, was now disposed of and for ever! As reading in his Greek Testament and transposing in his own way—the phrase "God was the Word" became the witness in itself, and constrained the scholar so to receive Him—as the Word and at his Word—that he felt on holy ground.

Ah, how much they miss who have not the light of eternity cast over their earthly struggles!

WITHOUT LIGHT.

No vista reaching for, no night with suns revealed,
No dark the gracious shade of angel wings concealed!
No springs of strength within to evermore arise
And charge the soul with joy—enrich with glad [surprise!
But—pent in utter gloom—their powers unrest [devise
As, odors long in shade, in deathly rankness flies.
Ye fearful souls look up and nurse Hope's smiling [frond,
For never sprouts the bud but flower and fruit [respond.

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XVIII.

MISAPPREHENSION.

Yearly an unprecedented mark of esteem was paid him by his parochial scholars, and reported by the press; nor did this allay, but served rather to foster resentment in the Olympic minds of Lady Dido and her son, and heighten the mysterious back light in the pastor's eye.

But the most annoying foes are often those of our own kin and probably, as above, from misapprehension. And here an episode compels us to introduce Tom, Burt, and Libby—brothers and sister in law.

The name Thomas Proteus was most apposite to the first—so ethereal was he in form and wit. Passing along a village street one day, he was stopped by a gamin who exclaimed after a wondering, admiring scrutiny—"Thin, O thin!" His wit was quick, trenchant, and shifty—you thought it vanquished, bound sure, but, like his namesake, it only took new shapes and modes. As inspector of poor and parish schoolmaster he frequently exhibited its qualities in lawsuits, in which he came off conqueror save once when to his great chagrin he was outwitted by an old farmer.

Externally, then, his chief characteristic was longitude. Head long and elevated, covered by jet-black curling hair, forehead high and well-developed, nose long, thin, high and aquiline, lips eloquent, chin deep and strong: trunk only, short and spare, while long tines or limbs offered the least resistance in transitu. But his most striking feature was the

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eye—overpent, dark and piercing, subdued in pathos or flashing with humor. He was indeed no ordinary man and besides possessed the prestige of college training. Burt Coss was almost his exact antithesis—five feet four possibly, but symmetrical and prepossessing with a voice of singular compass and sweetness. His features were in perfect harmony and the bones possessed that fleshy and wavy contour noted by Bulwer, which even in manhood preserve the round and beautiful curves of youth. His sight unhappily was defective though it did not offend the beholder or detract from the beauty of his azure eyes and partial glance. He, too, was a scholar and in his last university had acted as Assistant Latin Professor. Elizabeth or Libby familiarly, wife of the former resembled her brother closely in a Greek profile only more spirituelle. No defect in her sight but instead a keen, bright eye, and rather full lips—giving her a gardez—vous, look-out air, while her garments that more expressed than hid her, "fell about her lissom limbs."

Against these relatives Kit was destined to tilt from circumstances over which he had no control, as beyond his ken until too late for repentance or elucidation.

The geniality and public services of Proteus induced unfortunately a liking for excitement and stimulants—making to himself a thoracic divinity unto which he offered too frequent libations and laid himself open to public attacks. A young lady lighting upon some Temperance effusions which she and his own brother-in-law surmised would benefit him conspired to copy them out and, infamous! sent them anomymously. Worse yet they imitated Kit's calligraphy so exactly by means of a letter of his that the act was at once laid to him. Ah, how lamentably!

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Had he been openly and squarely charged with it no harm might have resulted, except perhaps a feeling demonstration that such conduct was counter to every propensity and sentiment of his mother's son; but, as it was, natural, powerful, and legitimate friends and brothers were transformed into implacable foes—the victim utterly unconscious.

On a visit thereafter he ascribed a rather cavalier treatment to vain assumption of higher standing—the rather because the doughty Proteus endeavored to show off his aquirements through him in presence of his spouse and a young lady boarder, his pupil. A slight instance will be illustrative:

Let me, said he, teach you something in French. Ah there the pronunciation is.

"I expect not, Mr. Protens. Have you a dictionary?"

"Yes, but to refer is of no use."

"Allow me to overhaul it."

"I see, yes Mr. B., vous avez raison."

Another and another dissent and triumphant reference wound up the lesson with a fling at the bear by Betty. She, 'while sharp breaths of anger puffed her fairy nostrils out' blurted with a geck—"If oor Tammuz disna ken he ocht ta ken—he paid a shillen for every lesson." The next visit concluded all intimacy though still unaware of the grievous assumption and learned only previous to the poor fellow's loss of situation and premature death. Peace to his shade—perhaps, after all, more sinned against than sinning.

The other awaking occurred soon after and its final cause was a clashing of interests.

The vacancy so kindly implied in the trustee's message now obtained. A teacher was wanted for next parish, with the maximum salary, free house,

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garden; and remunerative scholars. To Kit if successful the summit of his ambition and a competence even with his quartette of youngsters. Who can realize the buoyant hopes and emotions of the young pair in anticipation of so happy a result! To be freed from the worries of existence—the long, dreary, dangero s walks and everyway exacting efforts,—the didos of the Didos, the lawyer—priest, unjust, unappreciative, and to locate finally so near their birthplace.

Indeed they had hardly room for doubt for, dining with the representative of Lord M.—a trustee of both parishes, he assured our friend of the appointment and his warm interest from the facts, both of his own merits as evinced at Bladge, and friendship for a namesake in days bygone. Having no reason to doubt his ability Kit returned rejoicing, calmly awaiting the issue.

It came like a bolt from a clear sky burning and destroying. The little mother received it in the shape of a large packet and instinctively divined the meaning—barely evading a swoon. O what a war of white and red upon that comely cheek! It was the testimonials returned—inclusive of one given a Mr. Brown! he then was the elect! To say there fell upon her a great melancholy would hardly be correct—it was anguish at the grievous wrong to her beloved, as well as at the dethronement of honor by her chosen representatives. Ah, had she known then the causes why of this overturn how overwhelming would have been her distress!

A week or two previous brother Burt called in on his way from a visit to a clerical friend, when the fact of the vacancy was introduced. He declared he didn't care for it—did not want it—preferred the west where he had been so long. At the same time, as it transpired afterwards, he was

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returning from a prospecting visit—had already, with a gentleman of influence, been to Lord M's—Cumlonging Castle—overturning and blasting his brother's means of success!

Only after the election, for there was no trial of candidates, these facts transpired with this observation of Kit's professed friend—"It is infamous for brothers to run against each other—neither shall have it!"

Talk of wounding in the house of one's friends—What were the feelings of our poor client and partner at these revelations! Being charged with this duplicity at the house of his father the old man promptly interfered. 'What,' said he, 'do you mean that you had any chance against such men as were candidates! men of college standing and fame! I will set Burt on you to show you your deficiencies!'

And so said so done. Latin the first in order.

"You are reading abominable Latin" was the first aggressive charge. "No scholar would use et for que."

"Are you sure it is so used in this case?" returned Kit.

"Perfectly."

"Are you acquainted with Arnold's Latin Composition?"

"'Certainly,' replied Burt,' 'it is the ne plus ultra.'"

"Look here then, Mr. C., and explain the mistake."

"I cannot just now but I wish you heard our professor. I know he could."

I doubt it. The authors both of the Composition and Exercises, as well as many others I know, uphold this rendering, and, in short, I will leave it to any professor you name.

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They now turned from this dead lock to geometry and a hot skirmish ensued there also but Kit, as belligerents say, slept on the field of battle.

So marked was his triumph the old gentleman in reference thereto remarked: "I don't think it is a Christian spirit to display abilities over any one." "You forget was the too just rejoinder who called forth the innocent reprisal." But, alas! after all what a wretched salve to his disappointment! What was this against a competence to his darling household!

On the first view they perhaps acted reasonably in assuming his inferiority. They knew he had begun the study of the classics within the last four years and, judging of his progress by their own, rightly inferred the premise.

Proteus was the only son of a teacher and his whole life had been given to study. Burt from early boyhood had enjoyed the best tuition under a teacher who might have been photographed for the Scotch Schoolmaster—"He taught Latin so thoroughly, says one, made his pupils interpret out every particle of the meaning of the authors whom they read so punctiliously, was so severe on a bad construction or a false quantity, that to learn Latin from him, though it was only Latin, was to be disciplined in accuracy and research on all subjects for the whole of one's life." They, too, could only conjecture that his enterprises by night as well as day left little opportunity for culture—even had he possessed the needed aids which they might well doubt

Had they known his capacity for work and the acquirement of knowledge they might have hesitated, always assuming they were not moved by spite through that anonymous billet—ascribed so mistakenly to him. When awaking on a northern

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summer's morning, where the night just touches the hill tops and away, he found his Euclid beside him and, first, as a rule, mastered three propositions, then a task in Latin and, through that, another in Greek. His very necessities turned to his profit for, having no Greek—English books, he acquired such an ease and facility in rendering Latin into English idiom, that he elicited the admiration of students. In the evening his studies were more miscellaneous and, attending at Knockhill, he utilized the long walk in memorizing the paradigms of the Greek verbs—regular, irregular, contracted with anything tending to elucidate the original.

Nor could he in any sense be accused of the pride said to belong to the self-taught, for he was careful to submit his work to the most brilliant scrutiny—rub it against the most electric heads of teachers and professors. Besides—his detractors did not penetrate that shy and reserved air of his which arose, we assume, from the proud consciousness of certain qualities he could not reveal to the every-day world.

What evils, alas, arise from want of directness! To the young lady who would benefit a friend under disguise of another's characters the serpent no doubt appeared as an angel of light and wisdom, but this, with similar duplicity, gave his bark a 'shog' that altered forthwith his whole life—devoted destiny.

The boat we saw glide from the cove
  And bound over wavelet and surge,
By snags all concealed badly stove
  Whither now her slow course shall he urge?

To land—or that low, grassy isle
  That Faith scans intrepid—serene?
Refit and await for a while
  To grasp the seas favoring mien?

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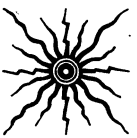
Yes, yet shall bright Hope trim her sail,
And Love all divine take the helm;
While Courage and Wit use the gale
To glean over Nature's broad realm.

The snags and the quick-sands of time,
As nearing the soul's living sun
Shall yield to a safe, balmy clime
Where joys shall be ever begun!



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XIX

TRANSITIONS.

His occupation was not yet gone for while life lasted he was legally schoolmaster at Bladge. But with increasing responsibliities he found his means wholly inadequate. Yet more, new contingencies arose that induced him, through duty to his family, to seek employment more remunerative. An epidemic fever—that which took off the entire flock of Carlisle's dean—seized also the family of Burleigh and though the sickness was not unto death yet long and sore was the trial. Small pox next—fatally ravaged the village and brought his young ones low, again providentially, to recover. The scare was yet so great the school was necessarily closed for months.

This loss of fees and the offer of a situation in a vast corporation of the old familiar town of Liverpool induced him to sever the connexion with Bladge. It was to him a sad ending of his aspirations, for teaching was ever a labor of love and he had struggled through long years to examplify its principles.

A sense of duty, however, was no mean solace.

Of course a place with seven years associations could not be lightly vacated. Every original seemed to stand out more distinctly and feelingly—even daft Jock had his kindly ties and suggestions. There was Geordie, his rival instructor a few months, who in difficulties, a big scholar to chastises would send round to borrow the 'cuddy bridle' and maybe therewith make his sowl spin about the

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desk like a blue backed flei. Dick Still, the chemical enthusiast, who invented a salve to prevent hair growing; but, alas trying his discovery on his leg was feelingly undeceived—A jolly comrade nevertheless. Old Isaac the intractable river poacher—"Tell your father," said he to a younker as coming from captivity, "I am just from college for the 13th time." Strange to tell he was a trained presbyter and no mean artist. Quaint, stately Peter Larum—the village oracle—whose opinion of a popular preacher was—"I dinna ca' him a minister lying lazying up on his lune that gate." Other worthies occurred to him too many to depict.

No doubt eventfully when the act of reflection took place in his mind—looking at himself in the light of thought he discovered with the philosopher that his life was embosomed in beauty. Behind us as we go, all things assume pleasing forms as clouds do far off. "Not only,' he continues, "things familiar and stale but even the tragic and terrible are comely as they take their place in the pictures of memory. The river-bank, the bend at the water side, the old house, the foolish person however neglected in the passing,—have a grace in the past. Even the corpse that has lain in the chambers has added a solemn ornament to the house. The soul will not know either deformity or pain. If in the hours of clear reason we should speak the severest truth we should say that we had never made a sacrifice. In these hours the mind seems so great, that nothing can be taken from us that seems much. All loss, all pain, is particular; the universe remains to the heart unhurt."

The most hallowed spot in the whole village, next to his own and seminary, was that cozy, humble cot sacred to friendship.—

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"Not all regret: the face will shine
Upon me, while I muse alone;
And that dear voice I once have known
Still speaks to me of me and mine."

Each object as it were reflects a former day and his friend's kindly identity. One night as together they inspected a daisy botanically his friend observed—"Have you noticed that all famous English poets from Chaucer have written and commented on the daisy?" "No," was the response, "but much may be said thereon." "I should like to have yours friend Kit," said his mentor, and hence remains to this day the memento of the occasion in a—

BOUQUET.

Old Time once more presents a fresh bouquet.
Of human outcomes, aspiration, grace—
To Him whose spirit gives each flower its sway
Its virtue, color exquisite, and place.
My offering be to Him as that small flower—
The daisy that bedecks the verdant mead:
With petals tipped in heaven's own sunset dower
And least division yet a whole decreed—
That aim and act the least love may pervade
And guard from all the energies of sin.
Just as against the evening's baleful shade
It folds its leaves with sunshine still within—
All habitudes and influences pure,
A print of Him—a world in minature.

Yet another effusion may be pardoned as showing the geniality and humor obtained between them. It was produced in a spirit of mischief to tease his friend about his landlady's handsome daughter, and gave him endless amusement.

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ROBBIE WILSON'S BONNY KATIE.

O Bladge it is the Border's pride.
In beauty far excelling—
A gem in setting rich and rare
'Mong hills so gently swelling.
But yet 'tis not its mazy haunts,
Nor streamlets past it stealing
That now excites my happy lay;
But just a tender feeling
For Robbie Wilson's bonny Katey
Robbie Wilson's bonny Katey
Give me but a cozy cot
And Robbie Wilson's bonny Katie.
It is not that her brow is fair,
Or cheeks the rose beseeming,
Or lips do mock the scarlet twine,
Or eyes expression beaming;
But tis the glow of maiden grace
Her every art revealing
That now excites my happy lay
And wakens tender feeling
For Robbie Wilson's bonny Katie etc
The sandal tree exhales perfume
The more its core is showing
And where my charming Katey's seen
She sets all hearts aglowing
But none shall ken the roving pen
Would be its lord revealing
Until he stand in Hymen's band
And one in every feeling
With Robbie Wilson's bonny Katie
Robbie Wilson's bonie Katie
Give him but a cozy cot
And Robbie Wilson's charming Katie.

Pale Death knocks at the palaces of the rich as at the cottages of the poor and he has gleaned another actor on our vagor's route–the great Lady Dido has been gathered to her fathers.

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Already too, his step is on the threshold of the proud Colonel and three days before his departure that stalwart form lay supine incapable of shame or triumph.

"What shadows we are and what shadows we pursue!"

While they in charity, went to heaven the nearest way, his was a far other destiny. Let us hope after the tenor of that noble poem by Rev. S. W. Duffield.

LATE TO THE THRONE.

The royal and loving father
Has said, "not yet my son!
You must know how people sorrow;
How battles are lost and won;
How the heart and the brain together
Must labor till all be done."
And the royal and loving father
Sent forth the princely lad;
And he journeyed hither and thither
He saw both the good and the bad:
And his heart was grieved at the conflicts
And sorrows the people had.
Then late he came to the kingdom,
A touch of gray in his hair;
The lines of thought on his forehead
Humility in his air;
But when he sat on the dais
They cried—A king sits there!

He came to his native country athirst for attainments classic and sacred, and had succeeded beyond his most sanguine hopes. Doubts and unrest had been removed by one glorious draught and after all what to this acquirement is any—the hardest change in life? What in the way of solace can equal that sublime apprehension "all things work together for good to him who holds his love in

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obedience to the highest love?" It was in forgetting that this love is better than knowledge and dearer than life that mother Eve once "gave the world a shog maist ruined a." If he failed to acquire a desirable position he knew at least he had the honor of giving an impetus to the rising generation and was appreciated by it—that his work would have its due weight in the dear old country whose only bulwarks had been—

> "Hearts resolved and hands prepared
> The blessings they enjoyed to guard."

Thus hope ascendant, he vacated his native soil and, says Emerson, we judge of man's wisdom by his hope.

> In such a mood he left his native strand
> And steamed along the bold, opposing coast
> Of rough and rocky hardy Cumberland
> Where yet his sires had often ruled the roust:
> And even now won by their heft and brand
> A wide domain attests a kindred host—
> Their chief the high and versatile Sir James
> Where merit brings him office and hard names.

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XX

DOCK YARD OFFICE.

On one of the southern docks by the river's brink, the front overlooking a small slip or cove convenient to boats and light craft, stood the structure to which we referred adapted to its multifarious business and requirements

The enclosed vestibule or yard was sufficient to hold at one time over 2000 operatives as per pay roll. Crossing this space we enter a hall large enough to hold a desk at which are three clerks. Off this are passages leading into two large apartments used as offices in one of which we find the superintendent and numerous subordinates—the other solely occupied by our friend Christopher, revising and copying specifications—inspecting charges, or, it may be, computing the quantity of lumber used on various gates and sheds.

His window overlooks the slip in which dance the tiny craft with their radiant sails, and, no doubt, betimes his thoughts escape across the flowing tide to Solway's golden sands, his comely spouse and youthful borderers. Perhaps other ideas are suggested but the rovers must be held in check Byron to the contrary notwithstanding, The poor clerk manipuluting figures must have will enough to bridle his thoughts else woe will soon betide him. Nor do we claim for the entire genus accountant what Walter Savage Landor implies in this proposition—"My thoughts are my companions I can bring them together, select them, detain them, dismiss them. Imbecille and vicious men

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cannot do any of these things." We fear, we fear some can even do so whose minds are set in them to do evil. Mr. Landor possibly was never a Knight of the Pen. As to clerkly imbecility which scientists assume, their hap is not worse than other devotees. Ability in one direction may be not infrequently conjoined with inaptitude for other studies but still, generally, the danger is in forgetfulness of the scope of the mind. The vaster the variety brought within its grasp the sublimer is its elevation and the greater the enlargement of spirit, while addiction to one employment reduces and darkens our perception. The amiable Cowper tells us of one to whom arithmetic was his god, his creed, his decalogue—that the very spaniel at his tread slank off.

Circumstances, we admit may constrain men into apparent meanness but they become little only from littleness of their chosen pursuits. The new order of things was therefore to the exteacher one of great interest. One and another of these amanuenses—such were the majority—were contantly happening in to have a chat or critical inspection of the rara avis and hence to introduce a few of them we have only to stand by his desk and, like Pat, take em as they come.

Ah, Mr. Burleigh, excuse me, perhaps you have not forgotten your Latin! Will you translate this for me? There, Mr. Flaim, is my rendering—who gave it to you? "Holdforth." The speaker is a young man has just attained his majority attired in black frock coat and Byronic collar. His stature is medium and head surmounted by abundance of fiery hair. His face is irresistibly comic, reminding one of a cassowary from the curve of his bill and the angle over which his eye twinkles with fun and humor. You will not be surprised to learn

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there is one wee faut they whiles lay to him—though on the whole a good, clever fellow. His mission, we need hardly say, was wholly quizzical. A smiling bow of recognition comes next from the sub-superintendent and successor as passing through the apartment. The first distinguished through his ups and downs as 'dot and carry one' —the other by affability, courteous gentlemen both.

Now comes grave Trumine on on knowledge bent —I fear I intrude, he says. Assured, he submits a series of puzzles in French which to his great delight are lucidly solved. He is a member of the Society of Friends and faultless as to attire, His face is elongated and rugged as born to play a part and that a sad one. Already he has imparted—"I am just as I wish to be, to-day—throughly miserable." And yet like the Memnon, which was said to sing when its stoney lips were touched by the rising sun, under genial inspiration you would not find one in whose conversation was more information or elegance. His hobby is drawing and painting in which he has acquired wonderful facility and truth—a taste so refined and correct that a visit to his studio is one of Kit's greatest treats. The next comer is also a Friend and, too, no ordinary man. A hesitant, retiring manner, conceals a remarkable genius for research and application. He is, we believe, the discoverer of the only perfect, original, Roman Tesselated Pavement. Having run down from London to Yorkshire on a visit to an uncle, with his consent he set about digging in the garden for the antiquites and a few feet under ground struck that treasure. He found many relics besides of which, with this, he published an account with colored illustrations, so costly that the work is only seen on the tables of the eclectic wealthy.

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So sensative was he of criticism that he ran off to Australia and there remained a few years to avoid the critic's gall and recuperate. We have seen many favorable comments on his exposition and not a single dissent, Frequently together they eross the Mersey to Egremont Ferry, near which resides the antiquarian, and inspect his museum with recent additions—the whole a wonderful collection of antiques, brooches, rings, pins, et caetera, to which he is still adding.

Boyle succeeds well-fed, well-bred, well-read.

But Brady comes beaming with the spirit of fun and mischief. "The top of the marnin to you Mr. Burleigh—I'm towld you're one of them—

> That found the beeves that made their broth
> In Scotland and in England both.

Are you afther a piece of rale Limerick heifer now?"

"I'll be after you in a minute if you don't moind."

"And wilcum, sure a Brady's the wolf* that never moind how many sheep there be." "Go along and trot after the wan has swallowed all Britain and Ireland too be jabers!"

Bedad I'm off, as the coach wheel said to the axletree."

One more presentation and we pause—Not that we cry your tolerance. We claim reverence for man as man a principle worthy of all acceptation, and are far from coveting the elevation of the man of elegant leisure who submits—Recollections of famous contemporaries—men whom I, I myself, have known. Men of severe ay humble application whose every hour represents work, self-denial, heroism, are the pillars of social well-being and models specially worthy of emulation. Is there

*Guelph or Wolf is the cognomen of the Royal Family.

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not something pathetic in the aspect of that painter-artist—or antquarian, chained there to his desk utterly ignoring his higher capacities for the sake simply of moral manhood? Does not our judgement at once endorse the dictum of Cowper—

"The Christian is the highest style of man?"

Our old friend of the rapid glance and full chest Tom Burleigh approached to ask of his brother's welfare. Preferred to a responsible position he has amply justified the choice and, while naturally most unassuming, secured for himself entire general confidence. He has a history many might envy obscure and chequered as it is. The eldest son of a father desiring his well-being as a pastor he yet drifted into business and, too high spirited either for cajolery or finesse, thence into manual labor. For years a wielder of a heavy hammer in the Boiler yard he acquired that rounded form and magnificent physique which he is ever prone to use generously as abundant instances attest. Only anomalous energy could have freed him from the many coils into which his disposition lead—one instance—An old man cogitating, slow, in a large seaport town, walks along a notorious street to which adjoin many alleys and courts indicative of squalor and wretchedness. Something about the stranger arrests the attention of the buzzards; but scarcely dusk, he saunters on unguardedly, fearless of events—no less imminent because of this indifference. Constables yet absent or 'invisible blues,' a huge truculent fellow now strikes down the adventurer. And the supreme moment has come for before an arm or foot can be extended to rob or strike, a lithe graceful figure of medium height and muscle all compast, strides over the fallen, and dares the scowling herd singly to the venture. The bully strikes out as puglists only can but,avoid-

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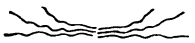
he receives a blow amidships that doubles him up and lays him prone in the gutter. Another and another succeeds until six have withdrawn and then quiet and admiration supremely predominate. During which the old man, his own father, regains his feet. This is no fiction but an occurrence of that town thirty years ago and the aid timely came to him—his son and wife in search of his whereabouts. He was no Diomede or Greek hero to boast of his prowess and his only rejoinder to an allusion thereto was—"Yes I had a pretty smart scrape."

His life work was otherwise than projected humanly, yet, after all, who can doubt its mission? He grasped the nettle; labor, manfully and became the stronger for the ordeal. Twice in one year after promotion from the anvil his salary was increased, unprecedented in that service; and, after 40 years devotion thereto, diem obiit supremum and was gathered to his fathers.

A man he was of rapid glance and thought
And claimed by Death who loves a shining mark
For as within—within the spirit wrought—
His nervy arm gave forth th' electric spark.
And so was set his passions wild at nought
Or used for good upon some British ark:
And ye who feel the devil in you lurk—
Up, up forthwith, like Tom, and go to work.



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XXI.

TOXTETH.

A year had hardly passed before a change was desirable through lack of health. The high stool and severe application at the desk, from 8 a. m. to 5 p. m. with ten minutes interval for lunch, were decidedly oppressive and suffering from indigestion intense. He was therefore transferred to outside employment, timekeeping, on the southern portion of the line of docks. His duty besides was to account for and distribute the labor of each to its respective heading—as 'repairing clough-paddles,' 'dock-gates,' 'sheds,' 'backing up masonry,' etc. Some of the workmen began at 5 a. m. and others worked until 8 p. m. Besides there were familiarly the mud-larks—men who worked only at ebb-tide shovelling the mud out of the docks into the current to preserve the depth necessary for moorage, and this entailed going out and down to the scene at all hours night and day. He had no sinecure but it fell right into the tenor of his previous long walks and discipline. He had as confereres one fine old man from Wales and a young fellow countreyman—a genial genius, making labor itself light and joyous.

He was a good facsimile mentally as physically of the original Robin and a few stanzas illustrative of this fact may be acceptable.

IMPHM.

"Yeve heard hoo the deil as he wauchled through Beith
Wi a wife in ilk oxter and ane in his teeth

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When some one cried oot—'will ye tak mine the morn?'
He wagged his auld tail while he cockit his horn
But only said imphm; that useful word imphm
Wi sic a big mouthful he couldnot say aye.

* * * * * * * *

And when a braw wooer I courted my Jean,
O Avon's braw lasses the pride and the queen,
When neath my gray plaidie wi heart beating fain
I spiered in a whispers if h e'd be my ain
She blushed and said imphm—that charmin
[word imphm—
A thousand times sweeter and better than aye."

He was found by Kit an untiring friend—greatly gifted with the pith of sense and pride of worth. His duty too led our employee in the line of scenes of surpassing interest, as loading and unloading of ships with their varied freight, mooring and unmooring, cordage creaking, skippers bawling, gates closing with ebbing, or opening with the flowing tide; small boats darting here and there conveying instructions or possibly hawsers: all and everything disposing to life and energy.

Beyond this busy location a mile or so, on a mole abutting on the river, was the yard for boiler making and all kinds of smith work. This also was included in his route. The way thither was picturesque and fascinating, especially on a glowing summer's day. Toxteth with its narrow streets and alleys now behind a vast park or track of rich green pasture succeeds, and inclines gently downward to the beach—through this a diagonal path is worn by the workmen's feet on their way to and from the foundry. On the other hand the tide leaping and disporting tumbles toward you up the same easy ascent and, from the cunning cozy dentations it has worn, invites the most fastidious to its embrace.

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Betimes you might see the shining shoulders of Toxteths nymphs and then again might have exclaimed with my Lord Alfred—

> "How the sun delights
> To glance and shift about her slippery sides
> And rosy knees and supple roundedness,
> And budded bosom peaks!"

But, an employee, he could not afford to revel on the lotos, languid shores, and pressed on whither he was bound. At the terminus, say noon, he finds a scene grander far, if not more enchanting. A score or more workmen lying around leaning on elbow with glance intent on one sitting on a smoke-stack as on a dais, bible in hand and discoursing on some gracious theme. His form is stalwart and athletic, in mien and features pleasing and amiable. Yellow curling hair adorns his bullet-head and long, light eyebrows surmount his sparkling blue eyes. His garb is the white round fustian jacket and trousers common to those mechanics, a little tinctured by ferric rust.

That young man who seems almost to reverence him is his brother, that rugged smith with face so pitted by small-pox claims him as his spiritual father, and all pay him a deference that must be seen to be appreciated. Not only golden crowned, he is golden mouthed and well might ranks with Chrysostom. His diction is terse and vernacular, style direct and lucid and Kit could only behold with questioning admiration. Is it from that small source he holds in his hand, that he soothes the savage breasts of those vulcans? O blessed truth Beware of the man with one book!

The course of time has expunged, the talks verbatim but their style may be at least suggested.

"I tell you what, men, you may say what you

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like, but where will you find anything in history to match that there account of Christ's rising? To the poor girl as washed his feet with her tears and was sneered at as the sinner, he first appears to as waiting and weeping by his tomb. Her much love is rewarded by Himself tenderly asking—"Why weepest thou—whom seekest thou?" No more call for tears—the call is now to rejoice! And at once she catches up the spirit of her duty and runs to impart the glad news. Soon after he appears to three Marys, about noon to Simon Peter, in the afternoon to two of his disciples on a haight miles journey to a place they calls Hemmaus, and again in the Hevening to all together, ceptin one, shut up in a room for fear of the Jews. Div ye see, lads, how it all fits in to theere needs? He appears to one grieving, others sad, and others distracted by fear. He makes it plain to theere senses that his power can be present to bless and grant theere prayers anywheres in spite of rocks, bolts, or bars."

But time's up boys!

Noble John Finney, whether withdrawn from, or breathing the vital air, we cast this chaplet to thee for at most

"Poor little life just toddles half-an-hour
Crowned with a flower or two and then an end."

DEDUCED.

Why weep by that once dismal tomb
No more a recess evil-starred,
But emblem of garments of joy
And angels of glory on guard?
Why stand ye dismayed in the way
At most but a few rugged miles—
With one is both able and glad
To cheer up and help over the stiles?

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Why fearful withdraw within bars—
  Of Hope's airy temper bereft—
The friend you think dead or far off
  Is nearer than right hand or left?
So near to hearts seeking he gives
  The glow of dear truth only blest
When spirit with spirit communes
  And doubts are for ever at rest.

So near he himself is the life—
  The Truth making happy and wise—
The way leading up Lion's mount—
  Still giving some new glad surprise.

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XXII.

TRANSFER.

After a few months duty at the extreme south he was transferred to the central docks with, office on Stanley Basin. With the exception of an employee always on hand to tidy up, light the fire and carry reports to and from Head Quarters or wherever required, he was the sole occupant. His position was now enviable but for three weighty drawbacks—long walks, long hours, and a lax method of book-keeping.

With home still near the Dingle, Toxteth Park, he had a journey of five miles before he commenced his rounds at 6 a. m. and his return was somewhere about 8 or 9 p. m. while occasionally the tide demanding his presence he had to repeat the walk in the dull drear night through crime—haunted streets and lanes. As to the style of record he submitted his objections to the superintendent who kindly empowered him to take his own way and judgment but, as may be readily perceived, its partial use led sometimes to annoying complications—finally the whole led to an issue that was electric, completely vindicating Kit's view of the nature of the system.

We will not enter into details on account of the number affected and the prompt radical change thereon; but, it will be transparent, how indefinite were statements in general, since, we gather, that for over two years the time-keepers of a certain district had drawn wages for fictitious laborers and

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divided all up among themselves to add to their decidedly niggardly salaries.

That any advantage was taken of the defective system he had no suspicion until the denonement—the suicide of two, if we have gleaned aright, and dismissal of other two with lenity, to avoid notoriety—which occurred shortly after his resignation. He only knew what he regarded as absolute they—his co-mates—regarded simply as approximate—that their sentiments sat as loosely on the bust of Truth as Emma's bodice upon hers

"No longer shall the bodice aptly laced
From thy full bosom to thy slender waist,
That air of harmony and shape express
Fine by degrees and beautifully less."

He was therefore agreeably surprised at the receipt of a note apprising him that by calling at No. 1 May St., he would hear of something to his advantage.

His entrance into early manhood had been there in that town and now after a lapse of twelve years some kindly remembered him, probably through the evenings devoted to the culture of his fellow-employees. One of them, now a prosperous employer whom we may call Vitty, was allied by marriage to an Inspector of Schools and to him he had commended his old friend and mentor and hence the communication. This threw him into a quandary for the something advantageous was away in the northern part of Yorkshire and entailed a week's absence from duty. The high officials of the company he knew were insanely jealous and peremptory, assuming their favor the supreme good; and, hearing of an application elsewhere would drop him remorselessly and what of his brother's inter-

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ests! Would his withdrawal prejudice his progress?

This was one of those facts in one's private life and experience that flashes a light on what great bodies of men have done, and the crisis of one life refers to a national crisis. "We are always," says Emerson, coming up with the emphatic facts of history in our private experience—and verifying them here. All history becomes subjective in other words there is properly no history; only biography! The Declaration of Independence induced sacrifices. He judged were he to resign at once and allow time to appoint a substitute, no cause of reproach could be had against either—the less so as he had already left Head Quarters from the confinement and his only remaining prospect seemed protracted timekeeping. Again, for the pursuit and communication of knowledge he had undergone numerous privations and so a return to his beloved calling was most gratifying. The result was a despatch to Head Quarters with his resignation—awaiting a successor.

Was relieved March '59—had entered the employ March '57.

His journey to the north was slow but attractive. At that time the railway could be used only a short distance and the balance must be accomplished by various modes of progression—by stage, hired rig, proffered lifts, shank,s ponies, with occasional all night pauses between. How pleasing was the Royal Mail with its caracolling steeds, gay panels and red-coated guard—how musically the notes of the tooting horn fell upon his ear attuned to the symphonies of auld langsyne in his first and fairest home! A flourish on the horn always preceded their entrance into a village and approaching a rural post-office. They passed many picturesque

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hamlets in bosky dells or on sunny uplands as winding around from one to the other by narrow defiles dense shades, and limpid brooks. Even the country inn with neatly sanded floor, huge oaken table, handy ostler and deft, neat barmaid evoked his admiration. We cannot do it justice from the vagor's meagre records only summarily gather he was impressed with the courtesy and good nature of the natives. April had not yet tripped that way and waked up her subjects into verdant life, hence his conceptions must have been utterly inadequate.

The end for which he struggled was after all unattained—As Burns says—"All your hopes may come to nought when every nerve is strained."

The manufacturer to whom he was recommended wished to add lecturing to adult teaching and as he was unused to public speaking forbore to engage him. Kit was no parasite or sycophant. He had at request asked for the situation and asking for anything, says Landor, is the highest price we can pay for it. "To solicit even a vote is as unworthy an action as to solicit a place in a will." He was yet courteously entertained and compensated so far as time went, but the immediate consequences were irreparable. Notwithstanding his open and unselfish course his return was the signal for excitement and reprobation.

The superintendent had been pleased with his insight and decided stand at first and placed his name high on the list for preferment, so, chagrined, at seeing his good intentions traversed, he turned upon the brother and demanded whether he, too, intended to follow the deserter. Employes as employer drenched him with reproaches and he was reminded of the remark of a Border Clerical friend, "I never turned a corner but I got a blow in the face."

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But the unkindest cut of all was in his father's house. There he was dubbed school—mad and dismissed to share peradventure the fate of the hapless canine that unwittingly furnished the saw—"better hang a dog than give it an ill name." "A good quaker," sic Dr. Curry, "who was especially averse to violence and bloodshed, had a dog that he wished to be rid of and so he pushed him out into the street saying as he did so—"I will not kill thee but I will give thee a bad name"—and then he shouted aloud mad dog—mad dog—and so set the whole town on his track to destroy him. Afterwards when it was ascertained that the dog was not mad it was too late to reverse the wrong done." He was not greatly surprised at this treatment as the old Borderer his father was almost as innocent of book love as Hawk-eye himself who had never been within three days march of a speller. Long in business for which he had a special aptitude he concluded to leave commercial employment, for a scholastic pursuit was sheer folly—that he was his son's greatest enemy who condoned or befriended him in such an ambition. The author of these lines he would have set down as an imbecille.

"O for a booke and a shadie nooke
Eyther in-a-door or out
With the green leaves whispering overhede,
Or the streete cryes all about,
Where I may reade all at my ease
Both of the new and olde;
For a jollie good booke whereon to looke
Is better to me than golde!"

That a spirit of the greatest size and divinest mettle was needed to run through the subsequent months we may well assert; for whatever moralists may say as to virtue alone conferring happiness

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the essayist finds rather that virtue all by itself implies misery—"that he who acts for others as for himself meets with more opposites and opponents than any other—meets with more whose interests and views cross his and where animosities are excited against him not only by the phantom of interest but by envy."

An uncle, esteemed a millionaire, lived only a few streets remote but, for all his interest the family's might have been the fate of the canines. He had now a partner with five olive plants to be housed and alimented and hence found himself in a duplicate Valley Forge or as another Burleigh said "in a pretty smart scrape."

Well for him, who in such a case has a mind free from self-corroding, a heart at leisure from itself to soothe and sympathize, and, also, a helpful intrepid helpmeet with undoubting devotion. These gifts happily were his and though for a few months he belonged to the last of the two great classes of society—that having more appetites than dinners—he rose from his bath of adversity strengthened in nerve and sharpened in skill, as nature from her bath of storms at random ravage reappears to smile but the balmier and nobler. Under a classic appetite his strain as rambling might be highly subjective

Does the sky ever bend
  And its energy spend
Heedless of prayer?
  Choicest of fruits arise
Sacred to longing eyes
  On deserts drear!

Darkling, one viewless arm
  Fosters them—shields from harm
Why not my flowers?

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Back of feeling and wit
Spring up issues for Kit
Light as dark hours.

His but to trust and dare,
Colors most bright and rare
Come in the shade.
O, the dear art the while
Felt in that tender smile
All undismayed!

Home then though spent with care
Pocket as larder bare—
Sweet after pain
Comes the chaste joy of grief
With the ripe golden sheaf
Dowering heart, brain.

Home through the bustling street
Music in thought and feet
Fearless of ill—
Times impending deft sled
Knocks all foes on the head
Love leaving still.

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XXIII.

MANCHESTER.

It has been observed that life's changes may be only great moral advantages to us, pushing us on to higher points of character than we could otherwise reach—even granting that they are occasioned by the wrongs that rob, or sting, or betray us. We are put to sea in the changeable that we may reach the unchangeable, which is only a true version of the immortal. We are always trying to get above mutation and the true explanation is that every moral nature has belongings to a state that is really above all change. There must be surprises, somsets, unreliabilities, else we shall be only losing all the benefits of living by rooting our selves down into the crevices of things as trees in the cleft of rocks. If, then, Kit was taken off his feet and crowded to the wall he saw no cause of whimpering or complaining, in fact he bore his fate with such equanimity that friends as foes were perplexed. It happened one night that, on a visit to his paternal home, he was kindly asked to partake of some refreshment which he cheerily declined as his chickens and their dam were probably at that hour without a crumb of comfort. As little possibly did the facts of the case strike the elder's mind, and what were the younger's thoughts, as plodding on through the dreary streets pertain to the History of Oblivion. But it seems as if at that time an angel was bid to fly very quickly to withdraw the old man from his goings and seal instruction with the stamp of death. To his dying parent ere he

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was afoot Kit was summoned on the morrow and a physician's services were secured; but despite of human efforts he expired before the dawn of another day. Besides himself were present two sons and one daughter. Yet no one more cherished the memory of a worthy parent.

"Then at the balance let's be mute;
We never can adjust it—
What's done we partly may compute,
But kenna what's resistit."

The summer now well advanced excursions by sea and land were in order which he utilized—the main point, a situation, steadily in view. The ultimatum as usual obtruded as a startling surprise. One morning, yet July, he received a letter from the School Inspector, whose representative we met in May St. requesting an interview in Manchester on a certain day and hour—a consummation devoutly to be wished and realized as under—

He started with funds enough to carry him to a station within about 12 miles of his destination leaving 46 or 50 to the outcome of his corollaries in which he had no small confidence. Harassed and weakened by anxiety as he had been, Hope was yet his staff which he managed against weakness and despairing thoughts: and well was it for him that this staff was no slim support; for its magic virtue like the rod of Moses was soon put to the test. He had reached the suburbs and was congratulating himself on his timely arrival so near his terminus, when, lo, in front of him loomed a bridge the probable site of Brindley's castle-in-the-air. At the further side was a revenue box with collector hard by—the tax on pedestrians one halfpenny. What! to be balked after all! His anticipations all in vain! If men are the sport of the

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gods what better could they wish than this unfolding? for that item would just then cancel the joys of Paradise!

The thought of failure here was unbearable. He pulled himself together with a fillip of his gay staff and marched on with the air of a Patrick Henry, not deigning to notice the impost, thinking the while—If this make me her majesty's bonafide robber let her make the most of it. Taken probably for a yearly contractor he passed unchallenged and went on his way Scot-free. Did the Recording Angel blot out the pious fraud with a tear of sympathy?

He soon reached the Inspector's abode and had a short desultory interview. There was not even the formality detailed in Blinkbonny, submitted here for the fun of it. A candidate nervous at the thought of an ordeal before the clergy secured the sympathy of the incumbent's wife, who, in turn, won the sympathy of all concerned and thus their representative.

Arithmetic, said he. How many are 6 and 4?
Ten to be sure; that will do for that.

History. Who gave the king the most practical lessons? George Buchanan; right again.

Geography. Which is the largest town in the world? Why, Biggar of course. London's a big town but Biggar's Biggar.

Mathematics. What is a simple equation? Six and half-a-dozen.

Latin. What is the Latin for fish? A quavitae or Glenlivet.

Translate ex nihilo nihil fit? Its time we had something.

General Knowledge. What's the best change for a wearied teacher? Hill air, for it always makes him hill-airious.

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Literature. What did John Gilpin's wife say to him and what did he reply? "The dinner waits and we are tired." Says Gilpin—"So am I."

As to the result of the conference the Inspector was reticent only stating he would hear from him again.

In temporary quarters himself, the hour 11 a. m. and a famous railroad between the termini, he little surmised the state of Kit's corporeity—that he had yet nearly 40 miles to get over on the inflation principle—to try whether a merry heart would go all the day.

Cheerily, however, avoiding the memorable bridge, he started on his arduous way and, in brief, leg-wearied about 10 p. m. reached home and was amply repaid for all privations—no joke we may infer since he had not repleted on a stretch of fifty miles.

> "Look! how he laughs and stretches out his arms
> And opens wide his blue eyes upon thine
> To hail his father: while his little form
> Flutters as winged with joy—Talk not of pain!
> The childless cherubs well might envy thee
> The pleasures of a parent! Bless him
> As yet he hath no words to thank thee, but
> His heart will, and thine own too."

He had not long to wait for the fruits of his journey. A letter was received from a clergyman on the east coast submitting a few questions in reference to a situation, which, answered satisfactorily, he was appointed to the office of Head Master of the British and Foreign Schools, Waddle, Bottil, Essex. The origin of this Society may be interesting—A youth, Joseph Lancaster, the son of a soldier in the foot guards, residing in Borough Road, moved by compassion for the ignorance of the poor children around, obtains a room from his father to

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open school, exerts all his energies to get it fitted up, and then throws wide the door for general instruction. The Duke of Bedford gave an early and cordial assistance and in 1805 royalty itself deigned to smile on the labors of the schoolmaster. Hence sprung the society which in 1813 designated itself the Institution for promoting the British or Lancasterian System for the education of the laboring classes of society of every religious persuasion.

Lancaster died in 1838.

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XXIV.

WADDLE BOTTIL.

In our biographical progress we find with a famous author that it a great thing for us, as regards the interest and right ordering of life, that we are made into chapters, after the manner of the Calender, and not after that tedious kind of way sometimes found in a book that goes on to its end without headings, transitions or resting-places. As much as night enlarges our knowledge of the universe, sleep enlarges the knowledge we get of ourselves. And then what a wonderful benefit we derive from the seasons, especially when most pronounced? Who, asks Dr. Bushnell, that understands the moral efficacy of climates would undertake to form a Scotch people or New England people, as to the sense of principles, in either Central America or Jamaica? And just as seasons incline to habits of reflection and exhibit nature in its baldness, so changes in fortune operate in friendship's circumference. In winter we behold the trees of the forest in their pure anatomy, curtained by no garniture of leaves, and stretching their bare, stiff limbs to the sky. So in adversity the amenities and courtesies of life fall off and we often discover they have disguised and concealed twists, knots, and infestations answering to the venom bags, bills, fangs, stings, and claws of insects.

In our wanderer's horizon he found few evergreens, but these offered a retreat from the fiercest pressure and now supplies, for the transition overland from the west to the east coast. Chief of

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these was his old friend Vitty—through all these months his unswerving confidant. If privations were endured they were incurred from that spirit of independence so native to that race beyond the Tweed. And now, knowing the demands upon his friend toward the transportation of so many so far, he promptly proffered his services in a way the most gratifying.

A frank, genial soul he was, most agreeable of companions. One who loved life and understood its uses. From a golden temper alike at all hours and stedfast as an anchor. Nor was his partner behind in gracious virtues and christian nobleness, while personally the similitude of Truth—symmetrical, modest—cultured and attractive. The respite thus obtained from overwhelming anxiety was almost nullified by one of Fortune's unaccountable freaks.

One day as walking with a little boy in a Public Park he was nearly run against by a basket phaeton containing a lady and a gentleman. He had not recognized them but the latter a handsome young aristocrat apparently knew him and brought up the curricle. After some kind inquiries he cordially invited him to call at his office. There he arranged for another meeting at which he would have the pleasure of fulfilling the claims of kinship and thus obviating alien favors however kindly meant. His failure at the eleventh hour for some yet unexplained cause caused serious embarrassment which could only be partially remedied before setting out. But Mr. North, his old and boyhood's friend, was an employee on the route and to him he would appeal. He was found in a rather commodious refuge for a shanty not far from St. Helens; but now not as at first introduced in beautiful Paradise—strong and solid—he also has been a victim of Fortune's caprices.

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Though still possessed of a Scottish heart of gold it is carried around on a limb of stout old English oak and of him it might be truly said—"though Fortune sore upon him laid his heart she ever missed it." As if prescient of their position and in sport to charm the children's eyes, he piled up bright sovereigns to a foot high probably, and then bade the mother help herself to all she wanted—she accepted 50, or dollars 250 nearly, until salary was due and so, for once, like Jamie Graham's singing, Hope proved "better than expectation." Ah, how many from her friends have struck the Devil's beatitude—"expect nothing"—and so sunk helpless into the arms of Giant Despair! Even to the youngest, with a young maiden attendant who went as aid to her sister, engaged to instruct the girls partially afternoons, the spirits of all were enviable as they passed on their way. That they had a 'high, old time' one incident illustrative of Border character will show. On a stoppage at Rugby Peggy, the young girl attendant, with a young Irish girl went into a restaurant for refreshments. After partaking of the viands she put down a coin considerably over that required and the waiter or proprietor withdrew for change. Before his reappearance the bell rang 'all aboard' and afraid of getting left they were put in a flutter. Hesitating but a moment Peggie emptied into the corner of her shawl what she considered money's worth of dainties and retired briskly, springing with much glee after her companion into the nearest car. The joke soon went round and if not 'cakes and ale' cakes and merriment all the way to Lonnon. The metropolis had been long enveloped in darkness before they reached the station and their course, now northeast, was by a line famous from the experience of a fellow palatinate which we gladly transcribe from Shaw's Lankesher Almanack for the fun of it. It

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is related by the son-in-law of old Mark Ford on his wedding night in the way of chaffing his assuming 'parient.' "Aye, he con mak a mistake as weel as onybody," said Ned to the others, who were highly amused at old Mark's vagaries." "Did yo ever yer abeaut th' mistake ut he made when him an' me went up to London on the chep trip last yer?" None having heard, he was called upon to relate it. "Well," he said, we'd bin theer abeaut three days when somebody read i'th papper abeaut a gentleman at Chelmsford, in Essex, givin a theousand peaund for a keaw ut had bin painted by Rosa Bonheur; so he said he'd goo to Chelmsford, as it worno' far fro London, an' try to get a look at that keaw. So he went to th' railway station an' book't to th' place. We hadno' gone far afore we stopp't at a station, an' a couple o' chaps run alongside the train sheautin 'Old Ford! Old Ford!' as hard as they could. Mark jump't up an' said—'Yer thee! heaw dun they know ut I'm here? An he bobbed his yed through th' window an sheauted to one on 'em. Th' chap coom to th' carriage an' said Old Ford here? 'Aye, I'm here,' said Mark. 'Get eaut then,' th' railway chap said. What mun I get eaut for? ax't Mark; 'Old Ford, sir,' said the chap. 'Well, what o' that?' ax't Mark. 'Where for, sir?' ax't another chap wi' silver buttons on his coat comin' up. 'Chelmsford,' I said. 'All right' he said, an' he slamm'd the' dur to an' blowed a whistle, an away we went again. Mark wore growlin' like a hauve—fed mastiff dog when we coom to another stop, an' a fellow bawled eaut, close to eaur window. 'Drat Ford! Drat Ford!' 'An' drat thee, theau jack a-dandy,' Mark said, makkin a grab at the' dur. 'Want to get out here?' ax't another chap. 'If I do get eaut I'll gi' that chap a lacit jacket,' Mark said; 'I'll teach him to insult strangers.'

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'What's this, Jones? ax't th' chap wi' th' silver buttons, 'have you insulted this gentleman?' 'Not I—never spoke a word to him,' Jones said. Why, theau lyin scamp! said Mark. 'Come, come, no bad language,'said silver buttons, 'I see how it is—you're drunk. Go on Jack! And then he blew his whistle, an' we're off again. Th' next stoppage we made a chap coom to th' window an' said 'Ill Ford! Ill Ford!' 'Aye, Mark said,' an' theaud be ill if theanu bin treated like me. But I'st ha' to grin an' abide it, I reckon. An he poo'd a bottle eaut of his pocket ut had abeaut a noggin o' brandy in it, an' took a sope. 'That chap con see it ut I'm put abeaut,' he said 'an' he's reet, too, for I begin to feel ill,' an' he took a sope mooar o' th' brandy. Th' noggin didno' last lung, for just as we'r stoppin at the next station he'r drainin the last drop, an' just as he took the bottle fro his lips a chap sheauted in at th' window 'Rum Ford! Rum Ford!' 'What the dule is 'it to thee whether it's rum or not?' Mark sheauted. 'Doest think ut I've come o th' road fro Lankesher to be gammoned by a set o' railroad monkeys?' An he said he'd ride no further, but swore he'd walk every foot o' th' road, if it were a hundert mile, afore he'd put up wi' sich chaffin as he,d gone through. An he'd ha gett'n eaut wheear he wor if a gentleman i' th' carriage hadno said to him, 'Isn't your name Ford?' 'It is, that,' Mark said, 'han yo, owt to say again it?' 'Oh, no,' th' gentleman said, only you've been the victim of a great mistake Oldford, Dratford, Ilford, and Rumford are simply the names of the four stations you've passed through, and the men have only been doing their daily duty, whilst your imagination has led you astray. An Mark dino' say another word for the next hauve heaur." Without further adventure they reached the railway termin-

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us and thence their future location by omnibus, verging midnight. His correspondent was roused up and, the previous incumbent still in possession of the residence, they were directed to an inn kept by a cousin of the chief trustee. After a slight repast he and his were soon laid along, oblivious of change and the surroundings into which they would expectantly awake.

SLEEP.

Blest routine of night in the soul
  Than darkness more true and more wide,
Unbiassed by orbit or pole
  Thou graspest all flesh in thy tide:
That man from his bath of sweet sleep
  Should jocund arise like the sun,
The path of high duty still keep
  Though clouds charged with death over-
    [run.
Yes, forward—with day's rounded pause
  A respite from care you shall find—
The power that surveys act and cause
  Is ever supreme to be kind.

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XXV.

ROUTINE.

With the morn arose the new incumbent hopeful and alive to the magical variety of nature's charms.

"The landlord loomed of giant frame and pace,
His beard was black, and manly was his face,
His steeley eyes overhung with shaggy hair
He looked a lion with a human stare."

His strength was such he could without difficulty carry under each arm a load an ordinary man could hardly support on his back. His name was Thims and to his inn was subjoined a grocery store. The landlady was to him what Diffidence was to Despair—an appropriate counterpart. Large portly, not uncomely, though with a rather cadaverous complexion and checks of vulgar grain. Before her forlorn unbending look Hope fled abashed and energy fell prone—To parody the poet Campbell we may ask:

"O can the noble mind for ever brood,
The willing victim of a weary mood—
On heartless cares that squander life away
And make life's charms to hateful bile a [prey?"

Three scions completed the family—apart from a blind young lady of remarkable grace and ability.

Much to his dissatisfaction and pecuniary loss through mismanagement of trustees, two weeks

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elapsed before he entered the scholastic residence and assumed his duties.

The house—a commodious brick structure, was attached to the school, a rectangalar straw-thatched building capable of seating nearly a hundred pupils. It was situated near the summit of a gentle eminence and the crossing of two highways at right angles in one of the loveliest pastoral counties of England. The playground lay alongside that turnpike extending south and north—on the south past the cozy hamlet of Waddle Bottil and over a lazy mead—bordered canal; on the north it wound around a smooth hedge-fenced highway, from which branched diagonal glades, approaching Nedbury Park, which contained monarch oaks and many objects of interest, besides a Bishop's palace. At intervals rustic stiles invited to rove on daisied walks that led to one of the largest, most inviting commons under the open canopy. The naturalist might there find illustrations of many forms and colors from the modest violet to the flaring furze, as seated on his grassy throne amid an upheaval of varied beauty. The western arm of the crossroad extended past rather pretentious dwellings tenanted by an old spinster, the rector, and an admiral—along groves, farm-houses, churches, through a picturesque village on to the capital of the county. The eastern arm extended to a small seaport through a large village and past many a free, fair home. The chief local attraction for tourists and holiday seekers was the Rodney on this arm, and just behind the school. Not so large as the 'common' it was more bold and romantic by means of dingle alleygreen and boskey dell.

"And oh! that deep romantic chasm which slanted
Down a green hill athwart a boskey cover!
A savage place! as holy and enchanted

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As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted
By woman wailing for her demon lover!"

Coleridge could not have struck it better had it been the scene of his daily walks and closest neighborhood.

In early spring primroses and violets nestled beneath the well kept hedgerows, and later, a profusion of 'wild roses' and honeysuckle interlaced and adorned them. Interspersed were daisies, foxgloves, wild hyacinths, slenderstemmed blue-bells and, by a little wimpling brook, grew a profusion of cowslips, tigerlilies, rushes, and ferns—of wonderful grace and variety.

The school had an endowment for 30 pupils males and females equally or approximately according to circumstances, for whom was provided uniform clothing respectively. Others were admitted by payment of a small fee. It was conducted on the mixed principle, only, afternoons, the girls were withdrawn to a large apartment for needlework. With one exception the duties to one accustomed to organize and induct, large numbers were not onerous. To enthuse scholars without a notion of home tasks or the worth of mental attainments was no slight undertaking. At that time be it remembered there was no parochial school—no system of State education at all general. Few of their parents could read or write and even the aristocracy of the place seemed indifferent to such an acquirement on their part. Said in effect, the Head trustee to Kit one day, as riding casually with him, "There, you see that neat, pretty cottage on your left—it belongs to an old man that worked for my father and now works for me. He knows nothing of book-learning and yet he is comfortable. His son pretty well educated thought himself too good for this locality—went up to London, failed, re-

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turned home, and is now a burden to his father. I don't see what learning does to any in their position except to make them discontented." What wonder, even apart from a physical cause, that this district was called the Boeotia of England?

With reference to our meaning as to a physical cause we quote Littell for April, 1886—"Those," says the writer of an article therein, "who examine Lancashire schools are struck by the difference between the sharpness of the boys in the east Lancashire hill country and the sluggishness of those who dwell on the flats along the coast between Liverpool and Morecambe."

The most exacting day was Sunday—to him a day of severe unrest. Besides his duties as Superintendent of the Sunday School, he overlooked the scholars at both services as also in the interim; for, as a rural church, it was too secluded for home going in the recess. His success was soon assured and, through the pastor, a divinity student was secured as assistant and boarder with a view to enter college. Rural walks, pastimes, studies excepted, this season was uneventful; but so well was the youth grounded and disciplined a year was struck off his curriculum, showing a little nonsense now and then was in more ways than one beneficial After leading the scholars into the Rodney, teacher and student entered with no little zest into their own sports and hence this memento commemorating a surprise in one of those contests at the bottom of the chasm already indicated. A bevy of young ladies, one of whom the students admired, suddenly appeared on its summit delightfully carpeted with a soft, thick sward and occasioned the following chaffing effusion designated:

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ALICE MORELL.

1.

Dan Mentor and Robertson leap on yon mound,
Dan Mentor the leaping bar clears with a bound,
Three times with eclat goes young Robertson o'er
But alas for his life he can do so no more
O Robertson, Robertson, ware of the spell
This is cast in the glance of sweet Alice Morell.

2.

A brand burning bright only scorches when nigh,
Not so the arch glance of a blue laughing eye—
Quick darting and fatal it strikes with love's art
And kindles and lightens far into the heart.
O Robertson, Robertson sad is the spell
That is cast in the glance of sweet Alice Morell.

3.

No more like the pricket unthinking and free
With lithe, active grace, will you bound o'er the lee;
But brushing the grass with a step sad and slow
The wild dingle seek with yet more savage woe
O Robertson, Robertson cruel the spell
That is cast in the glance of sweet Alice Morell.

4.

O no, master mine, I will not know defeat
Love's spirit was but adding wings to my feet
As coming events cast their shadows before—
Clear, clear of the bar and I'll teach you to soar!
O Robertson, Robertson strong is the spell
That is cast in the glance of sweet Alice Morell.

5.

Hurrah he has won and the graces reward
Devotion so marked with a smile of regard,
While Mentor exclaims with a mirth moving sigh,
What cannot youth do under love's beaming eye?
O Robertson, Robertson bright is the spell
That is cast in the glance of sweet Alice Morell.

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XXVI.

REVERSES.

Next in interest to this event was a visit to his schools by a Borough Road Inspector. He was in perfect accord with Kit's methods and, knowing the locality, was unstinted in expressions of admiration.

But to tax his energy and good nature over and besides his stated duties, two prayer meetings weekly were held in the schoolroom, and, ostensibly under the pastor's and daughter's previson, evening classes, at which he gave his services gratis.

Only Saturdays were thus at his disposal and usually they were periods of singular enjoyment, implying a long varied, and romantic walk to the county library—the use of which he was careful to seize in order to keep abreast of current literature. There were four ways by which he might reach this emporium of which one only has been indicated. The main road made with that indicated the side of a pair of callipers two short cuts intervening—one having a village to the right, the other one to the left. That going diagonally through a large fallow field or deer-park containing many herds; a noble mansion and beautiful lake, over which went the aquatic and his double, suggesting these lines.

"The deer across the green sward bound
In shade and sunny gleam
The swan glides onward with the grace
Of some rejoicing stream."

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This short cut was through fragrant lanes, a wide avenue of elms with grateful shade; a soft, mossy footpath over a large mead, gay with yellow peggles—and a silvery stream discoursing love to the winding, emerald shores, The rustic bridge and entire meadow behind we pass cottages embowered in roses and honeysuckle, windmills, flowery leas with pilfering bees, and, in the words of the inspired Cockney—'the cows and bulls aquietly taking their bellyfulls.' He might in this case have added the colt, calf and lamb—all things worth a dam. It is hardly possible to conceive a route more happily bucolic.

This was the favorite path as presenting least chance for interruption and the best opportunity to discipline the thoughts that worked within him. His prominent position from its many aspects was no sinecure, and with new conditions sprung new complications that weighed on his goings out and comings in.

His unwise retention at the inn, remittance due for the extensive removal, family sickness and contingencies conspired to embarass him amidst a populace so isolated as to retain its distinctive peculiarities. Of the best it might be said without much uncharitableness—

> "A moralist perchance appears
> Indigenous to this rough sod,
> And he has neither eyes nor ears
> Himself his world and his own god.
> One to whose smooth-rubbed soul can cling
> Nor form nor feeling great nor small—
> A reasoning, self sufficent thing,
> An intellectual all in all!"

A glance at some of the native lions will illustrate future events. The trustee, Rev. T. Le Rom, was a man in the prime of life mental and physical,

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the scion of his predecessor, the aged and semi-centennial incubent of the denominational village church, interested chiefly with the endowed scholars. Of somewhat heterodox or Pharasaic views as to the time and form of baptism he was yet, profanely speaking, by the grace of the trustees, pastor of Waddle Bottel congregationalists.

His Hugenot descent and high principle were strikingly suggested by form and feature. The premise given, the correct inference must follow with that flashing glance as sound the stroke, but results from premises outside the limits of his consciousness were too rashly scanned and, himself the martyr of an idea, he was capable of an unfair and unwise severity that would shame an inquisitor.

The Head Trustee was more ways than one a man of mark. The Lord of the manor, of almost unlimited resources, an appetite and ponderosity remarkably responsive, while locally his influence was supreme, suggested at times the lines of Dr. Holmes.—

The fat man answered 'shut your mouth and hear the genuine creed. The true essentials of a feast are only fun and feed. And yet he had one lamentable peculiarity—was haunted by a hobgoblin, the fear of coming to want. 'Should I do that,' he would say, 'were that so and so I would come to the Union sure.' Everything colored by this passion rendered him hard and ungenerous in spite of many good qualities.

Of the unlettered peasantry many were fine specimens of manhood. Just knowing their bible true, their faith, like fear in the previous case, colored their surroundings, but it is the glamor of the setting sun which glorifies our dull earth and charges commonest realities with beauties unsuspected. This it is which makes even adversity the

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good man's shining scene. Their abundant life could not be hid, and, though often shown in the most ludicrous way to the mere critic, was highly acceptable to the heart-sore wayfarer in life's low vale.

An old deacon in a promiscuous address told his hearers that the s'ate of the wicked was a wanton state—he meant wanting, unsatisfied, and so excited some joking; but after all, so full and apt was he, few could have given a ta'k more profitable or taking. Thus he began one of his Sunday School addresses—'Here is a poor old sinner wantin' to goo to 'eaven—'ow is 'e to git thar?' After many suggestions had been thrown out by the scholars he took them up ser a'im and kept eyes and mouths open during the period without a seeming effort on his part or any signs of weariness on theirs. Another rustic declared he prayed always best off a pint of beer—nor was his sincerity therefor to be questioned. Beer in that locality was given as part of the laborer's hire and obvia'ed the carriage of tea, coffee, or other beverages to the fields in which they were at work. In 1661 history informs us that the justices at Chelinsford fixed the wages of the Essex laborer at 6 shillings a week in winter, and 7 in summer— the highest remuneration given in the kingdom. At this period eight or nine were the equivalents with half a gallon of beer daily.

The exhibition of those things they had known and handled of the word of life came as natural to them as breathing, though such demonstrations in the adjoining country, under a system of education and bible-training, would have been regarded as presumption and hypocritical. How divinely hereat looms the injunction—'Judge not and ye shall not be judged." The gospel comes not in iron clad rules and formula but encourages friends of publi-

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cans and sinners—malefactors, to use for their benefit their diversities of gifts under the one glorious canon—'Love is the fulfiling of the law.' For instance the many ways in which differing temperaments receive and evidence good tidings is plain to the most obtuse, and well set forth by South and Bacon two of the most gifted and exalted of mortals —'Joy' says South, 'was then a masculine and a severe thing; the recreation of the judgement, the jubilee of reason. It did not run out in voice or indecent eruptions but filled the soul as God does the universe silently and without noise.'

'Joy,' says Bacon, 'causeth a cheerfulness and vigor in the eyes; singing, leaping, dancing, and sometimes tears; all these are the effects of the dilatation and coming forth of the spirits into the outward parts.—That, partially represents the self contained, yet perfervid northern—this, the effusive unlettered southern, but who shall decide the measure of their relative acceptablity? Ah me, what woes to man have come through bigotry and a narrow ritual.'

The course of our incumbent hitherto, as we have seen, has been clear though perturbed betimes by boulders, but now, on a sudden, he finds himself whelmed in rapids almost as bewildering and arbitrary as those which elicit the world's wonder—leaving him not to lose all the benefits of living by rooting down into the crevices of things in Waddle Bottil. Through self-respect he was prompt to return a donation by the pastor to whom he had frankly avowed his disappointment at the unexpected low amount in fees—constrained to this course by an unwarranted criticism and offensive comments on retrenchment. A mortal offense to his reverence as it reflected on the ground he choose to adopt. 'You, forsooth,' was his vain re-

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tort. But he unwittingly had struck granite—the pride of worth that refused to strike to a clerical coat. Had the pastor only an instant sympathetically considered the case he might have reached a better temper and judgement. Their own want of preparedness yet sharply urged arrival gave the first occasion of complaint, yet this and his evening tuiton apart, he had not only superintended the Sunday school, overlooked the scholars during both services, but, supervised them in the interim, and thus given to their interest the whole sacred day away from his own home—hence felt it imperative to reject anything irregular. Expecting nothing, he would not disparage his high standing by accepting an unfair acknowledgement. The preacher's next move was in perfect accord with this little part—he announced to Kit by letter without wherefore that his name as evil was struck off the membership. Inneudos and attacks came later as it were accidentally. If not directly possible, then indirectly through nationality. Strong meanwhile in the sense of right all those methods affected their object no more than sound or fury, signifying nothing, and finally he gave no sign. We heard once of a minister who came to a certain parish as a candidate for the pastorate. He casually remarked to some bystanders—'It is demp, bad morning'—but these simple words cost him the office. 'We canna have him for a minister,' the rustics said, 'he swears.' They understood him dem'd for damp. A cause as ludicrous could have been the only ostensible reason for our hearer's untimely cutting off. In a hard debate with the giant forenamed he used the word beggar—At once it was caught up, and sneering, his detractor withdrew as he uttered the unwarranted taunt—"Youre a nice church member!" 'Woe to him,' says the prophet,

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'that makes a man an offender for a word, and turneth the righteous aside for a thing of nought.' Another snag in those rapids was a politic city merchant who visited that locality periodically. He had known our old Liverpool magnate and relative—was, he affirmed, much beholden to him and hence profuse in service. In short against unaccountable prejudice a small account was incurred.

All smiles until now, he became as hateful as he could legally—would but for inability have slain the slain, and everything seemed to conspire for him. The young relative who had so miserably failed Kit at the 11th. hour, entering into business afterwards had not only failed unfortunately but criminally to a large amount, involving his father wrongfully. The result being his flight from the country, profile and history prominent in the Illustrated London News. Careful to spread the connexion along with the fact the trader also sued in public court for the small sum, eight dollars nearly, due only only rightfully at the term. Now for once Kit got mad and run up on contempt of court, how in his homeward journey he lit upon a man just bruised and robbed, how he pursued the marauders and his scores were settled, had perhaps better be cast into oblivion–enough that he came out of all so that his position as Head Master of the B. and F. schools and Sunday school Superintendent was unaffected.

The pressure of circumstances now awhile relaxed.

Instead of two domestic helps necessary, as his dame taught part of the day and had been a great sufferer, her own energy and supervision sufficed.

But this calm proved like one of those little islets near where the Niagara sinks in tumults—around

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which the headlong waters rush so as to prevent exit and finally lure to their embrace.

A widowed sister with two small boys in her reverses sought an asylum temporally—the intention being to place them under his tuiton and herself engage in some employment for which education adapted her. But who has not at times proved.

> Hope to be fortune's cheating lottery
> Where for one prize a hundred blanks there be?

Before she secured an appointment the chief trustee asked for her removal—averring that a noncompliance might have serious consequences and, of course, his request or rather demand was promptly refused. Probably this course was from regard to the teacher, knowing the fight of afflictions whence he had just emerged; but the latter felt bound to stand by one who had befriended him when a tyro in teaching, and so he calmly awaited the issue.

It came to the ears unapt, more startling than the flash and roar of the rushing cataract. One evening in July 18— just about dusk, it passed from one to another with bated breath and awe struck mien—"Jerry's dead, died in the Union! hoist on his own petard! Who would have thought it? This Lord of the Manor and doubly great man having gone to a Board meeting, had been fatally seized as stepping into his chariot and carried into an outhouse to end his hopes and fears on a heap of straw. Peace to his ashes—what other torment would his greatest enemy prefer to that ever lasting intensified fear of coming to want—to a Union? Is this reflex, ruling passion or that inordinate idea of whatever kind, the scourge may lacerate souls for ever? That as it may, we are made meanwhile not

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only to be, but to move—a new chapter was wanted for the trustees and so of the teacher; better let us hope for both. 'How intolerable, says one, our condition would be, glued fast in a motionless position and compelled to simply stay! To have made a bad endorsement and lost one's means by it is better a great deal than to have the fixity of a stone.

Not without regret did he contemplate removal from the beautiful hamlet and its tenants who had ever been to him and his uniformly kind, and such their unaffected confidence, candidates to fill the endowed complement were never awanting—a condition peculiar to his incumbency.

After 5 years residence among them he made a settlement with the trustees or rather their executive and withdrew.

To scenes renowed where Cæsar's togs were new.

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XXVII.

GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

New Troy, London, the Devil's Drawing Room! Any one will fitly designate the site to which we consigned our pilgrims and and now look for those outward transitions that shape the soul-history—setting it onward, feeling, fancy, hope, with all the myrmidon powers that play the phases of experience. The Warwickshire lad so full of gumption, could readily eliminate thence all shapes and shades of character and tricks of nationality—even a gallery of humanity cosmopolitan. We will find there as he has outlined them—

"The truly valiant that can wisely suffer
The worst that man can breathe, and make his wrongs
His outsides, to wear them like his raiment carelessly,
And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart
To bring it into danger."

as well as he

"whose base, ignoble mind
Can mou t no higher than a bird can soar."

The late arrivals we find possessed of the upper room of a large, commodious house in Argyle Square. They comprise with their guests just a baker's dozen, the oldest—a sweet lovely girl of fourteen—the only recipient of an income, through services in a book store. Of course this item was insignificant against the united requirements, and intensely 'vagor' set himself to do the city in any way, blameless in order to secure a competency either by head or hand. William Cullen Bryant represents him pretty accurately in these lines—

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1 Let me move slowly through the street
Filled with an ever shifting train,
Amid the sound of steps that beat
The murmuring walks like autumn rain.

2 How fast the flitting figures come!
The mild, the fierce, the stoney face—
Some bright with thoughtless smiles, and some
Where secret tears have left their trace.

3 They pass to toil, to strife, to rest—
To halls in which the feast is spread;
To chambers where the funeral guests
In silence sits beside the dead.

4 Each where his tasks or pleasures call
They pass and heed each other not—
There is who heeds, who holds them all
In his large love and broundless thought.

His hearty concurrence with the concluding sentiment withheld him from despair. As he traversed the labyrinth of streets and bore the buffets of cold suspicion, query, suggestions and other indignities, he heard the charmer charming never so wisely—often most bewitchingly in the Strand as catching a glimpse of the Bridge of Sighs. 'Life,' sang the Siren, 'with its anguish and horrors and errors—away with it all.' Fear only life and not death! It was too much for Otway, Chatterton and hosts of master spirits, single-handed—even the giant Johnson in happier times burst into tears at the rememberance of his suffering, and you! you, to whom a dozen are tagged shouting bread, bread, daddy! Have you no pity on those to whom you are but an obstruction? Come, come to oblivion as a glorious oblation! To these allurements and wiles he offered only action. higher bearing as the only way to make sorrow light; and often thence came gleams of sunshine.

One day finding himself in Regent Street in view

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of the Emporium of her Majesty's Publisher and Bookseller he stepped modestly in and asked for employment. The magnate himself received him and scanned his testimonals with an unfinished M. S. Returning them he stated that he was just then in need of a porter but he could not for a moment entertain the idea of placing him in that position—it would be out of all keeping with his attainments. In Kits mood at that time this humble office was more desirable than the wreath of literary excellence—O what joy to have dark Care and Grief expelled from his hearth for good! but the proprietor was inexorable. He assured our hero something better would soon turn up and almost forced on him a sovereign for pleasure received—when succesful he might return it but in no wise to feel himself indebted. It would be difficult to describe the effect of this occurrence on the poor fellows soul-history. He felt there was a manly dependence as well as a manly independence, and, leave to toil becomingly, would have drawn forth tears of unalloyed joy; for he had no false notions of work as degrading.—For their sakes, would have glorified any employment. But, after all, the boon was a ray from God's own throne, it was heaven itself, and his eyes were brighter for this streak of sunshine. Joe left his solitary corner, Jim his gymnastics, and Will forgot to pucker—a miracle in its way; for, so admirable was the set of his mouth a severe and unexpected blow failed to stop the incessant whistle.—The girls no less were full of glee. Ah, the charming prospect of a glorious feed! It takes Coleridge to depict it—"My whole being," he says, "was with eyes closed to every object of present sense—to fancy myself in Robinson Crusoe's island, finding a mountain of plum cake, eating a room for myself, and then eating it into the shape of chairs and tables." And their grand-

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est visions were about to be realized!

Happily to, this was but the forerunner of other flashes of prosperity.—The widowed sister found employment,and himself soon after a friend through whom he had many kindnesses direct and indirect. He was a handsome young Highlander and worthy their proverbial constancy. At length he secured a term as Classical Master in a Grammar School—Hertfordshire. The remuneration was small but it was Hobson's choice and he was spoiling for want of a tussle with something. This implied a residence in the country twenty miles away but it favored his studies and he could yet visit his home fortnightly.

Besides his classes in Latin and Greek, he had one in Euclid, and another in English history remarkably coinciding with the place and circumstance described, being a record of the times of Charles 1st. and 2nd. and consequently including the Rye House Plot. The Rye House stood at the further side of a bridge over the river Lea, adjoining grounds beautifully and artistically designed and, to them, over a flowery mead, for fun and exercise, scampered the pupils bi-weekly under charge of two of the teachers—of whom there were four, besides 2 principals. The plot we need hardly say takes its name from this House. Armed men were to be stationed therein to attack the guards who were to escort Charles and James from Newmarket to London. The landlord himself was a staunch Republican and thus commemmorated by Macaulay "Richard Rumbold," he says, "had held a commission in Cromwell's own regiment, had guarded the scaffold before the Banquetting House on the day of the great execution, had fought at Dunbar and Worcester and had always shewn in the highest degree the qualities which

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distinguished the invincible army in which he served." He had taken to the trade of a malster after the troops were disbanded but failed to restrain fiery enthusiasm political and religious. Finally he died as the Christian dieth, on the scaffold along with the Great Argyle.

We will not narate the routine of school, though in its way admirable, and to this was added an effective drill on the play-ground by a veteran sergeant. Sunday they were marched to service morning and evening under the charge of two teachers. Nor after all under too strict surveilance as the spirit of mischief often seemed irrepressible. With a master in the van and another in the rear the youths, 80 in number or thereabouts, found means occasionally to play the devil and break things. The shop windows of a certain candy-vender obnoxious to the boys were frequently damaged in the strait street, on a dark night, despite all the vigilance and foresight of the teachers. Their dormitories were in a cottage over against the residence of the principals and these were in charge of the teachers, two alternately on duty. The pupils at rest, jokes went round and friendly chat, as also discussions far-reaching, for, as it chanced, they were men of different nationalties and large experience.

The music and German teacher was a Prussian—the French teacher a Frank—the English and math. ematical a native—the Classical a Scot and hence there was no little banter and speaking the truth playfully—"We pumped the pullets," said Herr Fischer refferring to the needle gun, "into the shtomacks of the Austrians."

The pupils examination—the Oxford Middle Class—was most gratifying and Vagor's classical fame was fully established.

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XYVIII.

BARNSBURY CASTLE.

The first engagement in London was under the Committee for the election of John Stuart Mill as M. P. for Westminster. It was a time of much excitement politically and over-hours came frequently in order so that remuneration was good. He had also the good fortune to be retained in the office many months after the ostensible object was attained. Finally suspended under the promise of reinstatement in busier times.

These came not opportunely but somersets, surprises and unreliabilities to give the highest benefit of living claimed by the philosopher. All efforts to obtain employment elsewhere failing and the case urgent, he submitted his pight partially to one of the firm and on the morrow the answer came in two representatives. Sickness imperative and responsibility overwhelming they proffered to appoint him secretary's assistant of a near institute into which they would be received with best consideration until health was re-established and, on a consultation the ordeal was accepted. Severe indeed it was but well it is that in every true woman's heart is a spark of heavenly fire which warms and blazes in the dark hours of adversity.

On the whole he had reason to adopt this beautiful apostrophe—

> O, all preparing Providence divine!
> In thy large book what secrets are enrolled!
> What sundry helps doth thy great power assign
> To prop the course which thou intend'st to hold?

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Long before this, Mr. Keen of Hoddam Cast'e had proffered the Governorship of such an institute to him at a generous salary, which he yet declined from distrust of his own powers, and, too, from a fastidious spirit, a delicacy that eats up proper sympathy for degraded, despised, unfortunate suffers; and now he inscrutably had been led to this step by which he would learn more of the spirit of Him who did so many unrespectable things—as touching blind eyes and diseased hands—and thereby have his usefulness increased.

The promise given him was literally fulfilled in that he worked in the office and had free leave of exit, but otherwise he was feelingly initiated into the ways and workings of the establishment. He saw prostrated, fettered humanity, and found yet Josephs in ward—God's own image though stamped on roughlloy. Let us cross that quadrangle and enter the great hall. There, seated and grouped around the walls according to tastes and predilections, are male specimens of varied manhood. Ah, there, you have beside the bench a group of uncommon interest—let us examine them severally. He of the stove-pipe hat, coutracted cheeks, and bandy legs, ever on the move comprising latitude as well longitude in his progress, as if his limbs in transitu were being cast around on opposing wrestler, is Jack Barnsbury, the quondamn owner of the ground over which he strides—a privileged person. By what means he arrived just there would be long to tell and sad to trace. Too fidgetty to pause for a moment he is yet earnestly attending to the debate there progressing. That other promenader of a decidedly placid aspect and meek demeanor, interjecting a word now and again as he walks backward and forward with hands clasped behind, is an old decayed merchant. He who is chief speaker

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sits staff in hand with one limb apparently paralyzed. But saw you ever such meaning, eloquent features? the transparent blood seems to think! His words are charged with electric pathos and you are at once assimilated. Alas, exposure many nights together on Hounslow Heath has done its work, and you feel that his days are numbered! There, beside him, is a man no less remarkable, a physician and traveler, spent six years in a University at Bonn, Germany. Gifted with a fine physique it is unfortunately negatived by the use of opium—acquired through some grievous affliction. If we decipher our M S rightly he lost his bride by death the very eve on which was appointed their marriage and never regained his equipoise. A young man just convalescing from a fever and intently listening to the discussion completes the assemblage—adding a breezy element as he is a seaman cast adrift from his sickness. The question agitating them is, whether it is feasible for one in their state of dependence to regain his position? and the pessimist doctor is in order. No, sir, let him who enters here leave hope behind. This is the shadow of society, death to all it embraces. Have but the reputation of bad luck—of a ne'er do-well-and the world turns coldly away collectively and individually. It cannot bear the self-assertion of one it has betrayed and labelled incubus. Do you remember those words of Richard Second?

"O that I were as great
As is my grief, or lesser than my name!
Or that I could forget what I have been!
Or not remember what I must be now!
Such is the feeling now possesses me."

"Strength to bear it, strength to bear it," inserts the old merchant, pausing in his monotonous tramp.

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"Nonsense' ejects he of the crippled limb and magnetic mien, 'the rule is defeat before victory—from a prison to a palace. We have to know our native force before we begin to regard the summit—repentance, a right understanding must ever precede rest and victory. From defeat the Romans learned to conquer and who now pray are the world's idols? Joseph, the jail-bird; Homer, the blind, Greek vagabond; Dante, the banished bard; Shakespeare, the tramp; Johnson, the penurious—too poor and shabby for good society and forced to walk the streets, unable to pay a night's lodging; Lamb, the Blue Coat Charity boy, and, superior yet, Coleridge a fellow pupil. What of De Quincy, who for more than sixteen weeks was a prey to hunger the bitterest that a man can suffer and survive, sleeping in the open air and subsisting on charity, yet, later, smuggling a gift of £100 to Coleridge? Who ever regards these facts as derogatory of their high reputation? But who now is the cynosure of all eyes, plebeian or patrician? the almshouse girl of Stockhom, Jenny Lind! The fact is—

> "By how much unexpected by so much
> We must awake endeavor for defense;
> For courage mounteth with occasion,
> And even that which mischief meant most harm
> Shall in the happy trial prove most glory."

The debate over, Jack gives a wide sweep with his right leg, a corresponding shake of his coat-flaps, and promenades off. The merchant with downcast glance and hands still clasped behind mutters—strength to bear it—strength to bear it—and continues his disconsolate round. The sailor sits erect with eyes of shining speculation, the doctor's air is eloquent of introspection, and the

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maimed hero apparently is pursuing a train of thought of absorbing interest.

The dormitory was above and resembled a hospital ward in size and arrangement. The hap of Kit was to neighbor the doctor and a sympathy soon obtained though normally as discordant as fire and water. A native of Somerset, the latter, like Dr. Johnson, was an honest hater; yet a few days intercourse obliterated all traces of national antipathy and the stately physician would seek opportunities for kindly offices, even to blacking the shoes of his hereditary foe. His gifts were of a high order, but under the strain they could not brokenly live on, and hence he soon removed to that place to which kings and great men seldom aspire. The depressing air of such an institute may be gathered from an anecdote. One day, conversing playfully with the sailor indicated, Vagor asked him to listen to a parody on the Burial of Sir John Moore and with his assent read—

Now a cough is heard, now a wretched moan
As I lie in the night sadly thinking;
Now a patient his mind ill at ease babbles on
O'er the fate that his spirit is drinking.

The sheen of the moon streaming brilliantly o'er
His breast, heaving quick with pain's billow,
Methinks is an emblem of fancies of yore
When his head pressed a white, downy pillow.

Ah bright were his dreams when young blood in [his veins
Boldly proffered to him life and treasure—
That iron-bound couch marks the sum of his gains
Their extent is that moonshiney measure!

Before he could read further the excitable tar bounded up and exclaimed—"My God, and its all true!"

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The family's health re-established and nobly seconded by his spouse, after the tenor of agreement he left this asylum to which he had given his entire services and threw himself and his upon the fatherhood of god. Had you, dear reader, on a certain day in '65 passed over Islington Green you would have seen on a bench, over against Sam Collins' Music Hall, our vagabond, his partner and octave of youngsters as directly under the providence of God as a family of sparrows. But, as every portion of the matter we tread beneath our feet, however insignificant as an object of sense, propogates its influence through all space, and is felt in the remotest regions of the universe, so beyond all our insight the inspiration of the Almighty giveth man light, and hope, and understanding. Our waif's cogitations we omit, but his hopes and their fulfillment may be happily submitted—

1.

Come, courage a little my own:—
The spirit that quickens your feet
Has made through their pressure alone
The circuit of forces complete-

2.

Their master, omnipotent, God,
Is mustering some to your aid—
As seas fled apart at his rod
Even here shall a pathway be made.

3.

Through clamor and hurry and fret
His voice shall be heard—never fear
So watch like a spry martinet
For angels of grace to appear.

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4.

"Yours, all yours, that is pleasant," says one,
As seating himself—"Come to me
You bright, laughing rogue! You like Fun,
Now tell me what's this on my knee."

5.

"A deat, big, white penny." "Well said,
Now take it and run your sweet way
And daily as here I parade
May I find you as lively and gay."

6.

O, forces of nature and heart,
A like you His glory proclaim
Who thus speaks his presence by art
Beyond human thought, skill or aim.

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XXIX.

JEWISH COLLEGE AND METROPOLITAN HOSPITAL.

The episode of the white penny concluded the introduction to life in London. A no mean ordeal of the faith and resources of the soul. And strange to say the old doubting sceptical condition of mind on entering manhood had not re-appeared. Feeling, hope, expectation, had been only reinforced and directed. Says John Fletcher:

> Affliction when I know it, is but this:
> A deep alloy, whereby man tougher is
> To bear the hammer; and the deeper still,
> We still arise more image of his will.

The incident related enabled them to secure a shelter protem, and on the morrow he sallied out Kind Providence his guide. Walking past a church in Holloway he recalled its denomination and pastor—the quondam tutor of debating memory, his heels kicking against the improvised seat.

He called on this old acquaintance and was delighted to hear of a speculative vacancy in the gift of a friend of his, which the pastor believed he could secure for him as a start. In brief in a few days Vagor was installed teacher of a sectarian school in a street off Piccadilly. In the nature of an experiment, this lasted half a year; but to a short interval of inaction followed an appointment in a Hebrew college as classical master, or, more exactly Latin professor; for if we remember

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right, two things were forbidden the ancient Jews—the keeping of swine and teaching their children Greek. At all events its grand conceptions and revelations seemed repulsive to the Semitic mind. In passing, we may yet observe that life in its entirety among the peculiar, people was a subject of special attention and interest to him, though we will not pause to transcribe his deductions and conclusions. This engagment implying a residence with the principal a visit home was possible only at term or national fast. One such occasion induced a long engagment elsewhere. A friend informed him that a vacancy in the portership of Kings College Hospital had occured and judged he might secure it and so have a permanent place and residence at home. He was at once put on trial and a week thereafter regularly appointed by the Board of Directors. The wages were small but sure and a yearly uniform supplied. He would thus at all events get out of the scrape of keeping up professorial dignity and running into the 'shabby respectable,' while he would at least secure a livelihood.

The Jewish principal remonstrated, first sending a messenger, then his son, and finally a tempting proposal by letter—amounting to nearly twelve shillings American for each lesson in Latin. But all failed to move him from what he considered family duties.

The hours were now from 6:30 a. m. to 8 p. m. and two Sundays out of three on duty—meaning for him, residing in the suburbs, occupation from early four to late ten; but agile and observant he rather enjoyed a walk of ten or a dozen miles through the vast metropolis.

At first his duties were receiving out-patients,

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placing them in order and, after their different ailments, assigning them to their respective physicans—out of receiving hours, to find a place for everything and put everything in its place, as far as pertained to his jurisdiction; for there were five besides himself, each having his peculiar round of duty.

Soon after his appointment, was added the task of keeping a register of all applicants with their addresses, avocations, diseases, and providing them with letters to their appropriate doctors. Here his classical knowledge came happily in and he was really blessed with a sense of contentment such that he would hardly have exchanged this office for any other.

A casual incident soon changed this spirit of complacency though not affecting materially the usual routine. The operating attendant whose duty it was, Wednesdays and Saturdays, to convey the ward patients into the theatre, arrange the surgical instruments, and assist the surgeon, was one day absent and Christopher summoned to the dreaded task. He, unfortunately for his own case, succeeded so well that ever after no other was tolerated while he was around. An assistant was often necessary on account of the patient's helplesness. Thus he came in contact with nearly all the ills that flesh is heir too and also many famous knights of the scalpel and lancet. The cause of this preference was, to him chiefly affected, a great mystery, for he recognized in himself no special aptitude for this divine employ, but probably, unweeting to himself, the glory of assimilation in the Master's own practices, spake in eye and touch.

Exclusively a borderer, cradled among exiles and emigrants of the sister countries, an English citi-

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zen of the largest seaport extant, teacher, schoolmaster, clerk, Latin proffessor to pupils Jew and Gentile, and from many lands as Egypt, Russia, Hungary,and France–besides other vocations–he was esteemed a fellow countryman by many who might be called aliens in race, religion and language. As it may, he found no reprieve from his onerous duties and it might be instructive to many, interesting to all to learn something of Hospital literature, uses, and management.

Hospitals so far as we know were not established till the introduction of Christianity though many things seemed to point in this direction. Even in the days of Solon it was considered a duty incumbent on the government to provide for soldiers incapable of further service. Pisistratus, after this example made an order that those who had lost any of their limbs in war should be maintained at the public expense, and diseased people were often carried to the temple of Aesculapius to wait there for a cure, but no preparations were made for their reception.

Such an institution arises from the genius of Christianity which regards man as man irrespective of rank or condition. In the words of its gracious founder as given by Luke—the beloved physician: "If ye do good to them which do good to you what thanks have ye? for sinners also do even the same. Love ye your enemies, do good and lend, hoping for nothing again; and your reward shall be great, and ye shall be the children of the highest: for he is kind unto the unthankful and to the evil." In accordance with this mandate we read that no passport save need was wanted to admit the patient—Heathens and Christians alike were tended and cared for. One of the first houses for the reception of indigent sick was built at Rome by Fabiola, a Roman lady of the 5th century. In Persia, in

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the 7th century, it is said that some Nestorian priests had an hospital adjacent to their monastery together with an institute or school for young physicians who, under certain prescribed rules, were allowed to visit the sick.

Running parallel with this we find Foundling hospitals at Triers in Germany in the 6th century in the next century at Anjou in France, and about 787 at Milan, Italy. Zimmerman says that as early as the year 461 there was a house at Jerusalem for the care of such monks as became insane. Alexis Comnenus founded an Orphan house at Constantinople at the end of the 11th century. Salmasius thinks Field hospitals or Flying hospitals were of origin earlier than the 6th century, because of inscriptions and the appelations medicus cohortis, medicus legionis. In 1437 mention is made of physicians and surgeons of sick-houses belonging to the Order of Templars. The hospital for soldiers at Chelsea was begun by Charles 2nd in 1682, carried on by James 2nd and completed by William 3rd. Beckman claims that the oldest and largest of the hospitals for invalids existing at present is the Hotel des Invalids at Paris erected in 1670. But a writer in the Sunday Magazine says St. Bartholomew was originally founded in 1102 by Rahere the court minstrel or jester of King Henry the 1st. He imagined that he had a vision of St. Bartholomew who pointed out to him the exact locality of the future hospital, and he labored at the building with his own hands and in the fool's motley to attract children and the common people, winning them by his wit and songs to bring him stones and share his toil. In 1872 it contained 676 beds and, besides 6000 patients—admitted every year, there were more than 10,000 out-patients. Admission is gained by the presentation of a petition signed by

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a governor and, of a number of patients who apply the worst cases have the preference. Accidents and very severe cases are admitted at any time and out-patients do not require a commendation.

The same rules we believe hold in most hospitals.

It is perhaps impossible to define correctly the uses of this form of philanthropy. It has been a source of inspiration to science, of enlightment to physicans—both by the acquirments of his day and his own experience—and above all of blessing to the recipients themselves. The name itself has a kindly origin—hospes, a guest—and some think that at first it was simply a place of entertainment for visitors or strangers. Beckman, a Professor of Economy in the University of Gottingen, tells us that the Scots had hospitals in France for the use of their countrymen who, on their pilgrimage to Rome might be desirous of passing through that country. Many of them being overtaken by sickness might induce a change of meaning for the term and hence indicate an asylum for the sick, and ailing. At least its origin is owing to the spirit indicated.

As an inspiration to science it led one to investigate the order which the Deity has established in his works and so to discover how this order might be made subservient to benevolent purposes. Hunter by studying the growth of a deer's horn learned how arteries accomodate themselves to circumstances and enlarge as occasion requires, and the knowledge thus gained was the means of saving life in conditions never before attempted. Ambrose Pare, 1509, through a like method though unable to answer the learned operators overcame the dagon of routine and cosequent sufferings by the logic of facts. Before his time the wounded suffered much more at the hands of their surgeons

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than from their enemies. To stop bleeding from gun-shot wounds, the barbarous expedient of dressing them with boiling oil was resorted to, hemorrhage was stopped by searing the wounds with a red hot iron, and, when amputation was necessary, it was performed with a red hot knife.

As a source of enlightment to physicians their influence can hardly be overestimated even admitting Bulwer Lytton's statement that—Ten physicians may be equals in learning, know with equal minuteness our anatomical structure—may with equal research have ransacked the lore of prescriptions, scrutinized the same number of tongues, counted the same number of pulses; but if I want to know what is really the matter with me—the cause of my suffering—I am assured by my apothecary that there is one man out of these ten physicians who has the doctor's eye. It still remains that the science of their time and experience by the bedside are special means of illumination whether utilized by men of one or ten talents.

The numbers already stated as benefited by one institution sufficiently indicate their all embracing advantages. To the wealthy no less than the indigent their privileges are often a boon thankfully appreciated. To use Macaulay's words:—"Every bricklayer who falls from a scaffold, every sweeper of crossings who is run over by a carriage, now may have his wounds dressed and his limbs set with a skill such as a hundred and sixty years ago all the wealth of a great lord like Ormond, or of a merchant prince like Clayton could not have purchased."

The discipline and comfort of the institute to which we are chiefly confined, with the fame of its professors have brought wealthy patients from every clime. The management of which will be highly illustrative.

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It stood on a piece of ground in Portugal St. and convenient to Clare Market, Lincoln's-inn-fields, and the Strand. The entrance for out-patients was from a small alley on the Strand side and admitted to the basement. Its internal economy was managed by a resident secretary and steward with assistants, over and above the six officals already mentioned as appointed by a Board of Directors to overlook details, distribute the patients, and keep registers There was a President, House Surgeon, Accoucher and Physician with respective assistants. The nurses were superintended by sisters, an order we believe established by some ex-bishop of London. It was composed of ladies of rank and refinement who dedicated themselves to the care of the sick without fee or reward. They even attended the surgical operations and seemed professionally interested. There was a chaplain who visited the wards morning and evening and daily in the chapel of the hospital read tne sublime service of the Church of England to such patients, nurses and sisters as were able to attend; and doubtless many of the halt, lame, and blind returned to their several wards to muse on—

"Jerusalem the golden and joys awaiting there
The radiancy of glory and bliss beyond compare."

To this economy was added the role of visiting surgeons, physicians, oculists and dentists.

It is operating day.

The theatre is on the first floor and everything is prepared for business. Here are the instruments required by the operator and hereby the table overlaid with blankets and pillows of a red color. There is the sink with its hot and cold faucets, bowls, sponges, etcetra, and thereby an attendant in gay uniform along with sisters and nurses on the qui vive to be helpful. Around the ascending semi-

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circle sit pupils, students and spectators, while on the floor in groups chat and walk the doctors. The door opens and on a little carriage with India rubber wheels an attendant brings in a patient. The porter lifts him or her gently to the table and a physician applies the chloroform. While he is in this attitude we may as well introduce a few of the master-spirits.

As we stand here by the instruments our neighbor with the massive head and athletic frame is Sir Wm. F. M. D. The features in their curves and play are responsive while his large grey eyes express insight and humor. Selfpossessed he stands in his favorite attitude—leaning somewhat on one foot, his long frock coat falling negligently around both hands, thrust down into his trowser's pockets. The sister superior almost as big and masculine as himself makes probably a remark which evokes the almost invariable response—"Imphm, ay-o wey." Spry enough, my friend, you catch Harry Smith yust close by. As Charles 2nd, said of Sydney Godolphin—"he is never in the way and never out of it." Should anything be amiss in the arrangements, be sure to use his own expressive phrase he will instantly 'twigg it.' Beyond him Professor P. of Garibaldian fame appears. Long white hairs fall lovingly upon his shoulders and, from his eyebrows shade and temper the fire, sent from his old indomitable soul. To see him is to love and reverence him. There is John W., a man already of assured popularity. His stature is humble and gait ungainly, from excision of knee-joint probably, but his bearing yet suggests that aphorism of Bacon—"In a great wit, deformity is an advantage to rising, because they will seek to free themselves from scorn if they be of spirit." Farther still—a Saul among the people—towers the oculist Prof-

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S. W. What! you exclaim—that huge, spectacled, heavyshouldered fellow an eye-doctor! He is nevertheless, and as much distinguished by mental as bodily stature—his works are text-books. And whom think you is cribbed in that low set, pale, and earnest physician a little apart? Dr. L. B., the famous biologist.

In addressing the students the first is slow, hesitant and scarcely audible yet listened to with profound respect, the upper circles craning their necks to catch every syllable. The second is offhanded, ready and clear—he once repeated about ten lines of the Aeneid of Virgil so distinctly that Vagor thought he could count the rhythmic feet. The third is chatty, illustrative, redolent of suppressed humor and anecdote—the fourth grave and impressive. The addresses of the oculist and biologist were more select and sparse.

The physiclans are a law unto themselves as to versatility, but a question one of them asked our hero is very suggestive—Did you ever know a literary surgeon? The only one that occured to him then was Tobias Smollett the author of Humphry Clinker, according to Thackeray the most laughable book in the English language. Frank Buckland had not then come in his way.

Failing to regard details with the keen glance of professional interest we will not protract our stay in the theatre but follow into the wards to which the patients have been taken. Here is that young man who has been treated for hernia just arousing from his stupor. He demands why the operation has not been performed and hearing it is all over exclaims in blank astonishment—"Well I'm blessed." As we enter another ward we hear only the screams of a little one whom the nurses are vainly trying to sooth, so we retire straightway, thinking of her or

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deal is Cowper of slavery—"Still thou art a bitter draught."

But let us descend to other departments.

In this enclosure is the elevator on which we may fearlessly step. The patient, couch and all, is thus conveyed to his ward. You perceive the medical wards are on the second and third floors, the surgical on the ground and first floors in order to be near the theatre.

Reaching the basement we leave to the right the kitchen with its mysteries and turn to the left. Here is the Steward's office, there the Refractory ward from which the yells and screams of the patient cannot be heard—and beyond, the vault or necropolis where the bodies remain until removed for burial. Over this the post mortem room which we don't care to enter as possibly on its revolving table lie two or three subjects ready for manipulation.

Going on we pass through a large apartment crowded with male patients and into another containing females only—a registrar excepted seated at the foot of the stairs writing names etcetera of the applicants, interrupted occasionally by a call from above for patients: Six more for Dr. Duffin, 6 more for Dr. Playfair, six more for Dr. Wells—the eye-doctor. A very amusing incident happened from this arrangement which we may be pardoned for relating. The porter there calling, a jolly, genial son of the Black Country, as they, used to name the coal and iron counties in the west of England, one night doffed his uniform and donned his best to utilize a theatrical box ticket. Not expecting to be recognized he seated himself with much dignity and soon was en rapport with the piece. All passed off well until the close of the first act

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when one in the gallery at the top of his voice yelled—"Six more for Dr. Duffin!"

Joining the upward procession we are soon on the ground floor in a long passage filled with patients, each having his or her bottle for prescriptions. They file along through a turnstile to the apertures in the dispensary and when served pass out into the adjacent alley.

This procedure lasts usually two hours and hence think what a quantity of medicine is daily distributed in London's many institutions. Of the strange anomalies occuring here in Death's special caravan we will say nothing before we were halfway through—

Fair Hesperus that glitters from afar
As Vesper bright would be the Morning Star
And Swains alert to greet the jocund sight—
Would hail the sun and bless the useful light.

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XXX.

PRIVATIONS.

Macaulay observes that the most numerous class is precisely the class respecting which we have the most meagre information, hence we keep th uneven tenor of our way amid its scenes and annals. And, after all, weighted with the freaks and solemnities of circumstance, the practical mind in acuteness and breadth of comprehension is often superior to the learned and speculative. Neither Shakespeare, Scott, nor Burns had the intellectual spark put out by superabundance of fuel. The individuals with whom our client was associated presented no mean illustration of this position. Originals in many respects they were moved not of lip wisdom, but of that derived from large experience. Some of them had traversed much the watery round and others drunk delight of battle with their peers far on the torrid plains of Ind or black Crimea's ringing heights. He the lowest in the scale of porterhood, the P. M. attendant, is no ordinary mortal, has had the advantage of six terms at college, preparatory to the ministry; but, somehow drifted into the hospital necropolis and kitchen, after a career as an officer aboard a man-of-war! He swaggers around chirrupy as a bird and, in or out of harness, in words of learned length and thundering sound may be surprised "talking doctor." A benedict without family, well looking and dowered with magnificent health, we leave him, having just assorted the patient's dinners, exhorting his aids in lively tones to whack 'em up.' It would be difficult to hit exactly

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how he would have graced a pulpit. The only exhibit of his eloquence on record was on the occasion of a semi-annual hospital dinner. The chairman of the occasion, having vainly called to order several by name, came to a baker, whose services had been utilized in preparing the feast, but now in a babbling maudlin condition. Surveying him with open mouthed disdain he exclaimed—"but you, Mr. Baker,"a solemn pause, "where nothing is, nothing can be expected." This brought Haulaway to his feet and he declaimed: "Gentlemen, I arise upon my thundering pins to remark that Mr. Baker has made a sensible speech. Yes, gentlemen, I mean to say its—a d——d sensible speech. 'Where nothing is, nothing can be expected!"

The next in order in the livery of the Board is Henry Blanc, a gallant ex-hussar and pensioner—has seen service in Ireland and India. To him succeeds Warr Wick, a model of generous force, physical and mental. Has undergone reverses, been himself a hospital patient and thus acquired a feeling that makes him wondrous wise. No greater favorite than he stands before officers, doctors or sufferers. Long may he from his coin of vantage invoke—Six more for Drs. This, That and Tother. Here in the proscenium we find the college garb bedecked with medals—a Crimean hero attends the hall. A pensioner, yet still in the prime of manly vigor and distinguished by a kind yet martial air. So much he resembles Vagor in gait and aspect the queerest tangles occur and often have to be unravelled by comparison. The night officer is an exnormal student and, ten years prior to Kit's advent there, schoolmaster in Waddle Bottil. Between them in consequence a warm and active friendship exists. Last of the corps our rover, who, if in noth-

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ing else, like Patrick Henry and Davy Crockett, was great in patriarchal merit.

Altogether they show that the Hospital Board sought faithfully to effect the wishes of its supporters, and had the salaries of these officials been equal to their standing no desideratum would have been felt. As it was with a salary one blushes to name the stings of poverty often rankled beneath a gay and uniformed exterior. A position may be gathered from our narrative as we proceed! One winter morning, dark and early, as hasting down to duty a misstep brought Kit up sharp against the icy sidewalk, jarring him roughly and breaking two ribs. He managed to collect himself and proceed to the hospital where the House Surgeon reduced the fractures and made such good work he continued the discharge of his duties to his own detriment only. One night soon after a calamity befel him of another character. Returning as usual about ten o'clock instead of the usual salute he found the dear donor almost distraught with the baby on her lap, the elder children around with looks of alarm and apprehension. The little one, verging two years, ailing just perceptibly for a day or two had begun to get worse in the evening and medical skill was promptly obtained. The physician was reticent, but left a prescription which failed to alleviate her trouble or check the convulsions, prolonged until her death in her father's arms, a half hour after his arrival. The shock was inexpressible and the rather because it was the first fatality that had occurred in that household, further, as the forerunner of a train of indignities. As the physician had failed to diagnose the disease a certificate of the cause of death was refused and an autopsy and inquest demanded. Nor, aside from professional grounds was this procedure a matter

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of surprise. The harpy with face of female, body, wings, and claws rapacious had been there too palpably to a stranger's eye accepting only results. The ravages of its talons were seen in garments threadbare and chattels scant, inadequate for household comforts. Besides, the deceased large of her age and passing beautiful suggested ideas harassing to the mere man of science. The doubt and investigation distressed the parents unspeakably; for, with all their native spirit and pride of worth, they hated pity and notoriety. The verdict was 'Congestion of the Brain' and fully reported in the current news, but with a tact and feeling of infinite credit to the reporters. The name itself was withheld and hearty sympathy shone throughout the details.

Yet thoughts of the desecration of the dear form, funeral rites, and accompaniments weighed almost like madness on the brain and sad indeed might have been the result to one or both, had not supreme necessity required their attention—the interests of her yet small family the mother's, the halt, sick, and ailing of the hospital, the father's. They found their greatest solace occupation. Little did the Directors dream of their severe exaction of energy—physical, moral and mental. They paid their proxies less than a dollar a day while themselves like Indian agents endowed with hearts many sizes too big for their bodies grew fat through self—complacence. Of subsequent evils we record but one as enough with the preceding to confirm our position. The demise of another child. The atiending circumstances differed inasmuch as sickness was protracted and determined. The ability, however, necessary for performing the rites of sepulture was unaltered, while the dread of obtruding their grief was intensified. A casket was procured

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but there their means collapsed. To whom in that truly foreign city should he appeal? Whither betake himself? To none of his avowed friends from squires hereditary to landless peers! distance, years, and black mischance had intervened and so disguised him that as he regarded his garb he seemed an anomaly even to himself. He stood in this Devil's Drawing Room as alone, but he had yet to meet these aspects the treasures won from forty-two years of labor and vicissitude. A hopeful courage, firm convictions, resignation and rich experience, a heart full of love, youthful feeling, truth and rectitude. And so he faced his duties cheerfully day after day, 6 days, a coffin the last object in view as leaving home, the first to intercept him returning. But this could not go on.

The pantomime around London itself from Charles Lamb drew tears through fulness of joy; but in this case back of all was the spectre coffin pressing out even the joy of grief—life itself. The varied shops, tradesmen, huxters, customers, coaches, carriages, wagons, crowds, centres of attraction only emphasized his grief. He forced himself at length to ask a favor from a hospital acquaintance unweeting of its necessity and he kindly complied so that the tenth day he was enabled to bury his dead.

But the bitterness of death was not over!

The sin of it!

What business have poor children to come at all, at least what right to die just when they cannot have even the relics of old decency to authorize their going? The fair superior having heard of this obligation from an official, called Vagor aside and grandly grave, advised him that the heinous repetition would have serious results! Together they

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had seen the surgeon's scalpel lay bare the most delicate human tissues, but it had never penetrated sensibilities so painfully as this attitude of hers. He could not but feel her fairly entitled to the palm for inhumanity and impudence. He turned calmly away, however, aware that as a spinster she could not appreciate the claims of paternity with ten little clients "tugging at his coat tails and crying bread, bread daddy." As Lord Erskine put it, Least of all could she appreciate his position who though fully employed thought a cup of coffee with a slice of bread and butter a luxurious meal—who fain and often would have filled his belly with the food that Haulaway 'whacked up.' But he was in a radius where suffering was glorified. Not a far cry away was St. Paul's Church—yard where that tramp and vagabond Will Shakespeare in the language of Captain Suckling 'cried himself to sleep.' nearer yet Samuel Johnson, the lexicographer wept even at the remembrance of his local sufferings—the very stones beneath represented heroes and martyrs of all kinds and could they cry out what an invocation would there be! Louder and grander than the world's united cataracts. His had been a tumultuous life with scarcely an hour free from anxiety, but the greater now his concern through parental considerations. Once in three weeks he might possibly find his children together and endeavor to preclude evil influences, while, betimes, perceiving symptoms of marked ability gave only deeper depths to his limited means. The very location suggested the worth of discipline as—while it evinced the woes of poverty, it no less exalted the worth of culture and genius. Still within the radius forenamed remained the site of Shakespeare's triumphs when his audience comprised Kings, Queens and Statesmen—the shelter whence

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Johnson spurned the patronage of the High and Mighty Lord Chesterfield, and whence the Bells of Bow ring out the fame of Leech, Hood, and Jerrold.

The historian tells us that on the acquittal of the seven bishops the cheering at Westminster was heard and taken up on the Strand.

So may time's trials hallowed be
And joys from grief abound—
No pains without peculiar gains
And shared where hearts are found.

So fir trees spring instead of thorns,
For briers myrtles rise;
And that which erst has caused unrest
With charms divine surprise.

So plants of grace, though darkling kept
From beams of fervid sun,
Shine out more gay in rich array
For what dear art has done!

And hearts of proof in death's dark shade
Grow rich in grace and hue,
And gather from both worlds the worth
God brings all heaven to view.

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XXXI.

DEPOSITION.

We heartily agree with him who said—If we had the world only for a garden or a landscape, if it meant nothing but what it is in production, or the delectation of the senses—a place of good feeding, and health, and jocnnd life, it would be God's pasture only, not his kingdom. Moral ideas would not even be suggested by it. But the simply finding pain in it puts us on a wholly different construction both of it and life. Now there appears to be something serious on hand. The severity bears a look both of principal and law. Nor is this severity an indication of cruelty, for in place of property withdrawn and suffering He gives a noble pride of heart and serenity of mind. Love and peace we know not unfrequently spring out of misfortune as naturally as flowers from beds of lava. There is nothing, says the author of "Moral Uses of Dark Things," in all our experience that changes so many aspects of things, and is so grandly productive, so fertile in good, as pain. There is no unreason which it does not somehow contrive to correct, no right argument which it does not uphold, no lesson which it does not find how to give, no temper which it does not incline to truth. The hand of a father was so evident in these dispensations—the youngest taken and the unripe spared—he yet thanked him and took courage. And is not this a startling fact, that men, brought up amid the elevated ideas of Christianity, regard as mere superstitions, that Divine intervention in human affairs

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which the very heathens have admitted. The wanderings of Ulysses as the vicissitudes of Luther declare as well as illustrate this dominant belief. When the latter as he thought lay dying a youth still, familiar with trials great—and sore—flogged successively fifteen times in one morning, used to fasting days together or wandering through the villages around Magdeburg singing not only for supper but for all his repasts—he was immensely cheered and impressed by these wise and prophetic words of an aged priest—"Take courage, my dear bachelor, you will not die of this illness. Our God will yet make of you a man who, in turn, shall console many. For God layeth his cross upon those whom he loveth, and they who bear it patiently acquire much wisdom."

An adherent of this doctrine Vagor bore up calmly cheered often by the words framed of the dying breath of his aged friend, the farmer:—"there's something good ahead of you yet." To reach this we follow on with our wanderer through doings and comings to pass—the mutabilities shaping and meant to shape character.

A change in hospital duty induced him to board near the Institute, through which accident he lit on historic grounds. The old residence with the old landlady of Leigh Hunt. Garrulous, she was full of ancedotes and the carriage folks as came to see him. He was peculiarly gratified by this coincidence and whether the spirit leaving a chamber possesses itself of the next incumbent or not—as some assert he felt a cordial affinity with the Author of a 'Book for a Corner' and a hearty sympathizer with the entire and genial round of existence. How strongly he endorsed his predecessor's qualities of a good reader! "He puts up with difference of opinion, by reason of his own very difference. He loves poetry and prose, fiction and

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matter of fact, seriousness and mirth, because he is a thorough human being, and contains portions of all the faculties to which they appeal. A man who can be nothing but serious, or nothing but merry, is but half a man. The lachrymal or the risible organs are wanting in him. He has no business to have eyes or muscles like other men."

This episode comprised a few months only through another change. Transferred to night duty he had time for his long walk into Holloway where he chose to reside. His task now was to open the hall and admit patients meeting with accidents during the night—to call on the officers if retired. These betimes trusting considerable to his judgment showed him what medicines to give in diverse attacks and also how to dress and bandage wounds at which operations he acquired no little skill, and soon was able to favor the professionals with many unbroken slumbers.

Not yet was he left long in this position—he was indeed a swimmer in a sea of changes. A calm, a foamy coil, a stretch of Protean waves, a thing of depths and viewless heights, of mammoth forms and shapes offensive, imaged forth his odd career. It fell upon a night—a dreary rainy night as seated in his great arm chair in the noble hall of the college before a shining fire he was induced to go out and draw upon himself not only elemental wrath but that of the redoublable secretary.

A little past 10 p. m. a sister informed him that a girl of twelve was dying and her parents had to be notified. Ignorant of the rule in such cases he saw not how he could effect her wishes. If she attended the hall while he ran across the street he would endeavor to get some one. He failed to procure any and she withdrew hesitant. Soon returning with a yet more earnest appeal to his

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fatherhood—would have a nurse installed in his absence—pay his cab hire, and herself be responsible. The absence could not be felt and would he not do so much for a poor parent. Acting from fellow feeling, and the improbability of mishap at that early hour, for as yet some time intervened before the officers withdrew for the night, he assented to the request. He rattled over into Southwark, easily found the address delivered his message and promptly returned. No sooner back than he was informed that his presence was desired by the Secretary who had been absent on his departure. He found him in a towering passion—wanted to know why he was absent and whither. To which demands the answers came without prevarication. "You should not have done it," he rejoined, "we have no business to inform parents or friends when a patient is dying. Suppose a drunk man had come in?" To this query no answer was returned considering that he would soon recall the fact that four medical officers were duly on hand for hours later than that implied and athletes enough to have dealt with any drunken ogre. One of them not long before inducing his eminence to a bout with gloves so well applied his prescription to the chief's eyes as to confine him in ward for some days. The issue of all was a few days thereafter, the offender was quietly transferred to the outpatients and old theatrical duties.

Months after as walking down an avenue of female patients he was arrested by a voice asking—Are you he who came to Southwark sometime since to report a girl dying? Yes, he returned, and passed on. What that act of good nature cost him she never knew. We may say however with respect to this case she was in time to see the end—

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ubi vitam posuit—where she laid aside her young life—5 a. m. the morning succeeding the visit.

Thus passed the days in duties so active and onerous his mind was unwarped by mental chemistry and he almost hated the sight of a book—the leaves of the Lancet alone just glanced at occasionally.

We will not go so far as to claim for him the poet's role.

> My only books were women's looks
> And folly's all they've taught me!

They certainly engrossed much of his time as coming into his books and disposal, but to say their folly was absorbing would be far from him. Indeed the shining qualities on which manhood prides itself as courage, fortitude, endurance, were often outdone by gentle womanhood while they showed themselves wise to shoot folly as it flies. An instance, dear readers, may be given which you must not whisper even to yourself! A dimpled fun loving Eve would see the doctor impromptu—could not possibly wait her turn. To catch her in her humor the registrar as a physician proffered his services and withdrew. To his dismay accepting the challenge she stepped out behind him. Laughingly he inquired the trouble when with prompt, deft action, she exposed its seat—having come she stated prepared for the question. Appalled he fled, his only prescription a hasty retreat, back to the apartment resounding with chaff and laughter. He was at all events cured of his humbug. But his other duties led him into a quite different atmosphere the surgical and clinical. Apart from professional books and interest this was an education in itself; for there can be no doubt, as some one claims, that habits of research and re-

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flection have done more towards enlightening and improving men than all the brilliant sallies and sudden efforts of genius. The fruits at least of others labors were obtruded upon him and he could not fail of sympathy in some degree. A reconstructed nose, a rectified glance, or other nice essays of thought could not but be followed with interest and reflection. What but Nature is represented in the story of a fairy as told by Ariosto? By some mysterious law she was condemned to appear at certain seasons in the form of a foul and poisonous snake. Those who injured her during this period of her disguise were forever excluded from participation in the blessings she bestowed. But to those who in spite of her loathsome aspect, pitied and protected her she afterwards revealed herself in the beautiful and celestial form which was natural to her, accompanied their footsteps, granted all their wishes, filled their houses with wealth, made them happy in love and victorious in war. Such we think is nature—designed to serve such uses as man's moral training requires. Woe to those who in disgust turn from her in her rude state, but happy those who having dared to receive her, degraded and frightful, are rewarded by her in the time of her beauty and glory.

Nowhere perhaps is a better field for moral training than here where sin gets fit discipline as it occupies the house it builds, 'looking on the forms it paints and catching in the air the scent of its own low practices.' Unsightly things put us endeavoring after improvement. But another moral advantage of the unsightly is the keeping under the fastidious spirit. When it has gotten firm hold even of large, high natures, they are not likely to be worth much afterward as respects any of the heroic and beneficent virtues. They cannot dress

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a wound or visit a hospital. The barefooted children in the street ought to make a more presentable appearance. We cannot too much honor the beneficence of God, says Bushnell, in the disgusts and disagreable, distasteful looking things by which he is all the while crowding us out of our fastidiousness and the foolishness of our unpractical delicacy. Were it not for this it is doubtful whether Christ himself could ever have gotten hold of personal respect enough to make good his evidences. We do not commonly think of it as having any particular moral significance and yet this fastidious spirit poisons human brotherhood more perversely, in ways more wide of reason, than any other kind of sin.

It might be to consider too curiously to follow the issue from the operating room of all those patients that passed through his hands—who were by them laid tenderly either on a bed of death or respite. Had the ordeals for them their legitimate force? If good men are not easily found amongst those who have never known misfortune were they thus put to striving after better things and their hearts, however soon or late they ceased to beat, rendered constant, firm, patient, and wise? We fear that foolishness in the hearts of some of them was pretty hard bound and it required a good deal even of pain to correct their unreason and incline their temper to the truth—to the fact that we inhabit a world where moral beauty is the chief beauty.

The sublime significance of this beauty is strikingly given in such scenes. You step into a ward, say evening—the lights are subdued and you perceive only the beginning of two rows of cots endwise against the walls with a convenient space between in the centre. Passing on you are aware they are tenanted for you feel bright conscious-

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ness scintillating upon you through rays of penetration more impressive than those of any Koh-i-noor. No other sign is given of life with its aches and pains, but possibly ahead or aside you may just catch a hint of a figure in quiet, sober brown, administering some potion or gliding to or from some urgent case. You cannot, however, anywhere anticipate the final parting of those dear partners—soul and body—you return while it is yet early, before the physicians begin their round, you probably observe screens that nearly encircle a cot here, there, and yonder. Why? The aspects of their tenants have been changed during the stillness and these shades prevent depressing views. The master has changed their countenances and, lo, the feet of those who are to carry them away are there within the ward with shell and bearer. In the hospital limbo, or lower stratum, will these relicts yet awhile retain their horizontal position. So day after day from each of the upper layers descend new additions. And what is all this but a simile of this large, round ball swinging in space! Look about and around on retiring for the night and you are supremely conscious of silence, and fellow forms stretched along around the vast convex—children on their mothers breast. The morning comes but how many aspects have been changed and sealed—the baser part to what base uses and depths! The nobler part whither and for what? It might take a couple of months with the speed of Mercury to reach the nearest star but there is no need to chase such far -—fetched felicity. Are there not men too happy for mortality? And just as the spirit of man is omnipresent to his whole nervous system, so the glorious almighty spirit of happiness is omnipresent to the cosmos,

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to one star as well as another, one creature to another—the east and the west are alike to him.

It is said of the Australian ant that when cut in two the severed portions immediately declare war on each other and engage in a fierce conflict —the upper half fighting with its mandibles and the lower one with its sting—how is it always with body and soul? In some sense probably at times as under—

THE SOUL TO THE BODY.

Thou sharer of my timely joys,
  Dear partner of life's round—
Why should I grieve to leave thee thus
  In shell and grave clothes bound?

Too well, alas, hast thou been loved,
  For thought subdued by thee
Thy passions hot unruly aims
  Have made me weak as thee!

Enmeshed in ties of appetite
  Or chords of vulgar sense—
Till Providence with scalpel keen
  Removed each dire offense.

And now supine thou liest there—
  Awaitest Death's descent;
Unmoved by all his trappings grim
  And nihilist intent.

While I—how feeble human thought
  Of guide and shining band!
In joy ineffable, behold
  A father shining stand.

Nor space, nor time obtrude to mar
  My free and glowing bliss:
My Lord, my God but Thou couldest raise
  To rapture such as this!

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XXXII.

AMERICAN CONSUL,

If there is an education necessary for every man there is a particular one for those who are destined to act upon their generation. So D'Aubign'e inferred from large deduction. The long, desultory, and humbly useful public life of Vagor conspired a training thoroughly peculiar whatever the consequences.

Fond of repcse and domestic enjoyment he yet was unwittingly thrown into contact with all kinds of disturbing forces and thus came a new departure. A new school enterprise was projected much after the British and Foreign, but wholly independent, and to him was proffered the management. The ruling passion appealed to he undoubtedly too promptly accepted the charge. The locality affected was Drury Lane and environs, and hopefully he set to work among the gamins of Cockneydom. To reduce them to order and the appreciation of culture was no slight undertaking but, just as he was happily succeeding in this object and had every reason of gatifying success, a collapse ensued. The power behind the project failed mysteriously and after some seven months' effort the scheme was wholly abandomed.

He was not however paralyzed—from so long realizing the scrape of being alive and poor he resembled those fishes that are intended by nature for great sea depths. There are human beings, it is said, to whom severe pressure seems to be suited and who seem to thrive best when every weight is

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upon them. Besides—though in such a case time seems measured by heart-throbs—family pressure was daily alleviated. Already three daughters, and a son who had acquired the furrier trade, moved by energy and a spirit of adventure had accepted a transatlantic offer and, enjoying its fruits, were trying to seduce their parents and remaining branches to their vast romantic shore.

The emigration of these had been uncongenial to the old folks' feelings as, after overcoming so much, they hoped to end their days happily in this centre of civilization—and now how be reunited!

They could only wait on the disposition of events for only God who, whenever his plans require it, brings together things seeming destined to remain for ever apart could accomplish this result.

But he was not long in ing'orious ease. A teacher at the East End wishing a knowledge of the French language engaged his services on pretty liberal terms and his good friends at the College hearing of the collapse made employment for him frequently and finally continuously. The duties, however, were more arduous and exacting. Frequently—nights—shut in with cases of delirium tremens or dementia. The position of one alone in a dumb ward with such patients was not always desirable as the way in which he was accosted one evening by the Hall Porter attests. "You have a bad case there to-night so you had better be on guard. He floored Bruff last night and escaped and it took all of us to get him back. If he begins to cut up give it him so and so—let him see at once you are master." Though the veteran's counsel was not adopted virtually our recruit was grateful therefore and found its tenor highly useful. The patient, a huge, square, raw-boned fellow was cunning and adroit but abed, so he waited developments.

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He had not long to wait. Little by little the patient gained a fair 'ready' and made a bound but literally to be caught on the hop. Again, again, and many times he essayed in vain until at length he lay quiescent—the evil spirit wholly exercised. After five days' attendance it was judged safe to return him to the ward whence he had been expelled for bad language and worse conduct.

We will only submit one more case and chiefly because it is one of Shakespeare's mosaics. A strange patient had been brought in for mental inspection, and been adjudged to the Refractory ward until removed to some permanent institute. So indomitable was he could not without absolute force be restrained there, and the steward embarrassed appealed to Vagor to try what he could effect. With the poet's pencil you may have him full in view.

> "Some strange commotion
> Is in his brain. He bites his lip and starts;
> Stops on a sudden looks upon the ground,
> Then lays his fingers on his temple, straight
> Springs out into fast gait, then stops again
> Strikes his breast hard; and anon he casts
> His eye against the moon, in such strange pastures
> We see him set himself."

At a glance Vagor surmised the patient's nationality and addressed him kindly in French—his native tongue. To the surprise of the steward and three or four porters at a convenient distance he made startled pause, then beckoned on the way they wished him go. In the ward he with his listener sat down upon the edge of the cot and began pouring forth complaints and moving incidents in Paris and London. Presently as if to avoid observation he withdrew to the farther end of the ward

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and there continued the possibly ower true tale. While thus engaged he was interrupted by a posse from a neighboring asylum. He seemed at first inclined to resist, but after a look of unspeakable reproach at his partner as if he thought him in collusion he brokenly surrendered.

What mysteries we are and what mysteries we meet!

While thus engrossed in the hospital some events outside were to have a permanent and important influence on his career. One was the chronic derangement by paralysis of his old friend and predecessor at Waddle Bottle, whose family having removed to the States had thus left him, a widower, under the necessity of proceeding thither as best he could. This implied a friend in deed and earnestly he turned to him a comrade of many years proof, knowing his strong inducements to visit that hemisphere. Another event was the reception of passes to a few acquaintances from his eldest daughter residing near that family. All readily fulfilled their engagements with one exception who, declining to go as agreed, caused no little embarrassment; for a substitute was not found—the rather because the incidental money sent with each ticket—handed over to the friends—had been frittered away.

The ticket was yet recovered and particulars of its hap forwarded to the sender asking whether the company consenting it might be utilized. The answer from both points satisfactory it was now possible to oblige a friend and strike out for reunion. This was a consummation devoutly wished but at what a risk! Leaving these he might never reach those or even then what contingencies might befall to prevent the attainment of his aim!

The burden and prestige of thirty and four years

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of toil and anxiety were his only capital. Since six we may say 2 years excepted he had had his daily avocation. Eight years in one office—Christmas and Good Friday yearly godsends. From the gift of his first school 21 years previously he had for over 20 of them occupied a humble but useful public position as our readers know—15 a teacher and 5½ nearly an official or accountant in prominent offices. The four seasons extra teaching, long hours, and Sunday exactions amply covering the months of enforced inactivity. And, ah in his review of the past did he need to pile up the agony! De Quincy, we have read, for more than sixteen weeks was a prey to hunger the bitterest that a man can suffer and survive, sleeping in the open air and subsisting on charity, and Dr. Johnson wept even at the remembrance of his suffering; yet we question whether either for quantity or quality it was comparable with our borderer's. A sharer with many of a name humble, but undesecrated, a reproach on it by him or his would have been worse than fate itself. And those who are wafted on the gales of material bliss know little of the prevalence of this sentiment in families whose hands are sufficient for them. But, aside from this pressure of ages, his family devotion heightened only by their implicit trust in him when most bereft, was so exquisite, a day seemed a protracted month—a month, a year—and so thought and spoken of long after when a shower of tears more copious than that of the redoubtable doctor would have been a luxury.

Is it strange that he doubted his energies, and duty as to beginning another existence on a foreign continent? "If" it has been wisely said, "one ever wishes to make a decided change in life it must be while he has strength not only to break off from the

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old but to found the new—otherwise there results a wretched half-and-half existence full of divided regrets and weak yearnings after the past, and a depressed disposition which unfits for business and never can prosper." The kindness and appreciation of his hospital friends also rendered his decision more difficult, for through them he was assured of life-long employ and subsistence at least. To leave this, humble as it was, without forecast would have been criminal, and so altogether were great searchings of heart and premises on which to build resolve.

At length in absolute diffidence he submitted his record to the American Consul, then located Finsbury Square. Kindly reviewing it and testimonials thereof that gentleman proffered to find him a place in any city in the States in which he wished to locate. This settled his resolution and he promptly undertook the care of his friend and pious enterprise.

After all as rounding his 46th year he found it no slight task to cut loose from all associations though scarcely at one with the rhapsody of Coleridge—

> "O native Britain! Oh my mother isle!
> How should'st thou prove aught else but dear and holy
> To me, who, from thy lakes and mountain rills
> Thy clouds, thy quiet dales, thy rocks and seas
> Have drunk in all my intellectual life,
> All sweet sensations, all ennobling thoughts,
> All adoration of the God in nature,
> All lovely and all honorable things
> Whatever makes this mortal spirit feel
> The joy and greatness of its future being?
> There lives not form nor feeling in my soul
> Unborrowed from my country."

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While Vagor's memory was patriotic enough it was sacred to simpler more general principles—duty and devotion. It seemed not good—

> "To see his children leading evermore
> Low miserable lives of hand to mouth
> And her he loved a beggar."

'Honest to fanaticism' he knew too well the pains of heart corrosion from indebtedness and would prevent his children suffering in this kind. What he as a Christian parent had undergone from anxiety and privation and survived he wished they should never prove. Besides, the earth was made for man and specially given to those who should keep and dress it, why then let the fairest acres of this round be monopolized to no social purpose? To a brave man every soil is his country and neither rocks nor seas will affright him from possession.

The poet claims—'There lives not form nor feeling in my soul unborrowed from my country.'—Not thus to our adventurer came the glamor of life! From no glorious sylvan scenes or alma maters—no temples gorgeous ritual—no lips of learned prelate—no floods of melody, even, that undulate in massive waves from all harmonious platforms. Nor was it any the more through that severest form and zeal claimed but to suit a common weal whence loomed his country dear and holy. It came from a deeper depth and might read—Remember thee my mother isle! Yes from thy quiet border lane where first great light illumed those characters divine— God was the word—imparting light new made and ending blind unrest. Remember thee! Yes from the Mersey shore where Death's mysterious bolt unheralded struck awe. Remember thee! Yes from the quaint old green at Islington for there was proved the tender all prevailing fatherhood.

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So our pilgrim faced the morning of farewell brightly, and gallantly buoyed up his darling's hopes with the advantage might accrue from a few months of sacrifice. Then kneeling with the family besought it trustingly of Him who takes heed to all the flock and ordereth the safety of the poor.

The motto of Richard Boyle, Earl of Cork—'God's providence is my inheritance' was not an idle one, and as due to this humble house on that eventful morning as the illustrious one; for he was leaving home for shores three thousand miles away with the smallest coin of the dominion, one farthing—his kingdom, his all over the necessary fare. Is it not preserved to this day in the pilgrim's sacred archives?

The oldest remaining son was in his 14th year—had already two years been the successor to his brother in the furrier line. Affectionate and thoughtful beyond his years, he was a source of strength and cheer to the wanderer. The next—now in his 12th year was frequently engaged as an errand boy. Born to aspire, his mounting limbs when a mere child led to many hairbreadth scapes—his rescuers for twice, the brother just indicated and the Rector's spouse of Waddle Bottil. A third time he fluttered the Strand neighborhood by climbing up a slender, circular pipe, four stories high, from the corner of a flagged quadrangle on which a false move or nail-slip would have cast him past hope. A neighbor with ineffable tact, taking in the situation, slipped away and hurried up to the last aperture, off an attic adjoining the pipe, caught him stoutly by the collar and drew him in to the unbounded admiration and gratitude of the bystanders. His seemed the peculiar knack of getting into scrapes at the queerest time and place and just as queerly tumbling out. An easy

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glance and gentle demeanor laid him open to the assaults of ignorance and rudeness which the issues did not warrant. One night as going to church his father saw a crowd before its entrance and, hearing shouts encouraging combatants, was at once struck by an idea. He hated to entertain it but the crowd shadowly parting his rapid glance caught the downfall of the smaller pugilist constraining his prompt interference. He hurried up—yet, having to push through the circle, another round was over before he reached the arena—the smaller one now by momentum had just hurled his foe against the curbstone. Seizing Garry, for it was he remained, blinded by excitement he struggled manfully for freedom. The youngsters around supposing him in the hands of a detective interceded affectingly for their brother and never before nor since was a mortal so befathered. A youngster, however, happened to be there who knew and whispered his identity nor ever yet was a popular sire so quickly bereft of his children! A girl in her tenth year came next and last the youngest, Carr, three days from his seventh birthday. His wandering prospensity about London made him famous in Bow St. among the police, from whom he received so much kindness in pennies, candies, edibles and mollycoddling he cared not how often he found his way thither. But bidding adieu to those dear and fond ones—his bosom friend dearer than all, he tore himself away, met his companion at the depot, and embarked on a train for Liverpool in anticipation of that empire has fluttered to the west.

Often yet his thoughts reverted to the kind associates of years together with the inmates of his home.

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Ye friends of the friendless adieu
Who in King's famed asylum abide—
May the logic of facts shine through you
The genius of healing preside.
To London's tried ranks still endeared
By sympathy's cordial redress,
May the evils by vice often reared
Be reduced—become strikingly less.

Until seldom the knife any more
In the hand of a Ferguson loom
And the wards' hollow echoes encore—
'For all suffering yet there is room.'
For better than sewers running ale,
Or conduits high spouting old wine,
To preserve one in brotherly hail—
Is a kinship in feeling divine.

If one smile we have captured from pain,
Or one feeling raised never to die
In those patients we see not again—
They will meet us to bless heaven high.
And if I haste across the wide ocean
My own, for the sweet sake of you—
He will sure who implants this devotion
Add yet to the past a bright new.

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XXXIII.

EMBARKATION.

Some one has observed that the extended prolongation of youth would cause it to consume itself with the fires of its own ardor and cause the heart to sicken by the frequency of hopes deferred. That this is so might have been affirmed of one of those gentlemen just alighted from a hansom and disappearing into that extended building adjoining the large folding gate. You might have guessed from his prompt movements and address even then, though a wreck comparatively, what the fires of youthful ardor had been—that probably they led to the too noticeable result. By a singular coincidence his early days were passed in Liverpool, in the Blue-Coat School partly, and partly in an uncle's hardware store. Thence he traversed Normal, Ragged and British schools—Medical and Theological Institutes—with a versatility hardly credible. Whatever he undertook was as a unit and a big one too until all too early for his ambition—he was struck down and forced to accept the filial care his prosperous children were prompt to offer. He was at that time a man of about fifty years of age of middle size and rather emaciated figure. His face was pale, cheeks sunk, sockets hollow. The features yet were pleasing and regular and their hardness enchanced by a keen blue eye. We say eye for the paralysis left him with this peculiarity—while one was normal the other always turned up to an angle of some 40 degrees, hardly ever closed and, in the darkness, of a brilliance truly startling.

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His garments were sober black, augmented by a long surtout and on his head a superfine billicock. Such was Vagor's partner in the perils and toils anticipated. But he himself was no less the victim of youth's fitful fever. Just 30 years before, in 1841, a Border youth of 15, radiant with vim and confidence he had passed through these folding doors to the warm, hearty embrace of reverend parents and a brother restored after an absence of ten years. Now in 1871 after all those years of incessant struggle he penetrated again those sacred shrines yet held by a member of the family—a sister with her husband and progeny. They had prospered so as to add house to house—from business success not alone, but also a handsome legacy, while he alas! alas!

The old story.—While Fortune deigns to meet some with both hands full others are all their lives only tantalized to exclaim. 'Thou art so near and yet so far.'

At all events they received our travellers kindly and entertained them royally during two days stay in port—What were our pilgrim's emotions on this occasion may be more easily conceived than described. Somewhat no doubt after the old song

"He ran through ilka weel kenned room
In hopes to meet friens there—
He saw where ilk ane used to sit
And hang o'er mony a chair.—
Till soft remembrance threw a veil
Across his starry eyne:
He steeked the door and sobbed aloud
To think on auld langsyne."

Two of the three who had welcomed him in 1841 had crossed the shadowy valley but the other—his brother—still occupied his old desk in the Dock-

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yard office. To him one day was devoted the other to friends of his comrade in vicissitule.

The third morning, 22nd Sept. 1871, before the workmen hied away to toil they were aboard the Spain—a new large magnificent steamer of the National Line, about to make her second trip across the Atlantic. She was near the centre of the river between Princes Parade and Birkenhead Docks, and the passengers, not aboard until then, came with their impediments from the Landing Stage in a small packet. On their reception and disposition after the numbers of their berths occured no small amount of skurrying. Such tugging hauling, and effort to prevent being 'done,' or their chattels appropriated! Our friends we may say possessed their souls in patience though in this case we must confess to their own hurt. Their furniture for the voyage, really superior, had been looted and when they descended into the hold to which all had been primarily lowered they had Hobson's choice—to take the residue or none at all. But they only enjoyed the position as their providence in this respect catered only for old ocean—a votive offering at the end of the trip.

On the attainment of order and serenity our exile came on deck to reconnoiter those storied shores and pass in detail the angels of memory pressing around him. To him at least as standing there by the taffrail one sweeping glance took in a panorama suggestive of truth far more strange than fiction, and illustrative of Macaulay's remark concerning the Count of Lauzun—"His life was stranger than the dreams of other people."

He saw in that trim villa over there two harbor clerks descanting on native spoils, antiques, and relics of old Roman occupation, a little southerly a lad, the printers imp, trudging along, a large

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mounted map upon his shoulder, singing or whistling as he goes over the flowery downs to the castle of an old Cheshire knight, to whom he will submit proof; anon two chums on a holiday sauntering around Wallasey Pool, elated with luxuriance, brightness, and joy—the green carpet of grass, young crops of grain, gay hedgerows and varied multicolored wild flowers so attractive to pent up city boys. How bright to them the golden sunshine, the clustering daises, the white lights of the chestnut, the showy lilacs, laburnums and hawthorns! How inspiring the airy concert—the lark as bounding up and uttering his rapture—the bee humming his satisfaction as he revels in nectar—the insects as they buzz through the subtile ether!

Still on a little way and we come to Woodside Ferry where, with a familiar nod at the collector, indicating a yearly subscriber, a young artizan passes through the turnstile and on to a cozy residence on Albion Terrace. A scene undelible greets him on entering—a youthful beautiful matron bright with welcome's grace and garrulous of baby's traits and wiles—'For smiles from reasons flow.' It is indeed home—'the resort of love, of joy and peace where supporting and supported polished friends and dear relations mingle into bliss.' Sweeping around a small arc of a circle we scan the Lancashire shore, the site of Liverpool—densest peopled of English cities. Away off yonder at the horizon's rim by Cropper's dingle we have the birthplace of headlong Garry and also of emotions impossible to define. Nearer we strike the old Boiler Yard and again have in view the fearless faithful Finney high on his smoke-stack discoursing sweetest gospel music through a dialect most uncouth—comparing spiritual things with spiritual, that theer to this heer. Talk of heroism!

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There in that fustian jacket and supreme disregard of grammar and ridicule, is its angel. How often is it forgotten by the most cultured and amiable that Christianity is no system devised by and to human reason on which to soar to felicity? no spider's subtle thread projected into air by which the schemer may raise himself to happiness—but contains a pure and undefiled truth founded on facts capable of bearing the examination of every upright and enlightened mind. We have no doubt our vulcan's simplicity and directness won for his master a rich revenue of glory and who would not pray for many duplicates of such an evangelist.

Still standing by the taffrail and continuing to box this pregnant circle every rood of ground along the shore teems with objects of recognition. The waters laving the yard now left behind, gemmed with shining nymphs and swains laughing and leaping in the sparkling spray—the docks and basins crowded over by all kinds of craft, chiefly of Portugal, Spain and Greece, with freight regaling every sense, the offices in which his desk overlooking the cove on which dance the boats and scows of market toilers or jolly young watermen who, for a fee, "was wont for to ply." Beside him the friends antiquarian and artist—frolicking Clarke, stately Boyle, chaffey Bradey, and his own dear elder brother so chagrined at his leaving the employ.—The brainey, genial Strong, too early to his lovers and admirers is with his fathers.

Right over against the Spain there in Stanley Basin is his old office and factotum Joe, the jovial superintendent just poking in his head with the announcement—'Larry sez you're a gay fellow.' Then come the basin he first entered with his devoted North thirty years ago and docks whence sailed away a brother and three sisters—of whom

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one is not, and one the brother lost in the great far west or amid those fields 'stand dressed in living green.' There where now the prisoned waters bear leviathans afloat, he sees his comrade and himself buffet the waves with hearts of controversy—the heart of that other self now reposing far away in some sacred prairie. But even on a vast praire without chart or guide could he feel more alone or more overwhelmed by a sense of seclusion than now, as he stands there on a spacious deck crowded with scions from all lands. The very proximity to his boyhood's home and close relationship ashore, renders the contrast more strikingly painful. And what an unomalous position his—enough to win a sign from the ships timber! England-wide from his loving partner and youngest quartette, ocean-wide from the eldest quartette—four of English and four of Scottish birth, and how many concurring events necessary to a reunion in the far away adopted land! How many throws of the dice before they turn up a double six for already the two eldest have expectations!

Unconsciously he is being taught the last lesson that we learn—to submit ourselves to a guiding hand to trust our wants and aims without hurry to the mind that furnishes us with knowledge to regulate our affection unto safe indulgence. Already while yet a miserable doubter he had been apprehended by omnipotent mercy and soothed into quiet assurance, and we may now suppose him elucidating the remarks of Dr. Moore—"A believer confident that the Father loves all that man ought to love far better than a man can do leaves wife, children, friends, to the gracious conduct of his careful hand."—and so turning to regard the welfare of his infirm friend who had only the day

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previous shown the effects of undue excitement and called forth his most disciplined ability.

This interest too in itself was probably a boon as it debarred unhealthy and morbid reflections, feelings, imaginings. The sweet consciousness that through these cares and toils he was making progress onward was a joyous stimulant and thus with much composure he watched the vessel cross the harbor's bar and steam along the land and main far from his mother isle with all its hallowed ties and treasures. The noble Tennyson might well have had this large experience.—

"Walk on, my soul, nor crouch to agony,
Turn clouds to light and bitterness to joy,
And dross to gold with glorious alchemy,
Basing thy throne above the world's annoy—
Reign thou above the storms of sorrow, ruth
That roar beneath; unshaken peace hath won thee:
So shalt thou pierce the woven glooms of truth
So shall the blessing of the meek be on thee."

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XXXIV.

TRANSIT.

If we can see day through a little hole we cannot guess the first thing that day may bring us, and the question here comes with startling pathos. "If ye then be not able to do that thing which is least why take ye thought for the rest?" Do you not see even by the argumentum ad hominem that in quietness and confidence is your strength.

"Let me tell you," says Spurgeon, "it is the quiet man, the meek man who is always hard to be turned aside from his purpose. When a man is passionate and easily excited you have only to wait awhile and he will cool down, perhaps chill down below zero. The first will work in God's way and will not put forth his hand to snatch a premature success at the expense of principle. He is quiet because he is sure, patient because he is strong, gentle because he is firm."

This is as true of day on the deep as of day on shore—of the temper fittest for sea as land. A laughable instance of the folly of anticipating, the crack of doom from a dreary outlook was given one morning by an innocent Irish lad. The bull's-eye light in the side of the cabin fell suddenly back and the spray from the leaping waves dashed through the orifice to his great dismay. Running to the place he seized the disc and held it against the audacious intruder while he frightfully bawled, "O come and help keep the say out!" His appeal at first raised only a boisterous laugh but soon a squat, good-natured, sturdy little Scot of really gi-

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gantic strength, went to his aid and easily latched the obstruction.

The trouble and weakness of a hasty defective temper was illustrated in a manner hardly less ludicrous. A continental of some kind who had previously been in the States, had got hold of a quaint expression which he used forcibly on occasions to show dissent or disgust. This phrase the ears of the islanders had latched only as an offense to decency and soon in grotesque scorn they affixed it to the individual using it, until the poor fellow was aweary of his ocean-world if not of life itself. On deck, in the cabin, and even in his hammock he was invoked by that epithet and teased into the arms of Morphens.

Our friends of a somewhat philosophic turn soon began to take bearings and interest themselves in their shipmates and the boundless restless element around. Among other things the sounds of the different languages and tricks of speech. The racy rattling French as in Je ne peux pas restez, I cannot stay, tripping lightly from the lips like grain from a sieve—the palatal Italian, the guttural German with which Voltaire would face the devil; the hiatus of the Cockney and the burr of the Northumbrian as I wont suffoch it for I wont suffer it—fell under comment and the epithet 'quare' by our Lancashire friend who yet retained a strong savor of his calf ground. Observing still more curiously they had no lack of entertainment. The passengers seemed animated each of his own manner of spirit which often stamped itself on the visage and suggested possibilities only too boldly. One instance of this deduction. The berths of our friends were first in order on the left as looking astern after descending the cabin stairway. Before them a cross bar was suspended well supplied with hooks

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and all of them appropriated. A large satchel hung directly in front of Vagor's berth owned by a lively red haired Hibernian. In the first alley ahead were a few characters of the same nationality—the worst specimens thereof we may well hope.

Their language was coarse and conduct so aggressive they irritated the Germans even to the throttling point, and only that they had discretion enough to read this sign, their vitality might have been called in question. But they yet showed the deviltry was in them by slashing right across the satchel spoken of and taking therefrom two bottles of usquebaugh destined for some friend in America. Not contented with the aggravated theft, after using the contents they maliciously stuck the bottles under our hero's mattrass. Of course a search was instituted and results as stated but, before the indignant pilgrim could exclaim or disclaim either, the owner at once exonerated him from all blame. He had already struck a clue and requested only his forbearance until worked out. The surmise proving correct he brought the culprits to terms so decisive that thenceforth as children they were seen and not heard—they feared and reasonably they general esprit de corps.

All this only proved with a vengeance their facial theory; for 'if ever vile poverty and his rabble rout were personified it was on this occasion. You might detect on one or other the stamp of reckless strife, unquiet care, weak loss of time. consuming dread, displeasure 'lompish and full sullen sad."

O Poverty how dreadful must thou be to him with brain unfurnished—him who lacks all thought and moral vim! What wonder that he seeks the cup oblivious, grateful for some kindling respite from eating care! Hard enough it is for him pos-

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sessing thought and culture's forces and resources to overcome fell hunger counselling ill, and the lotos cup of sensuality. Have pity then O man of favored fortune on the poor unlettered—ay dissipated if you will—and seek ever to cheer and alleviate uncondemned. Even knowing what they have done we know not what has been resisted or how we would have stood their ordeal. These aspects and occurrences, in passing affected little the complacency of Vagor used to demonstrations of minds diseased as well as bodies, but they had a painful influence on his infirm friend—he became nervous, sleepless, excitable. Once towards midnight the former awoke to find him dressed cap-a-pie-billycock on head, overcoat donned, grip in one hand, umbrella in the other—determined to leave the ship then about mid-ocean. Hastily dressing he sought to detain him and win him back to his roost overhead; but, so set in him was the purpose to quit, an appeal to the physicians or physical force was necessary.

He seemed literally to sleep with one eye open; for, whenever anyone descended the stairs, that cock eye gleamed upon him shining out of the darkness like the steady light of the glowworm! Watching the effect of that on its legitimate subjects from his cot beneath, Kit was at first puzzled to see their obnoxious neighbors most prone to shy out of its focus, but soon the mystery was solved. Conscience made cowards even of them and they were overheard wondering whether he had discovered that they had captured his outfit on embarking. This episode excepted the voyage was not unpleasant. To occupy the mind and interest his companion they spent all the time possible on deck pursuing their speculations, cultivating humanity varied

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by every clime and discipline, and enjoying at once the poetry of rest and motion. There is nothing so convincing as a sea-home to demonstrate the unity of the human race—the eye will look, love and sympathy to the eye that speaks again though the tongue cannot frame one syllable in common.

Their special associates were a family from Northumberland, a few Londoners, and the little countreyman already introduced. He was an intelligent fellow of indomitable humor and had lived long in the Metropolis—had probably donned the tweed and Glengarry for convenience, or was it an acknowledgment of a heart in the Highlands? And this recalls an article once read in a prominent Review. The writer commenting on the fact that men of Scottish birth in riper years return to their native doric, inferred they could only have second-class intellects; we think his intellect must have been singulary inflated to sit in judgment on such minds as those of Campbell the poet, Carlyle the Philosopher, Lords Mansfield, Wedderburn, Campbell and Brougham who passed to the top of their professions. This very recurrence to early attitudes, to the mind of a noted scientist, affords only an unanswerable proof of the soul's immortality. "It is delightful," he says, "to think that the mind is independent of time, and not affected by that decay which wastes the body, and in the end brings it to the dust. Were there no other proof of the mind's immortality—no other hope of a life beyond the grave that alone would be a demonstration of it as clear and satisfactory as we can obtain of any truth whatever. And why should there not be peculiarities in heaven? Why not the play of humor? Would it not be pleasant to fly around the different sect exhibitions at their best and chaff the dear

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saints sure of invincible good nature and loving enjoyment?

When opportunity offered he stole away to look down and around on that imposing plain where naught but ocean strives—one wave rising only to be displaced by its fellow and that again in turn. At thy rebuke they fled, at the voice of thy thunder they hasted away. What an excellent illustration of life's surroundings? It seems, says divine philosophy, that the same particle of matter does not abide with it for two moments of time that can be separated, or considered as a succession even in thought. It is probable that the same material eye never sees two successive objects. How striking to think that the matter which passes thus from death to death through life and is not a measurable moment on its passage, bears upon its invisible and rapid wings all the information that we receive; and all the happiness that we enjoy. It delights us with softness in touching with raciness in tasting, with perfume in smelling, with music in hearing and with all the world in seeing.

Well might Jeremiah exclaim—"Ah Lord God, there is nothing too hard for thee. Great in counsel and mighty in work." Often he stood abstracted intent to appearance on the ship's flight through the waves—the miles were measured from his island home, but his eyes were with his heart and that was with his Burleigh Britishers at play

> Or nobly bent on some devout emprise
> To cheer his dame with unalloyed surprise.

Were they safe and well? Was she thinking—

> "What? a week away? Seven days and nights
> Eight score, eight hours? and lovers' absent hours
> More tedious than the dial eight score times?
> O weary reckoning!"

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It might have been such a prelude led her to start up one evening confident that she felt his arms loving pressure upon her bosom and him to realize his return thither in a manner so vivid and coincident that it baffled all his philosophy. As he lay in his bunk a little more than halfway over he thought himself at home again, fully conscious of all the concurrent circumstances. Lived and acted three days before waking. So dazed was he thereafter he could not tell whether he had been at home in the body by imagination or really out of the body!

> "Star to star vibrates light: may soul to soul
> Strike through a finer element of her own?"

Do the German mothers catch shy glimpses of the inspiration of truth when they close the mouths of sleeping children lest the soul should issue forth in mouselike form, and the real dangers incurred by the mouse be incurred by the infant? As also the Bohemians who, it is said, fear to go to bed thirsty lest the soul wandering forth should perchance fail to find its way back again? And by the way would it not be an advantage if more of a class of thirsty souls went wandering nights and never found their way back to their sleeping partners?

These as suggestions to the curious, but yet might it not all arise from that wonderful arrangement, the human memory? We are always carrying about with us even in our waking moments a consciousness of our past life of the chief places in which we have lived, and the chief events in our career—a picture in fact of the world with the objects localized and set in perspective. This lit up by loving fantasy fused the past into living union with the present and so became a real experience.

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Howe'er it be we still must on with the noble ship destined to carry our vagabond and his fortunes safe into port.

AMERICA.

All hail to thee, America—
  Thou coy and peerless maiden;
The last, but loved of Freedom's nymphs
  With his bright jewels laden.
The fearless heart and eagle eye
  With insight caught from heaven
Untrammeled all by court or king,
  Or pomp or priestly leaven.

Thy smiles are his of honor bright,
  Of free and brave heart action,
Who moves in loving, loyal lines,
  Whatever be his faction.
Thy broad and glowing, varied zone,
  Holds charms for wisest rover—
To fire the weak and win the strong
  The wide and wild seas over.

The Swede so bright and debonuair,
  Fair Dane, and tall Norwayan,
The gallant Frank, and German stout
  With swarthy, bold Biscayan
Press on to share thy virgin sweets
  With hardy Kelt and Roman—
Old Scotland's calm intrepid son,
  And England's sturdy yeoman.

Here shores embrace a shining world
  And lakes in seas are trending,
And fields are lost in prairies vast,
  And earth with heaven is blending!
Thus end my toils, America—
  In thine and heaven's caressing
With more of life and fuller dowered
  For ever blessed and blessing.

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XXXV.

GIGZAGS.

No lessons, we are told, are so impressive as those our mistakes teach us, and so inadequate had been our rover's conceptions of the new world that the magnificent panorama approaching the city brought him to a stand, and rendered him incapable of breaking it up into manageable details. Yet as things in motion sooner catch the eye than that not stirs, the ships outward bound saluting and cheering them as they met, specially excursion packets floating with band music, while from the crowded decks waved handkerchiefs, hats, parasols, emphasizing their ringing welcome, failed not to inspire emotions distinct enough for perpetual remembrance. Thus they passed on to their refuge on the Hudson—the attractive outcome of a still more attractive river.

The invalid expected to meet his two sons from Pokeepsie or a daughter visiting in Brooklyn, but they had mistimed the arrival—and thus, like the babes in the wood the friends were left to wander up and down the gloomy aisles of the barrack. No persuasion could induce the timid invalid to quit its barriers, and thus the night was passed in search of a soft spot whereon to rest their wearied frames; beneath the lofty dome, among the orange stalls and groaning boards of Castle Garden. The Greek after his voyage found such a spot on which was the enchanted stem which tasting

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"The gushing of the wave
Far, far away did seem to mourn and rave
On alien shores; and if his fellow spake
His voice was thin, as voices from the grave;
And deep asleep he seemed yet all awake
And music in his ears his beating heart did
[make."

Glad enough would one British voyager have been if his voice had seemed thus thin and far off to his companion, but his heart made only discord as invoking those who were not. Distracted himself he gave Vagor no time even for reverie—

"To muse and brood and live again in memory
With those old faces of our infancy
Heaped over with a mound of grass
Two handfuls of white dust, shut in an urn of
[brass."

They found no lotos plant indigenous to the new soil and the sun had nearly reached the zenith the day following before an effort was made to solve the mystery of the non-arrival. Our optimist then securing his friend's promise to wait his return sallied forth for Brooklyn. He reached the place whither directed to learn that the young lady was probably with him then, and, returning without delay, he found the surmise correct, as also the brothers present.

A few hours of sight-seeing over, they purchased tickets for Pokeepsie and proceeded to take in from the cars the proud scenery and storied glories of the Hudson—admirable beyond island conception. The lamp lights had just begun to corruscate—to cast their beams over the late resounding streets when the party arrived at their terminus. Earnestly they entreated Vagor to remain, to tarry at least for the night, but his heart was beating only pro-

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gress, and on he sped a dark, devi ous, and untried way of about four miles. He had go ne scarcely a mile away from the city lights when he was brought up in a wrong path; but luckily he struck a kind African who, while stronly urging his return, showed him the desired way. Probably two miles more and he came to diverging roads which again brought him up sharp. A pause ensued but as the country around gave no sign he soon started off the other way thinking any thing better than imaction—Davie Cosckett to the contrary, notwithstanding. A walk of about half a mile brought him up on a kind of plateau or common as he judged, for aught resembling a pathway was none, and so at length he was forced to wait developements. Presently a curricle containing two objects came slowly up the ascent. Promptly addressing them he was told to retrace his steps to the fork and take the despised route which within the distance of a mile would bring him to the habitation he sought. This he did and happily reached, but not yet was all well—The night near the third watch—the head of the house absent—timid women only within—and without a large shaggy detective awfully displeased, had nearly frustrated everything and compelled him to pass another night sub jove on Columbia's world-renowned and hospitable shore. The last antagonist first he met and overcame for, fortified by intrepidity, he possessed a forty zoic power—a circumstance the sagacious canine seemed to appreciate since, as nothing short of violence could arrest the intruder he demurely walked across the lawn and awaited the issue. The response to his appeal came slowly—Who's there? The name given and object of his visit, he failed to remove their distrust—was just on the point of withdrawing when his daughter who had retired happened to hear the

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concluding accents and sprung up with the shout—It is he—father has come! What followed can best be expressed by oblivion.

He found the mistress of the house a Baltimorean who had undergone the Civil war experience, and, had General Butler heard the enlogiume of him and course pursued by him from this refined and beautiful lady's lips, his ears must have tingled for days together.

The next night found him at Pine Plains—the home of his third daughter—and enjoying patroon hospitality: with the morn the host, catching the inspiration from his exemplary spouse, drove him on to Shekomoko where his eldest resided—after which with renewed heart and hope he faced for Western New York whither his son had preceded. Having to go through Pokeepsie he visited his old friend and found him desirably located—the recipient of the care of a smiling daughter and the love of two pious, prosperous sons. The poet Bryant may have caught inspiration from such a scene.

"True, time will sear and blanch my brow.
Well—I will sit with aged men
And my good glass will tell me how
A griesly beard becomes me then.
And should no foul dishonor lie
Upon my head when I am gray
Love yet may search my fading eye
And smooth the path of my decay."

Not yet, however, to our rover was the set, gray life and sympathetic end—his course was onward until endurance became sinewed with action.

He took the ten p. m. train for Highlow which he might reach next day in time to dine—to greet his son and, could it be? his baby sister—three and twenty years a stranger! Not only these but the

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eldest who 12 long years had been mourned as dead! Betimes, overcome by the pressure of crowding thoughts and incidents, he slept, while being borne swiftly on to the solution of his queries. Often he started confused at some familiar name sung out in a style suggestive of the chanted litany. Albany—the suburb of his native county town! Syracuse—Sicilian Syracuse—the scene of the triumphs of Marcellus and the shining Archimedes of Eureka fame! Troy—Achilles, Homer, Troilus and Shakespeare! Rome! Rochester!—Powers inventive! Can the Arab find 500 terms for a horse and your favorite Yankee not one for a village! The plagiarest! Or is it that the worlds are kin and dear to each other as life's own ruddy stream? It is said that the thoughtful dread the effect of every increase of knowledge on the whole intellect and Vagor was a good illustration of the irritating effects of some kinds of increase. The inner shrines of his consciousness was rudely shocked and Rome enshrined was Rome no more! But he is now at the beginning of the end—the next change from the cars may be final. To what sort of outlook has he come? Can this elevated grove around which he is winding fringe Highlow the capital of Cataract County? Yes, and well named it is—there is the high land, and here the low—the flats! Can you read the riddle, my readers? It is now a city of about 18,000 inhabitants and a railroad centre. Through it flows the Erie Ditch or Raging Canal descending from the mountain ridge by a tier of 5 locks of 12 feet each through which boats are passed down and up a height of 60 feet. It is 60 miles west from Rochester, 25 from Lake Erie, 8 from Ontario, 18 from the matchless Falls—the world's reminder of the collapse of Adam, and Henry Ward Beecher badly

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bedeviled by the misplacement of a pair of boots. He says I moralized upon that infirmity that puts a man's peace at the mercy of a Dutchman's chalk. Had he written 78 I had been a good natured man, looking at Niagara Falls in its winter dress. He wrote 77 and I fumed. saw only my own Falls and spent the day in Buffalo.

The depot of the N. Y. C. is on the northern rim of the plateau and eastern side of the canal, here spanned by a fine railway bridge and, on a much lower grade for pedestrians only, a convenient transit. Northward, from Depot Hill as it is called, the view especially in summer is charming. One busy street with its popular tramway winds down the hill and is lost in an avenue of wide spreading trees—a little beyond on the same sweeping curve is the canal, the teams with their drivers plodding cheerily on and the boats gliding lazily "swan and double." Nearly opposite our view—point, the surplus water overflows and circles around as if loth to leave an enchanting height green to its summit. Immense lumber yards, saw and paper mills, a pail factory, smelting and aluminum works adorn this well utilized creek, formed so economically.

> Thus art can transmit even Erie Ditch wrack
> Into gold for the palms of each Jackson or Jack—
> A treasure-trove trending to Fahren and Keep
> To all its live patrons awake or asleep!

Below this are the habitations comprising Lower Town of which the streets are rectangular, spacious and shaded by the accomodating maple. Beyond a large stretch of campaign country varied by every shade of living green and bounded at the whole horizon by the gleaming mirror of Lake Beautiful or in native parlance the Ontario. We speak of the present year of grace 18—. Of course a dozen

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years ago the details would not at all apply. The habitation our traveler sought he found in the Upper Town off the Avenue. Raising the latch—a neighbor had assured him of the presence of his sister and niece—he walked boldly in. They happened to be in the rear of the house so, casting down his grip and laying himself along on the sofa—he calmly awaited the issue. The first who entered was his niece who though startled, looking again and again, strangely surmised the truth—retiring without speaking to prepare her mother for a surprise.

Omitting the meeting—time had dealt gently with his sister though she had undergone much trial as instance her husband's death shortly after arriving—a child subsequently, and her own energies her means of support. She was no worse, however, than the brave Irishwoman left destitute who, when asked by the 'court' whether she had any visible means of support replied—"three, your honor." Asked what they were she answered—"Me health, me two hands, and me God!" At this time to all seeming his sister had bravely broken the back of her trouble and was reaping the reward of her family devotion—the two eldest sons were stalwart boatmen and the youngest a moulder's apprentice—the daughter an affectionate attendant. His other anticipations were equally propitious—the long-mourned sister with her husband were well and well located, his son fully employed and thus he could look the future in the face. We say in the face advisedly for that is probably all the most learned can exact from that sphinx. Man arrives a novice at every age of life and hence there is logic as well as wisdom in the question—Why be anxious about the future?

Have you not God to prepare it for you as tend-

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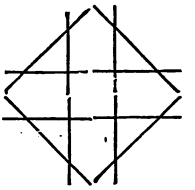
erly as years ago your mother prepared your cradle? There is no other ultimatum.

"For others' follies teach us not,
Not much their wisdom teaches
And most of sterling worth is what
Our own experience preaches."



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XXXVI.

HIGHLOW MFG. CO.

Time 6 a. m.—"Hullo Mr. Brown! What are you doing up at this time o' morning?"

"Oh I'm trying to scare up an appetite for my breakfast. Why are you up so early?"

"I'm trying to scare up a breakfarst for my appetite."

Pretty much after this position was our adventurer's—but instead of scaring up the supply for one—he could not exact even that from a widowed sister—he had to scare it up for half a dozen along with the means of transport hither!

As experience alone was reliable to it he appealed and the suggestion was—go to teaching. But that calling by Republican wisdom was Boycotted or more correctly Petticoated to such as he, for the fair dames generally bore the ferule of instruction. Place aux dames is no idle phrase in this land as a few statistics will show. In the ten cities of Baltimore, Boston, Brooklyn, Chicago, Cincinnati, New Orleans, New York, Philadelphia, San Francisco and St. Louis together, there are 12,719 public school teachers of whom 11,540 are women. "Go to book-keeping'—Where? Where are the shipping, dockage, railway offices needing help? 'Then go to work.' Aha, Madam Mentor, you think you are smart eh! But have you forgotten our secret? How can I in honor with one unskilled hand proffer to do the skilled work of two? You know I have never performed an operative's duties. No I

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don't, my boy—Can you not do your best for the sake of your own? You did not hesitate in the crowded tavern to force the stolen coin out of a fist backed by two pugilistic arms and are you now going to funk? Don't be afraid they will over pay you.' All right, old lady, more power to you! I'll do something—and he did.

There was a large Hydraulic Factory in the city employing nearly 300 hands and in this, the 5th day after his advent was found the ex-professor chipping, filing, and cleaning hydrants. The two last operations were not difficult but the first, in having to use hammer and chisel was very exacting and for this reason—a disparity in the length and strength of his arms—the secret to which we referred. When he was measured for his uniform at King's the left arm and shoulder were found defective by six inches in length and proportionately emaciated; but as the duty implied only address and penmanship the cloth was cut accordingly and the fact dismissed. Before he could adjust his stroke to the accidental radius many unmerited strokes fell on poor Johnny Thumbkins and many serio-comic glances on himself. Every difficulty was yet overcome and in a short time he could perform his duties acceptably at least. His pains and enterprise were rewarded in the blest consciousness of duty fulfilled, "A man," some one says, "who can give up dreaming and go to his daily realities, who can control his heart, its love or woe, and take to the hard work of his hand, who defies fate and, if he must die, dies fighting to the last—that man is life's best hero." But had one attributed heroism to him for this humble toil as he stood or sat among the piles of damp sand erased by him he would have smiled incredulously; for his joy in doing—in making progress even thus was almost

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full. Nor was his devotion unmarked elsewhere and friends arose to proffer the advance required so that within the space of three months he had given to him the hallowed request of his lips the morning of his departure from London! The whole family ten were now cis-Atlantics—not one awanting though having to cross a stretch of ocean 3000 miles in extent in four detachments and at all seasons! It is such a proof of infinite tenderness makes one feel an integer of praise and leads him to repentance—a right understanding of God's gracious, glorious character, and his own wretched insensibility thereto in the past. It has been demonstrated that each number from 1 to 10 in history as in science has its own peculiar meaning and Vagor's relative standing in a land whose business is conducted decimally, conduced to a higher platform of gratitude. When he read that the Jews cast lots to bring one of ten to dwell in Jerusalem how suggestive of favor to him since his family had been gathered entire—that ten men of the servants of Gideon threw down the altar of Baal, how readily he might infer the destruction of even poverty's hitherto unconquerable bar—that the psalmist praised God on an instrument of ten strings, how prompt might be the ejaculation. O that each heart of this deciad were a string or chord harmonious in God's own ear—resonant of the joy of his salvation.

We have not considered too curiously, for thinking nurseth thinking and

> "The rule and conduct of all social life
> Is the great province of Philosophy."

Nor was fun awanting—lots of it. Specialists affirm that every perception implies an act of contrast and the first step into the basement in which

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was our operative would have quickened and tickled the imagination from the abundance of its oddities and contrasts. "As many men as many minds" used to be an old copy—heading—the expression proper here would have been as many men as many kinds, tongues, or traits. The lathes, too, self-acting allowing considerable time for intercourse he might have seen groups here and yonder discussing, chaffing, or passing some new 'sell.' There is laconic Dan, a Down easter and professed agnostic; Joel Garland, a Yankee and joker in chief; Dutch John, the room boss; Macaulay Vempel, a Scotch Hollander; Robin Royster, a veteran warrior, and stout republican; Van Van, a Canadian German and loud monarchist—and, to the credit of each and all, the most pungent thrust is thrown off by indomitable good nature, love of fun and a good joke. Once only was a bona fide loss of temper and appeal to muscalar vim, caused by discussing from what part of the critter came the sirloin. Besides these might have been seen a group of laborers asquat, employed on various castings, their reserve work when not assisting machinists, and no less on the banter. We may own here that our traveler did not escape a 'rise' taken out of him though he bore it bravely. Led into discussion somehow he happened to quote the simile of Sydney Smith, the reverend wit, which compares life to a perforated board where the right peg never finds the right hole, a square peg getting thrust into a round hole and vice versa—illustrative of life's disappointments. On entering mornings he would probably find Dan and Joel by their lathes. The former might quietly salute him but the latter, his arms akimbo with a rich quizzical expression of eye would drawl out in a manner irresistibly droll—"Well, Kit, have you found the right hohl yet?"

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But he was the final cause of a ridiculous practical joke which, while it affected no one in particular, was shared in by half-a-dozen Americans of the 14th or 15th Amendment.

An iron cylinder about 6 inches in diameter and ten or twelve feet in length had to be conveyed from the yard outside and placed in position on a lathe. They so far succeeded readily as to place it on a truck convenient to the pulleys; but a little finesse was necessary to adjust the ropes properly. This done to their satisfaction they began with united vim to haul on the tackle. To their great surprise they could not begin to raise it and, after renewed efforts paused to consider. "Phat's the matter—I don't know. You Phil come closter anundher it—You don't pull an ounce there."

"Again boys—All together."

After another long and strong pull they again paused, when someone got on his knees and carefully examined the tackle to find no cause of obstruction! This increased the mystery since often without difficulty they had transferred a shaft 15 or 16 feet long. They began now to regard one the other inquiringly if not with distrust until big Jan, setting an example of aspiring courage, leapt upon the truck and got a higher purchase. The rest catching his spirit nobly seconded him with all the nerve and brawn that could hang on, and still nothing gave except their own heft, upon which the hero exclaimed with admiring mouth and eyes—"D——n, but its heavy."

At this juncture a machinist from the other side of the apartment thought fit to interfere, came over, readjusted the ropes, and the work was done. A meaning glance at Kit showed he had 'twigged' the hitch and was in collusion with him, but as no one was specially fooled, every

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one took it in good part and enjoyed the fun. These six bold citizens had attempted the unheard of feat of raising the world without a lever.

Thus passed the winter months happily and not unprofitably more ways than one; for, with material comfort, he learned yet more practically the truth of the comparison already quoted—"As tenderly as your mother, years ago, prepared your cradle so may God prepare for you your future." Those rough and to prejudiced eyes uncouth laborers evinced a delicacy and courtesy that might have shamed the classes, however, upper they towered. A heavy lift to be made or some rugged task undertaken by him would instantly evoke one or more volunteers to be as readily accepted by those interested. This disposition was the more striking to him from the conduct of the artizans as previously related. The causes why we will not stop to investigate only the fact made a change of place particularly undesirable. It had to come, however, in this life of chapters and by means of severe rheumatism. He tried the ablest physicians but in vain, and so was forced to give up that position so pregnant of results and so illustrative of those unassuming but golden verses from the Toronto Mail.

HOW TO BE HAPPY.

Are you almost disgusted with life, little man?
I will tell you a wonderful trick
That will bring you contentment if anything can
Do something for somebody quick
Do something for somebody quick!

Are you awfully tired with play, little girl?
Weary, discouraged, and sick?
I'll tell you the loveliest game in the world
Do something for somebody quick;
Do something for somebody quick!

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Thongh it rains like the rain of the flood, little
[man,
And the clouds are forbidding and thick,
You can make the sun shine in your soul, little
[man,
Do something for somebody quick;
Do something for somebody quick!

Though the skies are like brass overhead, little
[girl,
And the wall like a well-heated brick;
And all earthly affairs in a terrible whirl—
Do something for somebody quick;
Do something for somebody quick!

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XXXVII.

DR. S: T. C.

No longer is life monotonous—the result of development from a single principle. "Take a European," says some one, "in any land at any work—felling woods in America, fighting Sikhs in the Punjant, publishing a newspaper in Paris, spinning cotton in Glasgow—you find a man who has escaped out of such limitations, who is no longer subject to monotony, who acknowledges no mould, no hindrance, no artificial standard but is free to grow up to the topmost reach of humanity." That this is thus may be granted, but this freedom to grow I fear was little appreciated by our vagabond Britisher. He felt more like the Saxon who declared—"God does not guide me, he pushes me forward, carries me my way." Having of necessity to resign the outcome of his hands he must resort to that of his head and do the thing nearest—in this case start a select school. He hired a suitable room over a store—a few doors from Main, and hung out a sign announcing tuiton in Mathematics, French and Classics.

The result was what might have been expected in a city where education was not only free but of the best—a nominal success. After rent and expenses were deducted the residue was inadequate to meet requirements and so, after nearly three months trial, he gave up the attempt. Nor was this effort altogether in vain.—While his zeal was so great as occasionally to eclipse even his insidious foe he had the gratification of seeing in one and

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another the seeds of a nobler life spring up into demonstration, the fruits of which may yet, gladden the pilgrim on this hither shore.

His position now was far from enviable. Distracted by change and a tenacious disease, owing still the money advanced for fares with use, without sympathy powerful enough to alleviate his cares, he might well adopt the woe-begone attitude of the writer of these lines—"To heaven I turn my longing eyes where all my hopes are fled." He did not however, but the greater his privations more strongly felt Hope's phoenix spirit burn within, and if ever that striking proposition of the poets was verified it was in his case—

> "The honest man that's free from all
> Intended fraud or guile
> However fortune kicks the ball
> Has still some cause to smile."

A kind observing neighbor employed in a Publishing office got engagements for two of the boys as carriers of Dailies while the eldest who had some experience in plumbing, besides his own special calling of furrier, found his time pretty well occupied by the City Gas Company. His eldest daughter and husband were inmates pro tempore.

It was during this period that an incident occurred of some influence in shaping the future. On that night, as long as another and longer too, December 21st 18-- in a small cottage not a mile from Willow St. an event was under weigh that might not brook the light of day—might offer a new relative. The doctor there, and poking around as was his wont, lit upon a volume entitled the Logic of Mathematics—which seemed to him a revelation. "The logic of mathematics!" he exclaimed, "Who reads this?"

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We wish we could do justice to this son of Aesculape—He was in all respects a law unto himself. Had published an epic, also a standard Essay on Insanity, and kept the poet's corner in a first class weekly. As to physical formations he was not at all behind—in fact, one, the paunch formation was almost wholly before giving him a rather stiff aldermaniac air. The features finely chiseled were not out of keeping with the two eyes of him-bright, keen, and piquant. One of them gleaning diagnostics the other darting fun, and the tongue between rolling out thoughts harmonious unknown to both of them. In short we might claim for him almost as much as Carleton for Dinis O'Shaughnessy—"The whole host of rhetorical figures seemed breaking out of his face." Nor was he like the statesman of whom Macauley says—"He was slow from very quickness. He saw so many arguments for and against every possible course that he was longer in making up his mind than a dull man would have been." To the doctor's wonderful versatility was added the remarkable property of decision, so much so that he shone specially in an emergency.

We speak of a man well known to the elite of both continents of cyclopedic fame.

Meanwhile our host was wending homeward through a snowstorm—not a real Montana certainly where four snow flakes make good sleighing, but an incipient New Yorker where want of size is made up by number. So thick and fast they fell it was hard to stumble the right way; for his eyelids went blink, blink, as the Frenchman expressively put it. and he had betimes to go it blind. When he reached home he was agreeably surprised by the physician's suggestive presence and cordial interest. The cozy parlor and its peculiar comforts were conceded to the pair and, save when duty summoned the latter they were duly honored.

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The hours of the long night passed away all too stilly and stealthily for their purpose although a prospective president was born to these sweeping States, and classics, arts, sciences had been discussed—they had not drawn each other fully out.

In the concussion of minds—if we may thus speak—specially of those of opposing culture and forces there flashed out interesting forms and insights of truth, shy or hidden altogether from the recluse or solitary student, as glimpses of affinity, relation, or analogy that would not else have been apprehended. That one the son of a New England clergyman and college-bred—to whom at the age of 16 on the testimony of his teacher, all the delights of science were open and whose reading had been surpassingly extensive and critical—was pitted against this son of a Border farmer, subject to toil from his 6th year, and of whom at the age of 16 we might only read "he roamed a merry printers' devil along the docks and hustling streets of Liverpool."

Is it surprising that each to each was a revelation? the more so because the bias of this last had run congenial despite of fate. If the knowledge of one was more recherche that of the other more practical was not less extensive and wholly confirmed the position of Lord Iddesleigh—"Keep your views of men and things extensive and depend upon it that a mixed knowledge is not a superficial one."

The host was strongly advised by his versatile guest backed by his gnostic organ to try miscellaneous literature—to hit, like Pat at a fair, any head presented itself in order to get known; for, said he, and the funny optic looked unutterable things—we are two great men but the world has not found us out yet.

Encouraged by this counsel and really shut up

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into this line of action he entered upon it from a sense of duty—unwittingly illustrating 19th century life gathering to itself all influences and bringing out on every side the highest and best in humanity. His promiscuous active life had given him scant opportunity for book-lore but he had a fund of experience, light, and thought, struck from his varied eccentric collisions from which to draw inferences and conclusions, and the acceptance of his essays was genial. Rhyme or prose anonymous or otherwise—over any nom-de-plume, was promptly accepted and often kindly editorally commended.

What might have been his success ultimately, other things favoring, must be conjectured but he was no exception to the dictum that "stern necessity supreme is mang sons o' men."

High mountains lie before Attica and not the least is indigence. The author of the Lives of the Painters observes—"Poverty says the old minstrel parts good company.—It were well if it were no worse; but it forces genius to acts of uncongenial drudgery, crushes down the free spirit, and prevents him from following out the conceptions of his own mind with the vigor necessary for full success." With returning summer our adventurer had to forego the Easy writer for the exacting delver.

The remuneration was small but sure and with a will he went at digging post-holes, ditching, loading wagons in a sand-pit; but, alas, even here he was not safe. His old enemy rheumatism seized him with such force that he was wholly prostrated —his limbs increasing until they burst and leaving him only partially after a protracted period, to wander apparently ill-starred into fresh scenes and ventures new.

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HIGH MOUNTAINS LIE BEFORE ATTICA.

The way to the grandest and best
Still over huge mountains doth lie
And tempers divinely on edge
Alone scale the summits on high.

Through thickets and tempests intense
Their course they intrepidly keep
As knowing the power that obstructs
Reversely may happily sweep.

No force independent or blind
Is supreme on this earthly ball;
But love, passing thought, overrules
All chances and changes befall.

So, taught to look up, their souls catch
The temper of glory and God
As the eye's lovely texture imbibes
The grace of all colors abroad.

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XXXVIII.

EXCURSION

Though convalescent he was aware that misfortune brings sorrow enough—that it is only envy to ourselves to augment it by anticipation or predications—and hence resolved the rather to indulge a long and strong hope, pay a visit to his sister in Michigan and thus utilize his small strength.

It was no small trial mutually as may be surmised for impaired health implied unlined pockets, and enjoined the hardest route; but there was a balm equally solacing to the home-bound and himself—the consciousness of being loved, that the undertaking was of and through this conserving feeling. "This it is," says Addison, "that softens the keenest pang even at the moment of parting; yea, even the eternal farewell is robbed of half its bitterness when uttered in accents that breathe love to the last sigh. And so, one fine morning in the height of summer, our pilgrim and his fortunes were carried along on the N. Y. C. to Buffalo. There he soon learned that the steamer Idaho would start for Detroit five hours later and at once resolved to continue his journey thereby. The interim he spent in sight seeing and preparations for a twenty four hours trip on the Erie.

Punctually the stately vessel left the pier with a considerable number of passengers, five of them steerage or, more correctly, four; for one of them in common parlance was a stowaway with a history —too, too true even in this broad enlightened land. He had despised the rural calling and instructions

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of his parents and, after two or three years misadventure, was returning home apparently a truly repentant prodigal. We need hardly say his case was generously met and the whole way provided for.

While getting under weigh a moment's attention may be given to a question that obtrudes itself. Is not this disposition to set light by precedent, even parental, too applicable to young America and essentially injurious? "From treating the dead with irreverence," says Rev. J. B. Wentworth, "we have gone on as a people to contempt for all the past. We are urged by the hour in lectures upon the model young man to believe thatall thatisgoodand great in life is to be looked for in the first half of it and that the period lying beyond its meridian is a dreary waste unproductive and cheerless—characterized chiefly by rheumatism, imbecillity, and decay."

The reverse is the testimony of all ages. The history of the world will show that in all the departments of learning and in all the pursuits of business which demand the exercise of the highest order of mental ability, those have acquired the chief distinction who have passed the middle term of human life. In that science of all sciences, philosophy, we find scarcely a distinguished name who did not acquire his fame in advanced age. The grandest recorded sayings of Socrates are those he uttered during the last years of his life and he lived till seventy. In fact all his recorded sayings were uttered by him after he was sixty-two years old. Bacon was 60 years of age before he arrived at maturity, and it was then he gave to the world his Novum Organum, which has reconstructed science. Reid did not finish his principal work on mental science until he was 78 years of age. History de-

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ness and distrust, a certain insensibility and sternness are essential to a man who has to engineer his own affairs and hustle through the world. Having at the inn inadvertently heard that harvesters were in demand at Dearborn—a village some 16 miles off—he resolved to go thither without delay. Returning he wound up his affairs—leaving him still lord of a red cent and a change of raiment—and so cheerily set his face villageward. The way itself, the fields on each side covered with golden grain and varied produce; the cozy, shaded cabins, with active rural life under unflecked azure skies, beguiled the tedium of the way and hollow murmurings and toward dusk he found himself at the goal of his efforts. But of a piece with his other haps the farmer was absent and no help required! The hostess, however, kindly assuaged his toils with a cup of tea, bread and red herring and soon again he was on the route led to the beautiful city of the Straits—an unwinged Bird of Paradise. From the nature of their plumage it is stated that they cannot fly except against the wind. According to an essayist he was on the high road to greatness; for "were we happy we should be cyphers. Our disappointments and our sorrows are our truest friends for they compel us to create. Our sufferings are our glory—we are hunted into greatness; whipped and scourged into fame." Jean Paul Richter declares "I would not for much I had been richer. The prisoner's allowance is bread and water; and I had often only the latter. But the canary sings sweeter the longer it has been trained in a darkened cage."

Trudging on his gloomy way footsore and weary, he often joined himself to occasional pedestrians, of whom the three last, from brogue and profession, were Hibernian settlers. To them he unburdened

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his dilemma respecting a shelter, expecting kind and active sympathy, but, to his surprise, he received the hackneyed answer—"There's an inn over there beyant you can make them do that anyway." This treatment from warm-hearted impulsive Irishmen! Ah how many blessings from them of those ready to perish fell upon his infant home from which none went knowingly unhoused or unfed! On the high road from Portpatrick to canny Carlisle there was no lack of such applicants and is this the outcome! Has Erin lost the breed of generous men? But come to think of it is it not Carleton their own and best delineator? who says—"There is in an Irishman a far-sightedness which is not properly understood because it is difficult to understand. I do not think there is a nation on earth whose inhabitants mix up their interest and their feelings together more happily, shrewdly, and yet less ostensibly than Irishmen contrive to do. He will make you laugh at his joke while its object is wrapped up from you in the profoundest mystery, and you will consequently make the concession to a certain point of his character, which has been really obtained by a faculty you had not penetration to discover, or rather which he had too much sagacity to exhibit. Of course as soon as your back is turned, the broad grin is on him and one of his cheeks is stuck out two inches beyond the other because his tongue is in it at your stupidity, simplicity, or folly."

Is it not through this farsightedness allied with native wit and bonhommie that we find him at home at the Bar, in the Senate and all kinds of offices? reigning supreme even in his own scambled-up shanty with its convayniant little garden where the taties grow, despite of half-work from wind and weather and the drawbacks of 15 stitches in his inside breeches and 16 tears in his outside pairs?

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O why was I not mixed—some Irish and less nice?

But Carleton to the contrary we hope to meet yet some Irishmen generous and impulsive; yes, not a few.

Thus cogitating he plodded on until far under night's bright arch for though no moon appeared full or, bed in the serene sky the stars shone, no slight substitute.

Having come to a bend in the road, well defined by a high and apparently perfect rail-fence, he resolved to wait the dawn behind it, so suggestive of shelter and defence from highway contingencies—it had been a gala day at Detroit and frequently he met reckless curricles scurrying home with 'rattlin glee.' Scrambling over he lit upon a plank long enough and broad enough to keep him from the dewey grass and, thankful, stretched himself along, his satchel under his head—more blessed than the hero of Haran, who had but a stone for a pillow, and he, too, had a vision, if not so personal, fascinating and transcendant. Casting his glance upward upon the fretted roof, the stars seemed to fall from their orbits and, near the earth, to hang resplendent chandeliers, upheld by golden chains in hands cherubic. Spears of light were shot athwart the vault profound from every starry censer and formed in all reverence—'a sea of glass mingled with fire.' All visible outlines seemed to tremble as if unreal while over all the ceaseless cicadae kept quiring to the young eyed cherubim.

"Glory beyond all glory ever seen
By waking sense or by the dreaming soul,"

and by his soaring fancy—

"Self-withdrawn into a wondrous depth
Far sinking into splendor without end."

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The effect on himself was immediate and abiding—a memory cherished and perpetual—and one lesson gained was that God generally meets mortals as he met Jacob—in times and ways they least expect. Another—that in every combination of circumstances lurks some gracious purpose that therein is a destination and a duty. In other words that God in his paternal character is ever disposing in still and benevolent wisdom the events of every individual life—pressing the pious spirit with the weight of calamity to increase the elasticity of mind, producing characters of unexpected worth by unexpected misfortune and invigorating certain virtues by peculiar probations.

"From seeming evil still educing good."

He would not for much have had the sinews of that experience weakened though it may be summed up in a few simple numbers—

A flood of glory soft and strong
Life's grace within his spirit lit—
From stern defeat drew triumph's song
And made his bearing high with it.

Thus gazing up into the boundless, blazing panorama, soft slumber,, envious of her rights, stole gently on and weighed his eyelids down—to fall on sleep so kind that even the rugged couch was soft as bed of down. How strange that the e two flexile, slender lids could shut out immensity itself from the immortal spirit! When next unclosed the jocund day concealed the riches of night which like adversity reveals infinity in all its aspects—wise, glorious, kind.

Stiff and pained from the previous day's travel, he with some difficulty drew himself together, commended himself to a gracious Providence, and went on his way.

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How he waited on his 'uncle' and received needed supplies, worked for two whole weeks in a saw-mill and lumber-yard—loading cars, etc.—before again attacked by black, offensive rheumatism, and again discharged with the formula—"I will have no man in that state work for me." How yet through this effort he managed to pay his board, his uncle and fare to Howard, belong in the ink-stand.

We leave him for the present in the tender care of a loving sister; quite safe, poor fellow, but severely hoppled.

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XXXIX.

THF SIEGE IN THE SWAMP.

A little north of the equator formed by the meeting of the Arctic and Antartic currents lies a belt of calms of about six degrees in breadth. Sailors call it the 'doldrums' because changes and storms are unknown and its only peculiarity incessant rain. So copious is the rainfall at times, says Dr. Hartwig, that fresh water has been dipped from the surface of the tropical seas. In such a state figuratively we left our invalid. He was secure from alarms, but the continuous dropping that wears away stones was then the rasping traitor in his bones.

His strength was yet renewed day by day through good cheer and superlative nursing so that he soon began to take an interest in life and his surroundings. If Detroit threw him back to his hobble-de-boyhood, Waldheight threw him yet farther into the past—the pleasures and pursuits of Paradise. We do not know another place so happily uniting rural felicity with social facility.

A visitor, thither, stepping out of the car on the lower or northern side, you see the station, a large warehouse, grocery, smithy and about half-a-dozen sleepy looking habitations. On the other side of the line among those trees on the summit of that long, easy ascent, you detect one solitary cottage. Progressing—you come to a barn, a haystack, the one-story solid-looking home of farmer Carr. No other habitation is visible thence, and you have the impression of perfect solitude; though looking down

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the western slope over fields of wheat, maize, oats, and barley that abut on a picturesque meadow fringed by a grove of trees, you see over topping them the murky track of the Air Line so suggestive of social privilege.

After two months dalliance with Ceres in this sylvan retreat he returned to his family strengthened in body and spirit. A substantial token of interest from his boyhood's friend and now brother, as an appreciation of early favors had greatly furthered this result, and by it he was enabled to pay an instalment of the sum owing as also to prepare for higher effort. Having failed so signally in manual labor through his insidious malady, he sought an entrance into legitimate teaching. Submitting to an examination he was licensed by the Commissioner and free to engage in District School-teaching.

By chance as it were, soon after, as visiting a relative some 15 miles distant, he heard of a vacancy at a place called Patville and was induced to apply. There were three trustees—Randy Rex, a stalwart Hibernian; Simon Slack, a South Briton, innocent of even the rudiments of learning, and Lucius Waring, a live Yankee. They laid their heads together on the application and the result was thus announced by Randy—"Bein as you're an ould countryman, we don't moind givin you a tryal. None of my boys will be there this term and the scholars are hard to manage, but give them the rad, give them the rad. They have run the school too long." Such was the induction to his first American school and according to its tenor his success depended upon his striking ability—on being a sort of spirituelle John B. Sullivan. To natives of countries where the teacher's appointment is permanent and the office fenced around as sacred such a charge

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may appear ludicrous, but it is not so. Sprung from parents mostly illiterate and struggling hard for a foothold, learning was only a minor attainment and, limited only as to privilege by their majority, they were more prone to criticise and 'cut up' than to improve themselves or seek those things make for general good. The system itself, lauded so highly, necessarily serves to condone this tendency. The power to elect trustees with or without culture—as in this case—thence again those empowered to hire even certified teachers as caprice or interest dictates—the consequent changes and standing of instructors as hirelings subject to the strictures and presentations of every wretched ignoramus of a trustee, are far from favorable to divinest issues.

The school itself was a one-story parallelogram capable of seating about 60 pupils a la mode. It contained two doors, two stoves, a slightly raised platform on which was a small oblong table, and around it a few large maps. No timepiece, bell, globe or other apparatus. In front was a small playground by a little runlet with which the miniature men and women exercised their vitality. On one side was the County Line, on the other the Highlow ridge passing Patville, and, between, shanties were slapdashed as from a plasterer's brush. The whole territory had been till recently dubbed the swamp and even yet betimes deserved the epithet. To reach the winter school from the city pedestrians had generally to wade nearly knee-deep in mud and slush—the fields for miles around flooded so as to appear one large lake; in case of snow to drag themselves along with deep difficulty. Vagor having arranged with Mr. Waring for board from Monday noon to Friday noon, would consequently have once a week on a winter's morning at

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four o'clock, however forbidding the weather, to walk to the depot, ride by car six miles and tramp nine through the treacherous drifts or bogs before the hours of teaching—and again after the close of the week's duties retrace his steps. Withal, a few days after his appointment, he entered upon his mission with high hopes, as it was the calling for which he felt most aptitude and had proved on Jew and Gentile. The new departure was rather interesting as it threw him back to his first and dearest home among the refugees of the sister island and recollections of their characteristics.

His self-reliance and judgment were not misplaced and to Randy's great disgust two weeks passed and never a blow struck. This was too much and, even at the expense of a broken pledge, one morning on the scene appeared a new scholar shock headed, sturdy and defiant. On being asked his name for the purpose of registration he gave a fictitious one as the teacher saw at once from the laugh evoked and a trick of manner enough suggestive of his paternity. This brought sharply down the parent's prescription for nothing was more offensive to the teacher than lying low cunning. Punish the sun of a trustee! What a casus belli! Instead, however, of removing him an elder brother next appeared, besides a son and daughter of the English trustee. Yet for a while all went well—the only trouble lack of room; for instead of pupils to the seating capacity he had more than thirty unprovided for—94 on the roll. The commissioner had been and freely approved his course and no note of hostile preparation was heard or suspected.

Just as closing for the month he heard the war whoop. The pupils had been in the practice of making an orderly exit form by form, and on this

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occasion had just begun their march when those in the rear, catching sight of Randy and Slack approaching the entrance, set up a great shout and rushed headlong for the doors—of course the trustees' scions were not behind in this demonstration. It happened so unexpectedly and unaccountably the teacher was dumfounded. He had not seen their approach and Randy, affecting holy horror, exclaimed—"Is this the school you keep? This must be stopped."

No doubt that night as crossing the swamp or even in the more attractive part of his route the musings of the victim were like his fate abrupt and peculiar. The old Greek fancy that man was the sport of the gods once granted, the swamp became their present rendezvous—Randy their rex and sport-compeller—the biggest toad in the puddle. At all events, if he were the prime mover in this case, he might rank even as a worshipful—crocodile for that too is possessed of a structure which enables it to breathe while holding the prey in his mouth and drowning it.

By and by a better philosophy than Greek or Egyptian possessed him, which gave a sphere above nature and a grace to the intuition of an infinite friend, exciting emotions of hope and cheerfulness and enabling him calmly to await developments.

"Beautiful," says Ruskin, "is repose even when based only, as of old, on the love of the creature, but more beautiful yet when the rest is one of humility instead of pride, and the trust, no more in the resolution we have taken but in the hands we hold."

Next Monday early as trudging along through a deep snow he met the redoubtable Randy who bawled from his sleigh—"You naden't go back, we

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don't want you kape school any longer." 'All right' was the teacher's response as on he wended. Nearly two miles farther he was passing the residence of Slack who stood at his front gate—"Rex says you mustn't open school any more" he shouted. 'All right' was again the rejoinder but added—"I will wait for you both at Mr. Waring's until evening and we will look into matters."

A mile further he came to the school-patch where to greet him were Mr. Waring and a crowd of scholars. After salutations particular and general he was asked by the trustee—"Have you seen Rex and Slack?" I have, was the response, and they forbade me open school. 'D——n em,' said the trustee, 'why don't they appear like men and say what is the matter? I have been around the district and found it wholly in your favor. The whole thing, Friday, was a make up—the scholars were asked by the Rexes and Slacks to join them when their parents appeared and they were easily seen from the last raised seat. I found it all out and you had better go right in and go on with your school."

"It might be best, was the reply, but I promised to wait with you until evening to give them a chance to explain themselves, and so, by your leave, I will give them a day's vacation." 'All right then you can say what you think best.' A word or two being given the scholars retired hesitatingly and venting imprecations on the absent trustees. And, in passing, here is a marvellous thing chiefly in connexion with the late Michigan experience and Carleton's ethnic disquisition—out of 94 pupils probably eighty were real Milesians one in faith, one in nationality, and one in local interests with the great Randy, and yet they stood a unit for the teacher. One would fight for him to his knees in

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blood, united would hang any intruder right up to that tree. Nor were these expressions from the teeth outward for time and verge enough were to vindicate their sincerity.

The queerly assorted pair came not and now what?

To give up at their command the hopes and anticipations of a calling so essential to him in the circumstances was most painful. At the same time on the other hand they were the majority of the district's elect and his duty as a law-abiding citizen seemed to lie in compliance. Yet having the power to appoint did that give them the power to depose without cause shown and established! He judged not and should therefore keep to honor's instant way where one but goes abreast and form at least a precedent.

He was nobly supported in this course by a neighboring farmer, with two well grown lads and a daughter at school—who guaranteed the salary in any event if he but continued.

The next morning a calm and peaceful one in December, was the beginning of the rebellion against constituted authority. The principal entered upon the enterprise in no sanguine mood as it seemed to him ridiculous almost as a piece of knight errantry—that no De Wilton pledged to hold a Castle Dangerous a year and a day in a hostile country against its rightful owner, had a more quixotic undertaking than that of holding a district school against two of three trustees. But at least one in spirit with Sir Galahad he kept to the right—

> "My good blade carves the casques of men
> My tough lance thrusteth sure,
> My strength is as the strength of ten,
> Because my heart is pure."

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A small lad was sent ahead about 9 o'clock to light the fires and make the smoke fly as a signal of possession. The hint was readily read by the quick-glancing Greeks and they speedily mustered to forty and eight. Afternoon the whole seating capacity was nearly occupied. A few days passed peacefully, embarrassment coming only from overcrowding; for, in the moral world as in the physical prosperity has its limits. Size and weight, says science, in common materials are just so far the measures of strength, but beyond a certain extent they become weaknesses; and there is an elevation and not a very high one to which if reared a tower would crush its foundation, though of adamant, or a mountain reduces its granite to dust.

Among the pupils was a Putville youth of 20 years or thereabout. Tall, robust and pleasing though swarthy and believed to be of Indian extraction. In him the teacher anticipated an exemplary friend and student but as the youth himself afterwards confessed, he was an emissary to annoy and work for the teacher's expulsion. Not able to tamper with or seduce the noble swamp phalanx he cunningly brought rowdies from south of them to upset the class organization by possessing the room already too much straitened. They were courteously asked to take the platform but refused offensively. A quiet dispatch in the first instance brought the friendly trustee and sped their exist—in the next instance they retired after a few direct words by the teacher and with them went Hunt, as we may call him, spreading it about that the teacher had insulted his friends and consequently himself.

The school still kept and nearly a month with its record had gone but there must needs be one striking item. The day begun, though along in January, was one consonant with the hymn's ascrip-

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tion—"And seems by thy sweet bounty made for those who follow thee." The teacher felt at peace with all the world—a depth of serenity impossible to ruffle, as he sat on the platform about two minutes before the hour—the pupils coming in and going out their eyes sparkling with animation. Presently a goodly lad, the eldest son of his friend the farmer—drew near his chair; the teacher perceiving instinctively there was something to communicate gave him an encouraging look, who then without preamble—"Harley Hunt is coming to school this morning, going to bring a barker and would like to see the man that could turn him out." A quiet smile was the only reply to this intelligence and the lad passed on. Not long were his words unverified for before the hour the personage talked of appeared. Coming in at the girls entrance he loomed up a heroic figure, a scarf of bright colors from his manly shoulders falling down to his knees. With a rakish air and a free cow-boyish stride he crossed the room and brought up by the boy's stove, his feet placed on the seat and his corporeity on the desk apportioned to books, slates, copies, or whatever was in order. At the word "time" each one took his or her seat excepting the hero of the hour. He sat unmoved and when asked if he had heard time called replied—"My feet's cold and I mean to warm em." "As to cold," said the teacher, "so say all of us; but you will find it more satisfactory to take your turn." "My feet's cold and I mean to warm em," was again the rejoinder. Turning to set some copy lines he hoped that a better spirit would succeed but on next looking up the hero was by the girls stove. A few more headlines were struck off and on again looking up he found the irrepressible standing by the other. Becoming tired of this the teacher gave him a slight tap on the

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shoulder with the ruler which he yet held in his hand, as an ultimatum. After a sort of feint at the teacher he strode off towards his seat but the former recalling the warning given by the lad, followed him up in time to catch his threats on his tongue, fire in his eye, the right hand on his toy and probably prevented a tragedy by giving him, Hibernice, a doldrum on the head and bidding him get.

He gat him up to his own home without more ado but he had made not only himself but his teacher famous in a way neither anticipated the day preceding. The whole thing passed so stilly and as it were aptly that probably not one of the pupils saw it throughout. The serenity of the teacher himself after all was hardly rippled, the blow given seeming simply the work of some extraneous spirit and he went on auditing and instructing as if nothing singular had transpired.

Afternoon was scarcely initiated when a tap at the door arrested attention. He found there a well-knit middle-aged man of a pleasing aspect and a little way off on the Branch Road stood a horse and buggy untended. Courteously introducing himself the stranger requested the teacher's company over to the 'corners' with respect to the affair of the morning. The latter promptly saw the point and asked him in until he had advised the trustee and surrendered the care of the school. He kindly complied and the trustee directly responding to the call he wound up month the 2nd. Soon beside the constable in his neat little trap, he was riding leisurely along to the scene of conclusions. He found him a chatty, cheery companion, who had been acquainted with farmer Carr and his own brother twenty years previously, and disposed to render him every favor consistent with duty. The terminus was a large barrack of an inn with immense par-

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lors and bar-room into which last he was ushered. On one side of a huge heating stove sat about half-a-dozen loungers of rather a superior caste as to dress and address. They looked well to-do Produce-men and did not distress the teacher with attention. Only one of them on hearing the charge and learning his indentity, for his brother's sake offered bail to the extent of $500.

Before long interviewers and comforters were legion and ructions impending in every corner as law and liquor offend. The teacher had his partizans and the scholar his and why the affair went not from brain to muscle only omniscience knows.

With a self-denial and devotion to a stranger almost unprecedented his friends secured a lawyer and witness for the next days trial by jury. In brief the plaintiff was convicted out of his own mouth and those of his own witnesses so that no other was called and the unanimous verdict elicited —"No cause for action."

The plaintiff had appeared at the trial his arm in a sling; his head bandaged and apparently all broke up, but, next day, the wraps cast aside, he was about with his bride while his threats of vengeance were so dire the teacher was counselled to arrest him. He forbore taking notice for it was not to be expected that Hunt enjoyed even a headache if he had one as much as Biddy enjoyed hers from the fun at the wake. "And did everything pass off nicely?" she was asked. "It did. Barrin the knockin the coffin off the chair and splittin it somewhat, and Mr. O'Muggins he did switch a round in the Dublin jig an' kicked the stove wid his leg an' knocked it down; but it was soon put up again. Its a great headache I've got this marnin' over the enjoyment."

The remaining period passed without interfer-

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ence and finally the trustees guaranteed his full due in a regular manner. He had also the satisfaction before his departure to learn through a reverend old citizen that Hartley Hunt regretted his course and acknowledged he was rightly served.

Thus we see that often from the feeblest means the right is most clearly vindicated—that all is not lost, deemed quixotic—that the age of chivalry and knight-errantry is not with the past, and that we are all immortal till our time comes. He also learned this lesson from his experience—the folly of sweeping charges. He had in his lonesomeness reproached a whole people and now' only a little later, as if inducted by Providence, he is cast upon their sympathy and love of right, and they are found so nobly true to their trust that he leaves them burdened by obligation and feelings only of kindness and admiration.

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XL.

RAILWAY OFFICE.

In certain states of the weather the garden spider casts to the wind a thread proceeding from her own bowels and, suspended by it, rises aloft triumphant Is not this after all a suggestion of the career of man—that paragon of animali. The atmosphere he casts in certain conditions makes room for him and carries him often whither he never anticipated. The orange tree spreads its welcome far out at sea flavoring whole leagues by its breathe and we cannot choose but be affected by it. On recalling his eccentric and eventful career our wanderer could not but feel the force of this remark. From the time when he was tendered his first school all through the consequent pilgrimage a shaping spirit had preceded and called him on so that if ever ostensibly there was a vagabond by the Grace of God he felt that individual. If his first office was a gift by the pastor the second was from the voice of the people in opposition both to pastor and patron, and kept, until recalled whence he had come. Thence by request he passed to England's farthest verge and thence was led to vast and far America.

That this influence is involuntary we may concede, for, even pious people may yet be very disagreeable while others without pretense often make a favorable impression from the essential nobility of their natural character. But back of this is the proposition that as certainly as God exists maintaining a complete and perfect goverment over the world, all events have some definite use or

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meaning which is the reason of their existence. They take place not merely by causes but for causes, that is for ends of intelligence and goodness. Accepting both propositions to be elucidated hereafter he yet could not connect the conditions or causes led to an introduction to a prominent Railway while feeling most grateful, for

> The ties that bind mankind together
> Are those beneath the iron rail."

One morning early in June of the same year he received a call to this new employment as at work in his garden, like his congener the spider—the transformed Lydian maid Arachne, who, for assuming conclusions in weaving skill with the goddess Minerva was thus presented to the future for a specimen crank, suspended in her meshes. Not that our exteacher was caught in her loom—his profits had come too often from Spain, but instinctively he was inclined to make the most of himself—leave no gift of manhood unused, uncultured. He joyfully threw aside his spade and accompanied the angel of grace—a lively, energetic Cockney with whom he was somewhat acquainted.

Passing into the west wing the first official they met was the Freight Superintendent to whom he was not unknown and by whom he was kindly presented to the agent. The duties to which he was appointed were the onerous ones of cashier and accountant so far as regarded imports while a clerk attended to copying and exports. That gentleman was tall and spare and 'tarnal cute'—could tell a lapsus pennae almost a rod away; nor was he delicate enough to conceal the matter, had not yet the magnanimity of this couplet—

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"True joy is only hope put out of fear
And honor hideth error everywhere."

Not that he was a bad fellow on acquaintance, he was rather the victim of contracting pursuits and the petting of fortune, in whose amenities he was well grounded. He had only to look from his office window and behold a large habitation with a sixfold allotment, invaluable from its situation, and he was raised at once into the prerogative of primogeniture—of the class removed from fear, and ignorant of the feelings of that class almost deprived of hope. So runs the world away!

But there was another compartment in the office, formed by a partition devised for business purposes. In that reigned the Freight chief—a different style of occupant. Of medium height and ripe age he was athletically developed—a stout, compact, strong-featured Vermonter with lots of human nature. Habitually grave his tenderness was singularly winning, his smile passing pleasant. One of these characters that the weight of great misfortunes and the perpetual annoyance of petty evils only tend to make stronger and better. He was a woman's intuitive hero—

"Rugged strength and radiant beauty
These were one in nature's plan;
Humble toil and heavenward duty—
These will form the perfect man."

The air of power from frequent doing and benevolence together, formed a beauty at least as radiant as that derived from any accident of outline, though that was prominent, and far more enduring.

But his mental gifts were most generous and of them quickness of perception and repartee were specially prominent—the right word seemed to fly

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into the right place spontaneously, so pointedly so that if ever there was a born stump—orator he it was. In the most cramped position he could turn the tables and raise a laugh at an opponent's expense—with apparent ease jump out of the tightest place. If it is wit to pick a lock and steal a horse and wisdom to let them alone, he could fool with wisdom and laugh in her face without offense. He would pick the lock of one's understanding, scatter his wits and then laugh at him so genially and contagiously that the victim felt like thanking him. He seemed one that could 'sell the fiery Peter sword and all and, in his bewilderment walk right into Paradise the biggest kind of archangel.'

It may be thought we exaggerate in these statements so, dear reader, we turn to something definite—his effective voluntary aid at our adventurer's advent. Shortly thereafter his mate was taken sick and the whole routine of the office fell to him innocent of railway lore. Then it was this friend exemplified a patience, self-denial, and sympathy beyond expression—with a grasp of the scope and details of railway enterprise left nothing to be desired. Multifarious as his own details were he never failed at the critical moment to straighten out Kit's difficulties. You may salute him Cyrus B. Longinus.

Thus happily freed from business anxiety Vagor was enabled to look around and enjoy the smiles of life—even Silas the joker thought him the right peg in the right hole. Of course this presupposes a home of confidence and love and such the reader may have gathered was here the case. In all his lonely wanderings as we have seen, his mind was signally free from worry. He added his own burden of parental authority to his partner's confident of her co-operation and influence for right, and

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most nobly was the spirit of virtue or manliness fostered by her. To the youngest of eight, all found or endeavored to find their hands sufficient for them and this bias for humble toil and heavenward duty she rightly judged no mean substitute for the grace of learning. For each of them her special longing was the spirit of glory and of God, that home should be attractive: and homes multiplied to their limit attest her success.

But the confidence was reciprocated and to him a source of complacence and energy. Throughout the four years evening teaching at a distance of as many miles, mostly through a gloomy glen and forest with considerable gains often, she never showed timidity save once when an exploring party was sent on. In all hours he had walked the region of the ominous docks and later been subjected to danger and bonds from which a large sum offered as equivalent was considered an impertinence, still her fortitude and faith in his destiny were untroubled and buoyant. Well, then, at this time was he prepared to enjoy the panorama of his office and sometimes lisp in numbers for the numbers came. Of the first or business order passes by the man of plows and molds—a parody on Shakespear's lank and hungry Roman. "I hate him for he thinks too much—he is too lean." Large, rubicund, smiling more vital seems the scene through him. Even on his nasal tip has mirth her dimple placed and said, "O Cassius mine with you I'll live."

A produce man follows, a high and sharp antithesis. A prosperous, real anomaly that no fellow can find out for he seems the antitype of anything but favoring fortune. A sterling character after all only enamored of the syren melancholy which strips the distance of its phantasies and brings life near in utter darkness, making the cold reality too real.

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And after him a train in long review.

Of whom the devil himself may claim his due for, to speak by the card, we must be careful.—"Take heed what you say, sir! an hundred honest men! Why if there were so many i'th city, 'twere enough to forfeit their charter."

But here comes a classic band of local carriers big with expectation, eager to anticipate their load. Each has his route and patrons to consider. Large, calm and genial, aaron leads, awaiting his discharge; supports him lusty David, rosy-red with life and laughter. Owen now comes grave, sedate and now fun-loving, genial James. Regarding all with merry twinkle, square and sinewy Maury falls to him that takes the mind most. But no, the coast is not yet clear. The hearty loud vie gehts proclaims the funny Deutcher man—from vaterland two years old already. He is the bay of plants aromatic—to come within his hail is enough to mesmerize one with the glamor of glee. Ah, still they come! Step light Lou and show your pretty feet you are the girl can Sammy quickly beat. Sam could not outrun even an old woman in sabots. He carries freight both ways—one way within and that becomes tanglefoot and prevents easy motion. Grave as an owl and with eyes as wide he receives his mandamus for feight and narrowly scans it. "A misdeal, a misdeal," he probably mutters, "all wrong, all wrong—Make that date reglar, reglar, have it reglar." So remarkable is this trait that his fellow draymen, quick to seize any peculiarity, assert that for every schooner of beer he imbibes on his route he turns an extra fold in the rug on which he sits, either from habit or for tally. And here arises an apt illustration showing how great things from little things may rise no less than a battle royal from a wrinkle in a drayman's rug.

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"Hallo, Sam," says an incomer, "an phat for was that twisht in your rug on Market Shtrate?" The look on Sam's face is sublimely ominous and now—T Tom I'll t twisht your n nose for you" and for him he goes. But that object is not reached for Cyrus B. intervenes and in his own irresistibly droll way reminds them that little children never should let angry passions rise—nor could he yet in this same case suppose that older kids should twisht each others nose. The last comer, too, is a character in his way. Without learning he has acquired a fund of knowledge from experience in Ireland and the States—east and west; through which he stands well in society. At the head of one too. This seeming incongruity gave Cyrus B. a chance to indulge his 'selling' prospensity and invoke the curiosity of Thomas. One morning, opportunity favoring, he picked up a large neighboring newspaper and read a grand, glowing, eulogium on this citizen of Highlow concluding with a flattering poem that alluded to an intended visit to his native village and assuming that his dog Spot and horse Roque would bear him company—the former a kind of hound and the latter a beast of Megatherian proportions and speed. He was not much sold, but strongly wanted a copy of the lines, which were given him to his own and family's amusement and, as they have had no imprimatur hitherto they are here submitted.

1.

Ye boys of swate Cashkerrigan
  Tune up your harp with pride
No longer to be mute as on
  A halfpenny's backside.

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2.

Your own renowned O'Gallagher
Of these twin worlds the boast
On his stout Roque—a rock of sinse
With galliant Spot—a host—

3.

Returns to greet his own dear land
And make your eyes more bright;
For, like the shamrock, three in one,
Love, valor, wit unite!

4.

For love and wearing constancy
Go search the world around
Where will you find a brack to match
An Irish bowld bloodhound?

5.

For strength and matchless valor, too,
In steeple chase or shock
Where will you find an aiqual to
The brave owld charger Roque?

6.

And as for him the rover bowld
From far Niagara
Sure he's the boy that wit may claim
Wid Kerry's wild hurra,
hurra, hurra, hurra.

We will now acquaint you, reader, with a freight hand—one you wont catch with an apology for obtruding or for his position. Just allude to a mistake or oversight that might be his and the conversation of Sterling, characterized as sheet ligthning, would be tame in comparison. His whole

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mien will sparkle with antitheses and fulminations and often it was Kit's aim to tempt these emotions but never succeeded. He had his joke nevertheless for this jolly old Lyon of Lynn was as spry and larky as a youth of sixteen. One day discussing the playful requirements of life Billy striking a pugilistic attitude exclaimed—"All the spice Bill needs is the use of these here two good fistis." Shortly thereafter in one of the journals appeared Railosophy—a short poem over the sign Billy Dunnit, the last verse of which will illustrate its tendency.

When fortune seems most to go back
And has brought us up sharp to a stand
She will quick as Owd Swick move her switch
And send blessings first-class to our hand.
There's a noble conductor somewheres
As looks over life's issues and listis
And to Bill all the spice that he needs
Is the use of these here two good fistis.

Billy was a Christian and of a high order too, for his cheeriness was a paean of praise—even the cat attended him as her angel, and specially so at noon for his care was to have her also a good supply.

Of this circumstance a comical advantage was taken and in the Highlow Times appeared the 'Parody with a Moral' over the same pseudonym. As a specimen doggerel and illustrative of the rhymer's spirit of enjoyment we submit it here.

1.

There was a man named William L.
Well known on Union St.;
Who had a speckled tabby cat
That could not well be beat:
"She'd catch more rats, and mice, and sich,
Than forty cats could eat."

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2.

This cat would come into the room
And climb upon a 'cheer,'
And there she'd sit and lick herself
And purr so awful queer
That William L. would moralize
And ruminate severe;

3.

For William, like that other Will
Immense in wit and fable,
Unguarded let his old chin wag
O'er Tabby's hoop of sable
And says, says he, you're like that chap
A sitting at the table.

4.

You curve your spine and claw, and spit
Your ire so vain and high
With more of spite and less of force
Than Cyrus B.'s shoefly;
But listen what befell poor Tom
For acting so awry!

5.

When he was curving on his spine
And waiting to attack
A cat upon another fence
There came an awful thwack,
And that there crusty Thomas cat
Got busted in the back.

6.

So don't you get your back up puss
Though lives you may have nine,
But lay this lesson well to 'art'
And get it proper fine:
You bet that cove wot looks so high
Had better mind his spine.

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XLI.

JAWITT SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY.

The Jawitt Scientific Society, Highlow, Cataract County. What words else so euphonious or attractive could reach one athirst for power and culture? Scientific Jawers! Shades of Coleridge and Macaulay was a name so delightfully definite not enough to materalize you then and there? Or shrank you back abashed to see that other S. T. C. vivisect his subject with more than critic power until the heart alone lay pulsing full in view? to hear through shapely, shaven jaws come forth continuous words so convolved they bring us airs from the early cocene or blasts from les prairies tremblantes?

At ael events this enterprise as noble as novel was highly patronized and a source of unfailing entertainment. The last probably from its wise constitution admitting to membership all of fair attainments and good standing—the meetings besides public and gratuitous. We call this ordinance wise because it is the uniform tendency of purely speculative and scholastic science to shroud itself in mystery and technicalities beyond the grasp of simple intelligible reason. "Thus" says Verplank, "men of erudition and science often impose upon themselves as well as upon others." "To the end," says Herschell, "that it may receive correction by passing through many minds, it is necessary that science should be divested, as far as possible, of artificial difficulties, and stripped of all such technicalities as tend to place it in the light of a craft

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or mystery inaccessible without a kind of apprenticeship. Not to do this is to deliberately reject the light which the natural, unencumbered good sense of mankind is capable of throwing on every subject, even in the elucidation of principles."

It was the third meeting of this society to which attracted by its prospectus, was led our friend Vagor—the honor of becoming a member had not once struck him. The orator who had specially the floor that night happened to be no less a personage than his friend Dr. S. T. C., whose role was Vivisection and its lessons. The masterly and literal manipulation of his subject over and relaxation in order the visitor was astounded at hearing his own name proposed and seconded for membership and nem. con., contrary to the usual practice of nominating one night and balloting the next, declared forthwith a member of the Highlow Jawit Scientific Society. To say that he was gratified would be inadequate he was overwhelmed by a sense of unfitness and their generous magnanimity to a foreigner; for he was not even naturalized. Accepting gladly, however, the greatness thrust upon him he entered with zest and ardor into the spirit of his mission. Among the first donations if not the first towards forming a museum was that of an osprey, shot in a grove adjacent to his home and presented by him. The citizens catching kindly the idea contributed freely and soon that institute creditible in quality and proportion was secured to the city. And here in passing we would commend such an institute the world over as God's natural lexicon—a corrective and mirror invaluable. We are apt to live in a world of our own creating rather than in that which is, and only the variety and specialty of objects brought within the scope of the mind's perceptions can counteract this tendency.

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As an illustration of the strength of our shaping presumption the reception given to the rediscovery of the giraffe is most apposite. The traveler was met with a storm of ridicule. "It was impossible that any animal could have so long a neck without overbalancing itself—impossible that a mammal could have three horns, one on each side of the head and the other in the middle. If it had so long and inflexible a neck it could not graze, and being a ruminant animal would die of hunger." Other traits were equally objectionable to the savans until acquaintance revealed reality passing all conjecture. But, inhabiting the same country is an animal everywhere its opposite and no less anomalous—the Lee Coe or hippopotamus. Instead of daintily plucking the leaves of trees one by one, it feeds hugely on grass and other herbage. Instead of a long neck reaching the branches of trees it has one so thick and short that it is almost merged in the body. Instead of being clothed with a coating of beautifully mottled fur, its skin is quite bare and oily. Its legs are as short in proportion as those of the giraffe are long and instead of being swift of foot is slow and clumsy on land though swift in the water which the giraffe never enters. It can be dry even when submerged, the front teeth act like the blade of a mowing machine, and the hinder teeth or molars serve as grindstones. They furnish a peculiarly hard and white ivory which does not turn yellow like ordinary ivory and so are largely used in the manufacture of artificial teefh. Besides, naturalists talk of animals doubly anomalous as of the celebrated narwhal—a tooth of which, says Wood, gave rise to the horn of the fabulous unicorn. It sometimes measures seven feet from base to tip when removed from the animal.

What! a tooth seven feet long and taken for a horn!

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Evidently the Sam Hill scientists were not consulted as to the regularty of creation. "He spake and it was done, he commanded and it stood fast," Thus specimens serve to correct the teachings of such regular scientists as balk at the build of a giraffe and yet would evolve a world after their own understanding yea admonish the infinite shapei himself to have it "reglar, reglar, to make it reglar."

From this institute as a corrective let us regard it as a mirror—to represent man to himself or what is the same thing supply him with images to express his sentiments and thoughts. "What" asks a great thinker, "if there were no base, disgustful or unbeautiful things in the world, if every image were an image of God's beauty unmarred, every object cast in the molds of ideal order and unblemished life? There would be no language to represent or figure wrong, bad character, vice, moral obliquity or corruption; all because there is no representational matter out of which figures to carry a bad impression can be drawn. What benefit can be got in living when we cannot think, distinguish, express, or interpret one single working of our disorder? The very thing now wanted above every thing else is a good supply of disfigurements, distortions, uncomely shapes, loathsomenesses, objects of aversion and disgust. Only so can we get such terms as vile, unclean, rotten, lame, distorted, crabbed, depraved, and 500 others of the same class all based on the unbeautiful things of nature. And anyone can see that without these forms of language all the moral uses of life would fail. It would be impossible to carry on our moral training if we could not be insphered in conditions that reflect express, and continually raise in us the idea ot whaf we are.

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Evil as a law of selfishness begets rapacity, violence, and even a certain ferocity in wrong—nor is it limited nor defined save by the venomous principle incorporated in many animals. The revenge of elephants, the cunning stealth of foxes, the prey of wolves and tigers, the blood hunger of leeches—not all the powers of damage and destruction wielded by all the animals can at all represent the moral quality of that principle which does evil because it is evil, perpetrates mischief because it is mischief, and havoc because it has that kind of power. Only venom can sufficiently do it and without it the moral furniture of the world would be incomplete."

We have concisely submitted Dr. Bushnell's reasoning and gather just one or two nuggets strewn so profusely over his golden pages. The insignificance of size! A single mosquito will torture a man all night when if it were a horse or an elephant he would very shortly have him in control. If we die for the bite of an ant it signifies as much to us as that we die for the bite of a tiger. So that insignificance detracts not from our responsibility but signifies all the more that we avoid stinging the immense sensibility of God's goodness. Those unsightly things put us endeavoring after improvements, is another nugget. Nature we say is rough and wild, valuable mainly as a good possibility given for the production of something better. The very effort puts our thoughts climbing in all directions. Our aspirations personal, moral, spiritual are all put struggling up into a better key. He loves to put us trying to create some kind of beauty; for he knows that in doing it we must think it.

As to the composition of the society he found on his appointment as treasurer, a few months after initiation, 98 members, comprising 1 judge, 15 law-

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yers, 9 physicians, 1 chemist, 2 dentists, 3 bankers, 2 editors and others exempt from or occupying defined positions. The president, vice-president, corresponding secretary, were physicians but all were so colored o'er with the polar cast of scientific thought it was impossible to discriminate the devotee from the votary of fashion. Just as wherever the world is remarkably uniform in color and appearance all the animals, birds and insects alike necessarily disguise themselves in its prevailing tint to escspe detection. In the arctic snows for example we are told that all animals without exception must be snow white. The ptarmigan and willow grouse become as white in winter as the vast snow fields in which they burrow. The ermine, snow-bunting, weasel assimitate in hue to the unvarying garb. To be out of the fashion is there quite literally to be out of the world; no half measure will suit the stern decree of polar biology. Nor did this uniform scientific hue even in Highlow prevent the cropping out of class bias and peculiarities. The doctors with one eminent exception were conservative and the lawyers like their own ermine nothing if not critical. Positivism evolution, or any other solution backed by pure reason found able and eloquent defenders, though betimes some resembled those mimetic flies in the Malay Archipelago which counterfeit wasps or hornets, and have their tails sharpened in terrorem with a pretended sting to give point and verisimititude to the deceptive resemblance. The mighty swelling air of one such scientist, after proving unity of locomotion in man, beast, bird and fish, as he exclaimed—"Why is this thus?" was something worth remembering apart from its application.

In sooth few have the scientific temper or insight which can escape its undue influence. There is

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nothing like science said one night the president to Christopher who rejoined 'I don't think so.' "Why, why," iterated the interrogator, and 'why' demanded the recording secretary revealing unqualified surprise! An interruption prevented reply, but we may conjecture some of his reasons for dissent. 1. To discover the laws of operative power in material production whether formed by man or brought into being by Nature herself is the work of science—of the pure intellect. But art is greater than intellect for to create is more than to know. Criticism comes after poetry—the maker first, the analyzer afterwards. 2. The fact that the results of science and accumulations of knowledge are far beyond the means of any single intellect to work out for itself renders science as science, anything but an infallible light. Tyndal for instance finds in matter every form and quality of life—the region of emotion, the sphere of religion among the rest! Betraying his egregious ignorance of what he is talking. He omits altogether that axiomatic faith which alone is a controlling influence and worth the name. As the mathematician has his axioms which he cannot doubt and on which he elaborates his demonstrations so the man who thinks of morality and religior, or his relation to society and to heaven must have his fixed and sure principles of argument and mental regulation. Hence true faith is the opposite of fancy and negation of fanaticism. The leper so seemingly emotive is really an exponent of this axiomatic faith; for, through that, he must have penetrated the identity of the Saviour with the Lord God foretold by Isaiah, Chapter XL and 16—"Behold the Lord God will come against the strong—his reward is with him and his work before him. He shall feed his flock like a shepherd, shall gather the lambs with his arm and carry them

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in his bosom." So judging in the spirit of fairness from what he saw and heard, he worshipped him and was rewarded with healing and the glorious fruition of faith. Who would not forego the fruits of science for such rich and reasonable grace as this? 3. Science or pure reason has untrammeled had its day and it has been found that no nation has been delivered from barbarism by research or mathematics—that religion, poetry, and the useful arts have ever been the means that have improved society and held it together. Observe what Emerson says of an old Greek who lived before the Christian era—"In Plato you explode modern Europe in its causes and seed—all that in thought which the history of Europe embodies or has yet to embody. The well informed man finds himself anticipated. Plato is up with him too. Nothing has escaped him." And yet what is historical testimony to the then state of that country? Their superstitions shut out the free grace of nature from poetic vision and excluded from the ken the high beatings of the soul. No wild excursiveness of fancy marked their lighter poems—no magestical struggle of the passions and high actions filled the scene no genial wisdom threw a penetrating yet lovely light on the silent recesses of the bosom. And what of the effects of devotion to science in this present era on scientists themselves! The New York Examiner of last December 25, 1890, happening propitiously into our hands we find at once an answer direct and decided under an article leaded, Is it worth the while. The writer asserts that the author of a paper in the New Englander "finds no difficulty in proving that the mere contemplation of the doctrine of evolution and of the facts which support it, can never advance moral culture, but must have directly the contrary effect. He shows

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this clearly in the case of Darwin and Spencer, who, though their personal habits of moral feeling were already fixed, yet, under the influence of this doctrine, have come to be increasingly despondent, not to say at last indifferent, as to any essential significance or worth in human existence. He shows Huxley also under the same pressure, coming to the same feeling of contempt for humanity and its prospects in the past, present and future." "Now"—the reviewer comments—"these are familiar facts indeed, though less threatening and imperious, they were familiar facts before evolution, or before Darwinism at least, was ever heard of." Just as the earth must borrow from the sky to an ineffable extent in order to have its own beauties enjoyed we see (4) at a glance with Professor Sedgwick, himself a first-class scientist, "that the high attributes of the soul called forth by divine faith, confer on it a creative energy—aid it even in its generalizations from pure reason, bring before it vivid images of the past and glowing anticipations of the future, teach it to link together material and immaterial things, and to mount from earth to heaven."

All that is refined in civilized life, all that is lofty in poetry or ennobling in art flow chiefly from this fountain. We name only Faraday the discoverer, and Dr. Bushnell whom scientists themselves claim as possessed of the keenest and most far reaching insight into the laws and causes of operative power; both teachers of this faith as given by America's beloved bard Whittier.

"No fable old nor mystic lore nor dream of bards and seers
No dead fact stranded on the shore of the oblivious years—
But warm, sweet, tender, even yet a present help is he
And faith has yet its Olivet and love its Galilee."

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XLII.

JEAN LE SOLDAT.

Those who are acquainted with the laws of sound can so manage matters as that a whisper can pass silently over a crowd and be heard distinctly by one more distant for whom it is intended. Sound may also be doubled and redoubled by reflections from surfaces and it is very possible to hear some of those reflected sounds when the original sound is not heard. The writer's abode for instance within a few yards of one railroad and only a few hundred from another he is frequently unable to assign the trains to their tracks or even affirm the order of their going—west or east. Only time—taken literally by the clock—and experience correct his primitive impressions. Is there not thus some subtle law of feeling apprehended by one who alone is implied even in an office surrounded by fellow employees—may not an unkind impulse or otherwise be inexpressibly reflected by means palpable only to those interested? The course of events in the Highlow Freight office at this time, beginning with a change of agents, was no inapt parallel. The parting officer courteous, generous, social, was displaced by one cold self-contained and dark as a pessimist. The first, cheering and encouraging, showing personal interest in every employee, was not more esteemed than beloved; the last, whose manner indicated nothing save guarded business interest gendered only distrust and thoughts of unknown evils or undeserved cuttings off. In illustration, by attention and painstaking producing a per-

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fect Monthly Report of Station business, he was kindly and repeatedly commended by the former, but by nothing was the latter ever cordially moved. If the employee felt the reserve not only unkind but unjust we need hardly censure him. The Almighty himself in Holy writ advises those well affected to him to say so, and it is surely a fair inference that something is lacking or rotten in the disposition when a meed of appreciation is withheld. He yet relaxed none of his efforts of duty—determined to shun the appearance of anything might entitle him to lenity, pursuing the even tenor of his way, calmly awaiting developments and cheered by the smiles of friendship.

Though in accord with this resolve he surrendered the office of treasurer, it did not affect the regard of the members who substituted the less onerous but more honorary one of curator. He had also the honor of presenting two addresses such that both were published by request under the society's auspices and highly lauded by the press.

Other events hardly less gratifying transpired as when the lady secretary claimed him her old teacher.—A young physician of medium height and Roman profile has just given a practical chemical lecture—lucid unaffected, direct, and thereby taken the hearts as the understandings of the hearers and spectators by surprise. Who is he? Well he also is a quondam scholar—has put a spoke in Vagor's wheel of fortune, and perfected the hub round which he now revolves. It was some years previously as standing by his wooden horse in the Hyraulic basement, that the youth, then a young machinist, loomed upon him poking about for a suitable casting. He saw him frequently for months but no salutation passed between them and, only when the select school was inaugurated was

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he formally known to him. The relationship of teacher and pupil lasted only about two months for, as we have already seen, the enterprise collapsed. But incredible as it may seem the grasp which the pupil acquired of Latin fired his zeal and prompted him the way he was to go. To a business friend he expressed his gratitude and interest in the teacher and the merchant availing himself of his opportunity declared the teacher's name and qualities to the agent in view of railway employment. Thus was explained a riddle that had exercised the teacher's thoughts for years and only solved in a casual chat with him whom we delight to honor as Dr. W. Marion Micross. The solution of his call to the office was gratifying extremely as a grateful mind by owing owes not but still pays indebted and discharged. His friend Cyrus B. also had previously spoken to the agent in his behalf—asked the place for a friend; but inadvertently he omitted the name, and therefore his surprise was unlimited when the agent expressly nominated his friend, and asked that he be sent for. His wonder was not lessened when in answer to an enquiry Kit assured him he had neither written to the agent nor had a personal interview.

Ah, how much guess work is done by poor mortals stumbling on in the laush of destiny! How kind and assuring is a grip of faith's transforming hand as on we fare through Life's misty vale!

Nor thus was his pastime fully occupied but in the old, hilarious Billy Dunnit spirit he frequently scribbled an article or doggeree for the press—poetry he never assumed. Among others one intended to draw out the poet-doctor a long time silent. As it may indicate some admirable trait to the future biographer of a man already of cyclopedic fame we submit the tentative and reply.

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HARP OF THE LOCKS.

1.

Harp of the locks that silent long hast hung
  Where is the bard so well could sweep thy strings?
Or has his fancy spread her soaring wings
  To leave those scenes and characters unsung?
With all old Highlow's learned clubs in vogue
  Will nobody be giving you a jog?

2.

Before me rise the Forge's massive walls
  As if prepared some treasure well to keep;
And who would care to come within the sweep
  Of artful, wonder-working what d'ye calls,
Or small Niagaras less her stunning clatter— [water
  Might quench the flames of Hades with Highlow

3.

There at the base of that abrupt abyss
  The Erie channel joins the East and West
Until John Frost calls Hold! give us a rest:
  And by and by you'll have that other kiss
From Zephyr which presents more wealth to these
  Than all the winds to Gates of Hercules.

4.

To right and left along the gully's banks
  Are verities had graced old Maro's lyre
And set a heart of hickory on fire—
  While all around in wit and beauty's ranks
To ranks of grave and reverend statesmen we
  Find themes demand the touch of S. T. C.

5.

Once on a time one of the South Sea fellows
  While fishing hooked on to a rock concealed
And pulled until an island stood revealed—

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The largest in that group old legends tell us—
And now upon some hacking and subsoiling
The very rarest, best in the whole boiling!

6.

But who may chronicle the feat of Maine
Who gallantly hooked on the bill Amnesty,
And conjured up a continent so testy
That for a while 'twas cut and come again,
And showing statesmen in centennial fashion
Can get into a most primeval passion?

7.

But, harp of harps! I now must cease my clacking
Or by–not George the saint–but George the father
As continentals love to have it rather,
I fear you will like Larry's breast be cracking—
Times hand that gives the shortest faintest sound
Its end may serve as well as the profound.

To the tempter's delight the reply came through the same medium and headed

A JOG.

Given by the Lines on the Fourth Page of Saturday's Journal.

1.

A railroad depot (sorry one must know it)
Is famed for music—many a rasping toot
From screeching whistle when 'twas time to blow it
We all have heard. But now the duleet lute
That late has hung upon the freight house walls
Struck by its master sweetly on us calls.

2.

Yes, calls on me; for Samuel Taylor Coleridge
The other rhymister known as S. T. C.—
So long ago accepted Charon's ferriage

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That I alone may answer 'K. Burleigh'
Harp of the Locks awake and show 'the city'
Your rusty strings can jingle forth a ditty.

3.

Has he not learned that every local poet
Is without honor in his own domain,
And he who feels the fire and dares to show it
Had better "cut" and never "come again!"
For if he gives the bread of fancy freely
The masses will return him stones severely.

4.

And should he gain of praise his rightful guerdon,
It were far better round his neck was hung
A la blind kittens some sufficient burden
So he would drown the moment he had sung;
For Highlow water power hell-fire may smother
But not green jealously that kills its brother.

5.

And now, dear Kit, this is your mete and measure
A God of beauty in all things to see!
But keep as still as death about your pleasure
Nor hint in verse of what it is to be
So filled to fulness with divinest things
That all unconsciously you smite the strings.

6.

The happiest man that lives must be the poet
Who has his forces in such prime command
That he can feel and let nobody know it;
Can see and hear and truly understand
All of the art sublime, and still keep quiet—
Like one who drinks the wine and shuns the riot.

A few lines of response which we partially give here, from the originator, closed the correspondence.

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The invocation of the abused Dray Horse was from a scene too familiar.

* * * * * * * *

Say, may we not when all is said and done
Speak earnestly the truth in way of fun?

The sweetest bliss 'tis said is born of pain—
The safest guide from dark, deceitful night—
And who would care to never come again
If always shone Orion's measure bright?
And here Sir Knight if such a charming strain
Still echo forth I'll build more forts in Spain.

A student in life's Art and Social Club
The Devil takes you hindmost, while that I
Secura cura seize a lawless stub
And trace Queen Mab wherever she may fly.—
The other day all in the pelting rain
I heard her in an old dray horse complain-

1.

O where and O where has that human gone
That I've carried in weal and woe?
And I here so long in this pitiless storm
Because that he carries on so!

2.

Oh. tarries he yet by that Lotus cup
Which makes him a thing of scorn!
And me—by those cars and this platform high—
A captive to founder forlorn!

3.

He heeds not my woes as I own not his traits
Of selfishness, passion, and hate,
But solidly good only offer him love
And courage and services great.

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4.

Yet know, cruel man, you may yet come to mourn
The virtues and wit of the stall—
He fareth the best with God's provender blest,
Is kind to his beast as to all.

And now it fell out that our cashier must descend from his high horse from which he had met life's duties and responsibilities with a gay heart for nearly four years. True, occasionally from certain indices, with good old Job he feared a fear and that which he feared came upon him hot and strong as the stroke of the Sabeans; but, on the whole, during this period he crossed a flowery oasis. Just as going to dinner, one noon, he was called aside by the agent and informed that he was no longer required—his services thenceforth would be rendered by his son—that no fault could be found with him and, continued he, "on applying for another situation refer to me." Such was the tenor of his dismissal but in the afternoon he suggested a place as switchman or one in the freight-house. As both were impracticable from his rheumatic tendency he asked the latter appointment for his son and had his way. Thinking from his long experience he would have no difficulty in securing another desk, he wrote a direct statement of the facts to Head Quarters requesting employment in kind whereever possible. Before receiving a reply he submitted to the agent a copy of his application who found no fault therewith. Judge then of his surprise and indignation on receipt of this type-written effusion through a deputy

Yours of the 11th inst to Mr. E. C. Jr. has been referred to me for action and reply.

I dont know of any vacancy at present on our road and as you surrendered your position at 'High-

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low' to your son I dont see as you have any claim on this company.

Perhaps Mr. B. may be able to find something for you to do, but I don't think you are entitled to recognition of any kind after misrepresenting facts and traducing the motives of so worthy and upright a gentleman as Mr. W. S. G."

A more oblique statement never issued from even the father of lies and we submit the rejoinder evidently from tingling fingers.

"A note from you purporting to be an answer to mine of the 11th to E. C., Jr.

If you have seen that statement to E. C., Jr., you know not what truth is, judging from your missal.

I said I was removed from the Freight Office for the son of Mr. W. is it not so? He is there now fulfilling my duties. I was offered the place of a laborer in the Freight House for which I was unfitted and my son took it—My entrance into the office was direct at a salary of $— monthly.

Was this not a removal?

To repeat your assertion that I have at all misrepresented would, speaking in the mildest most reasonable manner, make you simply an incorrigible liar. Please submit this to E. C., Jr.

K. B."

Did Dr. Bushnell speak feelingly when he showed the need of the venomous principle in nature as a representational? Misrepresent facts! The only fact in question was there to answer for itself. Traducing motives! Not one suggested, much less thought of—only a plain statement of the length of time and office held, on the strength of which a like service was solicited wherever possible. He had not been inducted by the present agent and a reinstatement was not even wished.

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Another missal came promising investigation but whether ever made was to him unknown.

The deputy was an honorable man so were they all—all honorable, and sinking an employer's cockle boat with all its facts and aspirations, would not in the smallest affect their gentility. His hawser at any rate was ruthlessly cut and he set adrift on hungry Eld's inhospitable shores. "Too proud would be the eye ne'er moistened by a tear."

It was winter and he could not hear the chorussed whisper of fair flowers 'Be calm—be quiet!' but he could nevertheless appreciate their teaching and heed a suggestion of such grace; "for the mind is a coral-stone around which thoughts cluster silently in stillness, but are scared away by tumult." In things mortal and in things divine the spirit of wisdom, says Wallace, descendeth like a dove. Mistrust as well the strength as the honesty of the ever active; respect the counsel and revere the goodness of the quiet and the still.

The meditative Emerson tells us a certain compensation balances every gift and every defect. The good are befriended even by weakness and defeat. The nature and soul of things, as he puts it, takes on itself the guaranty of the fulfillment of every contract so that honest service cannot come to loss. Every stroke shall be repaid. The longer the payment is withheld the better for you, for compound interest on compound interest is the rate and usage of this exchequer. A better lot his then than gliding over liquid, lazy plains that never made a sailor or a hero either.

Regarding thus his changes as only great moral advantages pushing him on to higher points of character he cheerily assumed the old vagabond role. As the old soldier said 'to repine would only make bad blood' and, besides, what had he to fear

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who for so many years at that point had been the Company's cashier and could leave any moment without fear and without reproach?

To amuse his leisure some one handed him a French newspaper, and the end was soon attained, for he struck Marmier's story of Jean le Soldat, which he, for the fun of it, proceeded to copy—taken with its cheering lessons and suggestions to himself. As it may interest a few we risk a synopsis.

JOHN THE SOLDIER.

John the soldier after 24 years service left his battalion possessed of only a pound of bread and six maravedis—3 cents nearly. Trudging along the highway he said to himself: a pound of bread and six maravedis—my savings for 24 years! But under God's favor why should I repine? I would make myself only bad blood. At this time Our Lord with Saint Peter were making a tour of the world. They met the poor soldier in the way and Peter asked alms. What can I give you said John? I who have served the king 24 years for a pound of bread and 6 maravedis. As Peter insisted the charitable John drew his knife, made three parts of the bread, and gave two to the travelers. Repeatedly meeting them he gave until he wished to congratulate himself on something to eat.

Master said Saint Peter to our Lord will you do anything for this poor man who with us has shared his bread and mite? Yes, replied our Lord, ask him what he desires.

John after grave reflection replied. "Here is my empty sack, I desire all to enter it that I wish."

"So be it," said our Lord.

Some minutes after, going through the village John observed at the door of a store a loaf white

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as snow and an appetizing sausage. "Into my sack," said he; in an imperious tone. Into it forthwith the bread rolled and the sausage glided and were eaten before the owner and his son reached him.

The evening he arrived at a village where he must needs pass the night and from the mayor he demanded a lodging.

"I can lodge you," replied the mayor, "in a beautiful house which nobody dares enter because it is haunted by a frightful apparition. If you are not afraid you will there do well. You will find at hand excellent provisions for that man who comes each night was very rich."

"Good," cried John, "I ask no better."

He went to the empty house and to his delight found a vault and dining room well furnished. To fortify himself against apparitions after lighting a candle he cut off a solid piece of bacon and qualified it with a pitcher of wine. As he was thus agreeably occupied he heard a voice in the chimney cry—"Tomberaije"—Shall I tumble?

"Tumble if you will," replied John, already heated by the wine. "He who has served, etcetera, fears nothing. At the same instant he saw the limb of a man falling upon the inlaid floor! "Do you want to be buried?" demanded the soldier emptying his glass. With one of the toes the leg made a negative sign. Again the voice said: "Tomberaije?" "Fall if you like," replied John, "he who has served the king 24 years fears nothing. Then he saw a second falling through the chimney, then a bust and arms, then a head which adjusted itself, the members having come together—and before him appeared the owner pursued by justice. "John the soldier," said he, with a voice one could hardly hear without a pang of terror, "I see that you are

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brave." "That is true," replied John, "I fear nothing. But what can he fear who has during 24 years served the king for a pound of bread and 6 maravedis?" "Don't disturb yourself about poverty. If you do what I desire to save my soul, you will be rich. Will you do it?" "Certainly I am ready to tie together your four members so they will never part more." "It seems to me you are drunk!" "No, there are three degrees of drunkenness, I am only in the first." "Eh, well, follow me." They went into the cellar and to be brief John agreed to distribute one of 3 crocks full of money among the poor, to give the second for prayers for the repose of his soul, and to retain the 3rd all gold to himself on fulfilling these conditions.

This brought upon John the wrath of Lucifer who felt robbed of that soul saved by the prayers of the poor and of the church, and a little imp very lively and cunning volunteered to entrap and carry him off.

One morning he found John seated tranquilly in his garden "Good morning, Master John," said he.

"Good morning my little man. You are very ugly, but it amuses me to look at you. Do you smoke?"

"No, I don't smoke."

"Will you take a drink?"

"No, I don't drink."

"Why then have you come to me?"

"To take you with me."

"Very well—while I am seeking provisions for the long journey amuse yourself by climbing that fig tree and picking some of that beautiful fruit." The little devil who was a gourmand hastened to profit by that invitation. John returned holding in his hand the instrument of safety and cried:

"Into my sack."

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Swearing, kicking, making frightful contortions the devil was forced to enter the terrible sack. John took a bar of iron and pounded the captive in a way to break all his bones. Then he let him go.

By the horns of the moon cried Satan in a terrible rage that proud soldier shall pay me for these injuries. I will myself seek him.

"You shall see," he addressed John, "in what corner of hell I will place thee." "Ah! truly! It is I who assume to give you a lodging." "You! vile insect!" "Yes, all entire—tail and horns." "Enough of boasting," cried the infernal king, stretching towards the soldier his great arms with their great claws. "Into my sack" cried John. The devil in vain tried to save himself—he struggled, he kicked, but, bellowing, roaring, he was forced to enter. John took a sledge hammer and struck him with all his might until he made him as flat as a sheet of paper. "What must we do?" cried the demous when they saw their chief dislocated, flattened and trailing his tail between his legs like a beaten dog. "We must," said he, "bring locksmiths to put bolts on all our doors and masons to close all the openings of hell that the abominable John may not enter."

When John found he was dying he took his sack and steered for Paradise and at its gate was St. Peter. "Hallo, friend," said the saint, "where goest thou?" "You see it," said the soldier quietly, "let me enter." "Eh!' my gay fellow, they enter not here who wish it. Let me see a few of your merits." "I have served the king 24 years for a pound of bread and 6 maravedis. Is not that a beautiful action? What think you?"

"My friend that is not enough."

"Ah! that is not sufficient, we shall see." Say-

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ing these words the old soldier advanced resolutely, saint Peter stopped him, and 'into my sack,' cried John. "Ah John!" said the guardian of Paradise, "think of the respect you owe me." "Into my sack," repeated John, think you the old trooper who for a pound of bread and six maravedis has served the king 24 years, deserves not a good retreat?"

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XLIII.

REXTOWN.

William Dean Howells, as reported in Buffalo Commercial of Nov. 22nd '87, says—"Reporting after all is nothing more or less than contemporaneous history. It is my opinion that fiction may be replaced by contemporaneous history. I hold that the facts of life are so delightful and important that the time may come when we will prefer them without any allegory tagged on." A brief retrospect of the most recent portion of our vagabond's vicissitudes fails not to corroborate Mr. Howell's position. However acting on the patient himself they are in their sequences strikingly suggestive—yes, important and beautiful. To-night as a tramp stretched upon a wooden pallet, a satchel for his pillow and the wide firmament for canopy—presently as a school-master holding the fort against the district's elect or a prisoner held for assault and battery. Next in a few turnings of Terra's axis he stands without bail or bond the cashier in a station of perhaps the most prominent railroad extant. Not only so but unsought he is made a member of an eclectic body composed of the most honorable, gifted, and learned of the community.

Were there not important facts in themselves and, beyond controversy, beautiful relatively as showing the insight and great heartedness of the sovereign people who, through circumstances profoundly invidious, reached the truth and delighted to honor integrity? The consequence of those changes was more important to the observed than

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the observers as, betimes, the most favoring was to him as the water to Tantalus. Hating meanness—he could not associate with men of liberal means while his hands only had to be sufficient for him; and, equally hating assumption, he would not step into a false position knowing to be out of clothes is to be out of countenance and out of wit. Of the tentatives we only name the kind desire for acquaintanceship per the president of Judge C.—an offer from the literary Hub for his biography—the acceptance of a contribution with laudatory editoral by the Illustrated Sunday Magazine; and last nor least the conclusion of one of the immortals that he would be justified in devoting his time to literature.

But the gales of necessity swept him on, away from the lazy calm of thought, and forced him yet more throughly to study over 'how sublime it is to suffer and be strong;' to linger still in Miss Fortune's academy.

> "Where patience, honor, sweet humanity
> Calm fortitude, take root and strongly flourish"

Their attainment was probably, after all, better than any mere literary progeny and he might by these virtues themselves hatch out some work of interest—interesting for great and delightful meaning. So, unable to hatch his brood in the regular way he got under it and raised it as the Kiwi does. It, too, like the giraffe, fooled the naturalist who, at first, refused to believe in it; and, only after a stuffed one was sent to England and, later, several living ones acknowledged its reality. She weighs about four pounds and her egg—she lays only one—is one pound of her own weight. This monstrous egg is laid among the roots of trees and covered with moss. Then she digs under the egg—squeezes into the tunnel and remains there while the doom-

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posing moss and leaves produce heat enough to keep the egg warm.

And here, still bearing in mind the proposition with which we started—the importance and beauty of the facts of life—we gather it is beyond humanity's grasp to assign any one fact its place. The humble one we have just submitted is no less pregnant of meaning than the prominent superimposed sitting of a hen or a tailor against which only Charles Lamb refused a sedentary contest—In his own language he would "sit against anything but a hen or a tailor."

Encouraged by these reflections added to the thought that there may be equivalents for John's marvellous sack we follow on in our vagabond's wake—premising one little ancedote. We tell it here as told to us. A youth intent on a certain journey boarded a west bound train at Chicago and was permitted to ride to the first station. Before coming to the second he was roughly accosted and kicked off on reaching it. Again he succeeded in boarding only again to be kicked off and again to re-appear. At length the wondering conductor asked him whither he wanted to go anyway and received the terse reply—"Omaha, if my pants hold out." So amazed and pleased was the official at the boy's directness and humor that he became his friend and forwarded his effort effectively for as the initiated know there are two conductors on that route. The gamin's indomitable patience was the magical sack into which his opponents were forced to enter and issue, if at all, blessing undisguised; and it may be by some analagous charm, that the frowns of Missfortune wiil be smoothed into smiles and Vagor also reach the western Mecca.

The winter succeeding his removal passed uneventfully and the summer shone lovingly on him

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spading his garden and that kind of a thing. The Fall turned up occupation during the shipping season as cashier to a large produce-buyer and, later, he aquired another district school. This implied a residence near the school six miles away or boarding out. The latter was the role adopted and a more examplary or desirable habitat for the occasion could not be imagined. The head of the family was a spiritualist of Teutonic extraction—grave, considerate and revered by every member of the household as well he might; for the most unobservant could not help feeling his kindly fatherly presence. His venerable spouse and the other inmates held decidedly the same tenets so that Christopher acted only as a pleasing foil to their enjoyment. He was, however, not so happy in his professional relations. The preceeding teacher had had considerable conflct with the pupils forcing him to invoke the aid of the law and as his friend he incurred considerable odium to begin with. But besides that he struck against a prejudice of the school superintendent as to a principle of order. He had always and happily been wont to treat a pupil as a free and independent agent capable of self-respect and kindly guidance and therefore his idea of order did not coincide with the rigor of present school discipline. Not that he neglected its culture for two items of the first Government Inspector's report ran "Order good. Discipline good," and two of the last Inspector's read "Discipline good. Instruction greatly improved since the accession of present teacher." And we have seen the recent devotion of his Patville pupils in spite of the strongest inducements to the contrary.

No doubt the rule of perfect silence works well for the teacher but does it work equally both ways? Does not the obligation to silence, the imposition

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of a new moral duty, weaken necessarily his application?

2. By keeping him dumb and still as a statue is not both blood and intellect in a state of stagnation?

3. By placing him under a system whose standard is taken from the maturity of the human intellect is it not probable that the child may be sitting down into the habitual practice of a fictitious character?

4. Has not, from professional testimony, such a repression of free agency often resulted in affecting the mind, impressing on it a degree of timidity almost bordering on pusillanimity?

We have shaped those queries fearlessly from the experience of a veteran—knowing surely if under the present regime the pupils progress is sure its tardiness is yet more confirmed. It is no uncommon thing for a child to be seven or eight years in attendance yet ignorant of the rules of syntax or even of simple problems in arithmetic. Talk of Yankees living fast! They need to to make up for their protracted and ominous preparation. The gifted Henry Ward Beecher with his characteristic abandon had his fling at this state of things. He said, "among the superstitious of education are those in favor of order. It is not that there is no such thing as order but that its advocates are bigoted, are narrow, and exclusive. As practice almost always precedes philosophy so already there is to be found the fact of disorder for the sake of benefits which cannot be had by despotic order. If a parlor is arranged with chairs in rows all around the walls with everything in right lines every one says—how stiff, how intolerable, how little taste is manifested! But swing around the lounge in the corner carelessly; let the chairs be scattered about just as they would be if persons

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had but now used them. Shove the centre table a little out from the very middle of the medallion so that it shall not be set, and then people say the parlor has a social and easy air. We dont believe order to be heaven's first law. The face of nature is the most obvious and thorough refutation of this superstition. Everything in creation lies around loose or is mixed up in the most inextricable disorder. Not in confusion.

One morning, early in February, just as the exercises had commenced they were interrupted by an arrival. The intruder the superintendent himself—a chipper, smart young fellow with a rather prepossessing address. The scholars from number and mien in the teacher's view made a fine presentation and hearing the classes lasted until noon. An address followed in which nothing was objected to progress but their order was beyond his experience. He had examined a great many schools but none were so regardless of discipline—had been told on the way that they even threw paper wads at each other! he did not explain whether during study or recess. Finally he counseled them to sit mute and grow wise! The whole harangue seemed to the teacher a good humored approval rather than censure, but, later, he found his mistake. On applying for the renewal of his certificate he was enjoined to bring a line as to fitness from the farmer with whom the official spent the night previous to his visit, or from one of two others designated; and that suggestion threw a flood of light on the whole wretched business. The family referred to had been pointed out by his friend as peculiarly vindictive and he was counselled to get along with them as quietly as possible. A boy of eleven and a maiden probably 16 or more made the family contigent. In pursuance of his friend's advise he

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he had borne a good deal of her presumption but one quest of hers he felt in duty bound to refuse. He had permitted her once or twice to pass from her seat and sit beside a young man whom she averred would help her over some difficulty. This difficulty seeming insurmountable as she persisted in going continuously, the teacher enjoined her to keep her own place and this was a mortal offense. "I hate him," she was overheard to hiss.

The boy was almost equally intractible: in fact so lumpy he seemed incapable of anything but grinning and really was an object of pity to the teacher. They had, however, managed to poison the mind of the superintendent by inverting the truth and hence prejudging he had come with orderly glasses resolved on quarreling with anything and everything not in a right line. He had not the wit of a Bacon who saw that there is no excellent beauty that hath not some strangeness in the proportion, or of Lockyer who claimed for his affianced a fascinating cock to her nose. As looking along the class no doubt even such an item out of plumb, hooked, snubbed, or tip-tilted would offend his aesthetic soul and he would assume the maker himself unwarrantably careless. We need hardly say the course prescribed and indignity itself were quietly ignored and caste into his special sack. "It will all come right one day."

That day of vindication in this instance illumes our page as we write. The public presses are rapidly throwing off an account of a fearful tragedy from insanity—one implicated has just suicided and who can doubt that the sense of right and responsibility was affected by possession or suggestion.

His duties went on despite of detractors and the term of four months was happily completed. De-

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ducting board he had the glorious privilege of returning to his family with more than momentary comfort—compared with John the soldier's his was no mean outfit.

In truth who can overestimate the relief, the rebound of the heart of the poor man in such a case? To see eyes lit up by joyous sympathy caught from him? The whole one self!

> "Self, spreading still! Oblivious of its own,
> Yet all in all possessing."

Specially is this the case with him who makes the moral being his prime care. It must be of such a one that an unknown poet beautifully writes.

> "His is a soul whose master bias leans
> To home felt pleasures and gentle to scenes;
> Sweet images! which wheresoe'er he be
> Are at his heart; and such fidelity
> It is his darling passion to approve
> More brave for this—that he has much to love."

The time subsequent though quiet was not uneventful. The previous Christmas had been signalled by the marriage of the second of of 4 sons and a few months from his return the eldest too helpmated, leading by a few weeks the youngest and only remaining daughter into the family majority of benedicts. Of course he strongly felt the wholesale bereavement but heartly approved a course defined by sacred as well as human obligation. If to be what we ought to be we need support, help, communion in good, in this way—what must be the loss to those deprived of what has been rendered necessary! forced to tread life's round uncheered, untended, unharmonious! We know of none so much to be pitied excepting those who

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have negatives who daily counteract all one ought to do and to be. How grateful ought every mother's son to be that is soulmated as well as housemated.

Such an experience now fell to his own lot for from a fall inducing erysipelas and that intermittent fever a whole year was needed for convalescence—before he felt justified in looking about for fresh fields and pastures new.

During that time the glimpses of sunshine were few and far between but the old playful rhythmical spirit would then break out and carry off such effusions as the 'Automatic Nurse,' 'Katey, Hank, and the Devil,' 'Washington,' 'Burns.'

This last evoked a response from the sweet-toned Harp of which we assume he was not a little proud as we find it pasted carefully alongside that which called it forth. It read:

Monday morning.

Dear Kit,

Your 'Burns' burns within me and I must tell you how much I like—

"He bravely burst his birth's invidious bar."

The whole poem is artistic, finished, complete, that line royal.

Truly yours
S. T. C.

Before submiting the poem as a conclusion of the chapter it may be suggestive of the evolution of an idea to note the same expression from different minds. Beattie first uses: Poverty's unconquerable bar, Milne speaks of: 'Necessity her brazen bar,' Tennyson has something about the 'bonds and bars of circumstance,' and Kit blunderingly traverses the idea to the poet's great delight, showing—"All that hath been majestical in life or

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death, since time began, is native to the simple heart of all—the angel heart of man."

BURNS.

1.

He sang the sea-beat soil, the sylvan haunts
Of Scotia wild—her rustic toils and ways;
And simple faith, fond loves and gay romauntes
And derring—do in good broad Doric phrase;
Yet with a force and grace that mind enchants
To either pole and crowns his shade with bays—
And in Fame's temple of the great and wise
He stalwart stands with glorious flashing eyes.

2.

What truth escaped that piercing kindling glance
In nature's gift, beneath, above, around?
The wee bit mouse did sympathies enchance
The lark, the daisy, meaning had profound;
And Passion's vivid, tender, true romance
Through him direct sublime expression found.—
Not Venus zone displayed more power and charm
To win the wisest and the coldest warm."

3.

He bravely burst his birth's invidious bar
And, in his manhood stood erect and bold!
All weapons formed for wit's relentlsss war
Flew harmless off this shield of beaten gold—
Nor clouted shoon, nor piebald coat could mar
The charm of song from that heroic mould.—
And, while Time on his radiant axle turns,
We hail the day that hallows Robert Burns.

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XLIV.

WESTERN TOUR.

These unknown secluded years of the Perfect One of Nazareth, planned by divine wisdom which marks out the life of all men, teach us that the noblest lives may yet be the most obscure, that life, in the highest sense, is not mere action, but the calm reign of love and duty towards God and man in our allotted sphere—that the truest and holiest joy is not necessarily that of public activity, far less that of excitement and noise, but rather where the calm around lets God and heaven be mirrored in an untroubled spirit.

Apart from the greatness implied in Dr. Geikie's proposition, our settler was at least enrapport with that calm around, which lets God and heaven be mirrored in an untroubled spirit. The day was fitted to the mind, wound itself around it like fine tissue and colored all its fancies. The weather suited his moods—"the variable wind played a thousand tunes, and brought a thousand spectacles, each the frame or dwelling of a new spirit." The key to this receptivity was a simple adherence to duty and selfdenial. He had during the comparatively plenteous years, besides paying his indebtedness for fare hither, paid several instalments on the allotment and house then occupied, so that, though interest was accumulating, he had no pressing incubus of rent, and thus could give cordial heed to surrounding influences. A feeling too of divine humility and restfulness outweighed all others—the memory of the relief from the shafts of scepti-

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cism, accorded to him on his native strand, enhanced the commonest blessings. Nor was there any morbidity in this selfabasement as any he or she well knows who has gained in like manner like precious faith. To talk to such of *accepting* the 'Perfect, One of Nazareth' as his or her almighty saviour would shock their sensibility.

The only apt presentation to them would imply the greatness of their gracious acceptance by him and his own special, peculiar gift.

"A heart at leisure from itself, to soothe and sympathize."

The site of his habitation was singularly picturesque. Standing on a bluff overlooking a smiling cultured plain, bounded by a charming international lake around which shades of departed heroes still loomed with mementoes of the War of Independence. One house to the east and you entered a grove of considerable extent with many an avenue and leafy covert, largely patronized by society near and far for daily or nocturnal picnics. The latter generally brilliant affairs as, on an open, turfy glade, were placed an orchestra and platform for the votaries of terpsichore, while, around and overhead, the arching boughs coruscated with gems of light, and lit up fair women and brave men in dancing revel. But, hark! high over all the west bound toot—as if the grove conceals a steam calliope for mere accompaniment. So close the train hugs the wooded height the branches shade its slow length until emerging around the limestone bluff, so near one may descry the smiles and tokens of the coming or departing guest.

It has been questioned whether the arts on which we moderns pride ourselves have done anything for character, whether morals have not declined as the arts have ascended—if it is not great arts and little

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men. Look up the inventors say these querists and you find each has his own knack, his genius is in veins and spots. The great, equal, symmetrical brain fed from a great heart you shall not find. It is too plain that with the material power the moral progress has not kept pace.

We do not sympathize at a venture with this declamation as indeed who can on perusing a sketch of Faraday by Gladstone or of James Watt from personal knowledge by the manly Sir Walter Scott? But, in any case, the resounding locomotive had a charm peculiar to this vagabond. It too had wonded hither and to him it spoke of langsyne—the wonderful consensus of things that evoked it from that Ultima Thule to tie together all nations or literally grapple them with hoops of steel. "I invite you," says Gulian C. Verplank, a generous American, "to consider what was achieved by the labors of Watt. He was not merely the improver of the steam engine, but, in fact, as to all that is admirable in its structure, or vast in its utility he has the clear right of being honored as its inventor. It was by his invention says an eloquent eulogist of his character and genius that its action was so regulated as to make it capable of being applied to the finest and most delicate manufactures and its power so increased as to set weight and solidity at defiance. By his admirable contrivance it has become a thing stupendous alike for its force and its flexibility."

By the way the sweeping assertions one sometimes meets even from savans, are surprising to the last degree as one quotation amply shows. In verbuttal of such scientists as claim with Mr. Buckle that the spirit of the Scotch Church is as thoroughly hostile to human progress as the spirit of the Spanish Inquisition, John Fisk, another illustrious

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American, simply brackets New England and Scotland, the homes of puritanism, and states the broad incontrovertible facts as to the influence of their religious theory of life upon general education. "Nowhere," he says, "has Puritanism with its keen intelligence and its iron tenacity of purpose, played a greater part than it has played in the history of Scotland. And it is a perfectly patent fact that no other people in modern times, in proportion to their numbers have achieved so much in all departments of human activity as the people of Scotland have achieved. It would be superfluous to mention the pre-eminence of Scotland in the industrial arts or to recount the glorious names in philosophy, in history, in poetry and romance, and in every department of science, which since the middle of the 18th century have made the country of Burns and Scott, of Hume and Adam Smith, of Black, and Hunter, and Hutton, and Lyell illustrious for all future time. In reality the Puritan theory of life led at once to universal education in Scotland, as it did in New England, and for precisely the same reason. Popular education was begun in Scotland earlier than anywhere in Europe.

Often immovable he stood upon the bluff, his eyes fixed on the receding train, his fancy busy with the scenes and changes through which it needs must pass, so suggestive of unlimited progress and brotherhood. How delightful yet realizable on this liberable continent the island poet's noble conception!

> And on her lover's arm she leant
> And round her waist she felt it fold,
> And far across the hills they went
> In that new world which is the old.
> And o'er them many a sliding star,

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And many a merry wind was borne,
And, streamed through many a golden bar,
The twilight melted into morn.

But assuming steam as the consort of civilization we might not inaptly parody the lines thus,

And o'er the hills and far away
Beyond their utmost purple rim
Beyond the nights, across the days,
Through all the world she followed him!

And yet remained another cause of interest; for, after much investigation to ascertain the fate of his youngest brother he, wonderful to relate received a response from the Gate City in his own calligraphy! The intercourse thenceforth was maintained and many tokens of affection utilized the cars from the Big Muddy—some reminder of well being per antelopes, prairie chickens, et cetera.

What lively emotions each and all excited we cannot show, only, in passing, his spirits bounded at the name's display on the cars. His eldest brother had been ten years absent when he first saw him on a strange soil, but his youngest had been now thrice ten before even the prospect of meeting at all. They were old men each with a large family and their experiences like the poles antipodal. That one gathered from old society customs and avocations, this one in contact with Indians and border civilization! What, after all remained in common? Circumstances not only alter cases but too often modes of thought, and even the dispositions themselves. "Scarce any man," says the moralist, "is willing to allot to accident, friendship and a thousand causes which concur in every event without human contrivance or interposition, the part which they may justly claim in his advancement." We differ not because we are irra-

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tional but because we are finite beings, furnished with different kinds of knowledge, exerting different degrees of attention and only one rule of action can conserve family as other ties.

He was about to test this ordeal and personally steam beyond the nights across the days to a fraternal meeting. Had resolved on a prospective tour in order to find remunerative and suitable occupation, choosing Columbus, Nebraska, as the objective point: the rather because he might thus by means of a lay off ticket have the unspeakable happiness of seeing his long lost, beloved brother.

We will now tarry over the attractions of the States of Ohio, Michigan, Illinois, Iowa, as description must necessarily be partial, because literally carried through them with a rush. Observing as speaking requires deliberation. The glance of the eye is often too quick for correct conception as the zeal of the flesh is too hot for the zeal of faith. Talking of those whose nature rushes into great passion Dr. Buehnell says: speaking in the vehemence of steam, there will no accent of divinity in what they say: Nobody expects either steam or lightning to be inspired.

In pursuance of his purpose he stepped off at Omaha and we may imagine him solitary, hesitant, accepting the instant way—in this case the street numbered Tenth. We question whether the youthful Saul when blindly rounding off his trip to Damascus—the possibly oldest city in the old world—on his way to the street that is called Straight, felt more absorbed or bewildered than did this eastern stranger in this newest city in the new world so far as he knew. Not that the bustle or noise discomposed him, for an ex-citizen not only of the greatest sea-port but of the greatest city on earth he was impervious to all that; but as he reflected

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on and compared the closing of a similar cycle he could only wonder and admire. From the time he first landed in England, 1841, to the period of final departure, 1871, how many haps and hazards he had experienced! and now at the close of an equal cycle, 1851 to 1881, not less eventful to himself, he was about to see one whose identity had been established on savage solitudes, among native guerrillas, among the slain in a great battle and who hence had been disembodied to all intents and purposes as far as went the ties and rites of kindred.

So true it is that there are sweet surprises awaiting many a humble soul fighting against great odds in the battle of a seemingly common-place life.

Thus musing he passed two streets at right angles and turned sharp on the third, away from the river, intending at a suitable restaurant to refresh and remove the traces of travel. Chancing to glance up at a signboard over a grocery store he was stunned by the view; for there, confronting him, was the dear familiar name James Burleigh! Pausing hardly long enough to attract attention he moved forward to gain time for self-possession and action. To go in as he was or keep to the first intent—that was the question. The latter still was the most prudent and self-respectful, but he would just reconnoitre the prospect and at least catch a silhouette. He stopped, turned, advanced, halted by the window, inspected the interior, saw only one occupant—a man of probably fifty years and inclining to corpulence. Was he the outcome of the youth who, at nineteen, bade adieu to him a tyro teacher in the border town of Annan? Yes, that shapely head and open glance belong to him still—to prolong the interval would only lessen the joy of grief. He strode collectedly in and walking up to the counter queried respectfully—James Burleigh?

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"Yes, that is my name."
"Do you know me?"
"No."
"You don't know Kit?"
"No."
"Have you not a brother Christopher?"
"No."
"What! not Tail Again!"

It would be impossible to depict the change begotten of this allusion to a boyish escapade—the radiant glow of mingled thought, feeling, impulse, desire, that lit up his countenance, and their hands met in a warm clasp.

We will not obtrude on the family nor on you, dear reader, with further detail—suffice it—after a happy delay of 5 days he went on his way rejoicing.

His view of the country around Columbus could not be better expressed as a whole than in the words of the old song:

"Far hae I ridden and mickle hae I seen
But such a lovely landscape saw I never nane."

His eye for once seemed satisfied of seeing, and then and later his standard of earthly enjoyment was a cot by the flowing Platte. Two days, and in July, he roamed around the terminus enjoying the height of rural felicity in wild cavalcades, wilder herds of the graceful equidae on the unlimited green, and 'dog-towns'—to him peculiarly interesting from rarity. It is not easy to surprise them as they live in burrows and form communities. They utter a sharp chirp which is called barking and hence their name but it is a rodent animal of the family Sciuridae or 'tail-shaders,' because, in a state of rest, that member is turned over the back— It is about the size of a squirrel but heavier—having

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much the appearance of a small woodchuck. Its color is reddish brown above and brownish-yellow below. The rambles, too, were heightened or hallowed by the rich glamor of thought; for he had as companion one versed in the science of nature—a courteous gentleman and scholar.

They had met casually at the same hotel and through some mystical affinity at once coalesced. Making a pedestrian tour through the States he wished our traveler to share the enterprise, but to Vagor's chagrin duty forbade and so he returned homewards. Passing yet one day in the society of his refound brother he left with the prospect of soon returning to that city petrified or saxified by the humorous John Saxe—

OMAHA.

1.

Hast ever been to Omaha
Where rolls the dark Missouri down,
And four strong horses scarce can draw
An empty wagon through the town?

2.

Where sand is blown from every mound
To fill your eyes, and ears, and throat—
Where all steamers are aground
And all the shanties are afloat?

3.

Where whiskey-shops the live-long night
Are vending out their poison juice
Where men are often very tight
And women deemed a trifle loose?

4.

Where taverns have an anxious guest
For every corner, shelf, and crack;

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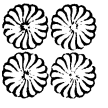
With half the people going west
And all the others going back?

5.

Where theatres are all the run
And bloody scalpers come to trade;
Where everything is overdone
And everybody underpaid?

6.

If not--take heed to what I say,
You'll find it just as I have found it;
And if it lies upon your way
For Godsake, reader, go around it.



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XLV.

GATE CITY.

It is pleasant to observe that, even with the straitest sect, the formal final punishment of the condemned is to be that of creatures only, while the blessedness of believers is divine—enter thou in to the joy of thy Lord. Yet a little while, said Talfourd, and that which we call evil is no more. Yet a little space and those wild emotions—those horrid deeds—those strange aberrations of the soul on which some gifted hearts have delighted to dwell will fade away like the phantoms of a feverish dream.

Rejoicing therefore in the delightful wallet which Time carries behind him in order to put alms for oblivion, we consign to it the emotions, fortunes and trials that transpired in the interim between leaving Omaha and return with his partner. Not only these but wanderings, disappointments and indignities occurring many weeks thereafter.

Anticipating prompt employment he was on the contrary strongly realizing the truth of those two propositions—

"All your aims may come to nought when every [nerve is strained."

"He shutteth and no man can open."

It was on the pledge of a man high in office that he pulled up the stakes of a decade and transferred them just then, and, no doubt the mind of the official was good to do that he had purposed but business depression controlled his wishes.

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A different course was struck casually by means of a young man employed in the Head Quarters of the Big Muddy railroad. Happening in for some trading his brother formally presented Christopher to him and—countreymen and railroaders—he was soon possessed of Kit's experience and expectations. Promptly and kindly he proffered his services to take him over to their establishment, a little way down on the other side, and introduce him to the chief clerk who might possibly bring him to the notice of the auditor. All which was effected in the same kindly spirit and though he was applicant one—over two hundred—his reception was cordial and augured well for a desk betimes.

As hopefully awaiting the issue it might have been said domestically—

> Great events are in the gale
> And each hour brings a varying tale.

His brother strongly urged by an old friend to visit with him their native Britain, their dear mother isle, and no less prompted by desire, cast about him for arguments for and against. He had greatly suffered within the past few months from the death of his beloved wife, family anxiety, and business exaction and, no doubt, a thorough change of association for a short time would be the most perfect tonic; but how to leave his engagements! True he had a son of nineteen with two able assistants, yet, though skilled in details, could he grasp the full situation and influence aright his motherless brother and two sisters just in their teens—the most selfish period of life? And then possibly his aged brother and sister made no small factor in the problem. They had come hither through high hope held out by him, and to his mind well assured, and yet it had miserably deceived like that

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double—"that round ever the wretched hangs and hides the place on which she stands." Now this and now that consideration seemed to sway him until finally he unconsciously illustrated the mechanism of thought as submitted by Oliver W. Holmes. "A single night of sleep," he says, "has often brought a sober second thought which was a surprise to the hasty conclusion of the day before.' Lord Polkommet's description of the way he prepared himself for a judicial decision is in point except for the alcoholic fertilizer he employed in planting his ideas: "Ye see, I first read a' the pleadings; and then, after letting them wamble in my name wi' the toddy two or three days I gave my ain interlocutor." That the process of unconscious cerebration, fertilizer and all, was needed for the decision of brother James we shouldn't wonder, and it comprised a protracted trip of two months, Like a prudent manager he put everything in order as far as possible. He also insured against accident for the benefit of his family and no less generously for that of his brother. Not only thus as regards him for a gentleman in some way his debtor was instructed to supply any demands made in his absence as from and by himself.

The Fourth of July was that appointed for starting, in company with his friend and wife who had preceded him hither by three years—making an absence of Thirty Four from their native Lincoln, an eastern shire in old England. The ancient Greeks averred there was many a slip between cup and lip and nearly befell an illustration in this case. The votive morning from Missouri's lazy bed rose smiling on the shores and town that stretched to far off garnished heights and vales whose low estate seemed comforted with brooks and trees and sweet eye-pleasing flowers. The crackers, squibs, shots,

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shouts, and cheers of patriotism already greeted her so well the celebration aptly was Patriotous. But, hark! what means that scaring yell—more shrill and wild than note of bagpiper? Ah, yes, a gamin wounded! Albert, Albert bleeds! Not he of Wyoming but Albert B., the seven years' son of him about to travel. His hand unguardedly as firing off a pistol has been perforated and now what remains! The course as projected for, confiding in his brother and sister's judgment, he held on his way.

The wound was more troublesome than anticipated and for a month two physicians or surgeons were retained, the oldest for one month more. The care entailed day and night on the matron, besides manipulating applications and administering medicines, was perhaps the most exacting of her arduous life though her family of eight had reached man and womanhood. Vagor himself had no small share of anxiety one way and other. Engaged about a week after the accident in the office indicated he felt yet constrained to nightly help his nephew post his books. Not soonerous in itself but the frequent interruptions and indifference as to wasted time rendered the task far more irksome than that of the entire day, and an equal amount of salary would not have tempted him to undertake or continue what had been simply a labor of love. It extended three moths.

With his brother's advent he retired to a little cot one of many with which the numerous ridges or hills are garnished. So difficult at that time it was to secure a residence he had rented it a whole month previous to occupation.

But Goethe says all progressive minds are cheerful and certainly he was soon himself again. Instead therefore of stopping to specify his office-

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work and details, only promising that he was in a flourishing railway's passenger department which itself contained fifty clerks, we present his duties and surroundings by a few hillarious verses.—

1.

The Frank he sits there,
With his fine head of hair,
Arranging his cards and his tally—
The Scot all intent
On Re-div and per cent.
Represses awhile the gay sally.

2.

And there to the right
Looking wild with delight
At the items pilled high for his ledger
Sits one who might wield
For a pen a stout shield
Or bawl forth the song of the dredger.

3.

And his vis-a-vis
From the far Zuyder Zee
His head swept as by a 'miasmus'
Casts his balances there
With a calibre rare
A chip of the old block Erasmus.

4.

The chief of the set,
And Apollo's own pet,
With smiles that reveal their own story
Spreads sweetness and light
Over business despite,
And at church rules a choir in his glory

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5.

And now we have straight
Given points their due weight
Of the knights of the pen at that table—
Though critics may laugh
And opine that we chaff,
Or ask us if we can spell able.

The knight so intent on Redivision and Per-centage was probably the rhymster himself and we are not sorry there's a hole in the rest of the ballad.

The auditor was a little five feet entity of the Pauline type. Hlgh, well-defined aquiline nose, and other features good. The forhead Shakesperian, the eyes, beneath finely arched brows aglow with speculation. More betimes of the mental and moral cast of character.

The site on which his cottage was perched was peculiarly fitted to call forth his sympathies and energies. Eastward it overlooked the city, the river and Council Bluffs westward it commanded a picturesque gulch watered by a murmuring brook on who. e northern bank were pleasure grounds and a house of entertainment which even on Sunday the ruddy Scandinavians patronized with music and dancing to the great annoyance of pilgrim puritans. Nor was the townward side less obtrusive on that day, for, all over the gentler slope and densely wooded bottom, you would hear near and far from clump or thicket impenetrable to view, the sounds of saw and hammer. The desecration called forth the forces of an old Dumfriessian who hired or bought a cottage and set it apart for a Sunday School. His success was exceptional and soon, we believe, he had the largest and most devoted institute in the city. He then canvassed for a missionary and successfully, and yet again was longe primus in procuring an ordained minister.

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Possessing rare courage and tact this big, beggar man as he was jocularly called, had occasionally queer rencontres and one he used to relate with much gusto. When he first set out to establish a church his intention was simply to enlarge the Sunday School after its removal to a proper site; but he met with a presentation of the subject in a light luminous as humorous and came yet as light from heaven, through a staunch old Teuton. "Why dond you," said he, "build a new one? I will give two hundred tollars and speak to mein frients who I know will aid you. There isn't a d——d sight of difference between Lutherans and Presbyterians anyway." He and friends were better even than the proem and most liberally aided the enterprise as well as exemplified by attendance the broad spirit of Christhood. Of course the sympathy of Vagor was fully aroused and indicated in all ways possible—by contribution, invocation, speech and pen.

The first was inconsiderable enough in itself and the second perhaps still less so—aptly drawn by Homer 2000 years ago.

> "Prayers are daughters of Almighty Jove
> Lame, wrinkled, and squint-eyed, that painfully
> Follow Misfortune's steps; but strong of limb
> And swift of foot Misfortune is, and far
> Outstripping all, comes first to every land
> And there wreaks evil on mankind which prayers
> Do afterwards redress. Whoe'er receives
> Jove's daughters reverently when they approach
> Him willingly they aid, and to his suit
> They listen."

His manner of speaking was hesitant, abrupt, condensed, yet one night he met approval such as thrilled him with emotion. A young lady, wife of a government officer, after the service, saluted him

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through tears of thankfulness and assured him he had done her so much good by his remarks. This we mention because of its moral. It shows that any one who has the power of willing has the power of acting, speaking, or praying in such way as to do good to somebody. "Every one exerts an influence by his very thoughts and the influence of a man who has a belief is wonderful." "If you are redeemed, benefited, say so," eloquently exhorted the Rev. J. N. Freeman one night at Highlow, and possibly unconsciously he seconded the injunction of philosophy which bids us depose the lightning so as to conduct our thoughts rapidly as they arise from land to land; and hence by consequence to utilize the light of heaven and speak it everywhere.

Over the pen name of Old Ernest he sent several contributions to the City Observer preserving as he thought his incoguito; but, one night, going around to a solicitor's which he was in the practice of doing he was disabused of that idea. The occasion of this mode of procedure was a text which furnished some weighty thoughts for the Rev. Mr. H——a —"while I was busy here and there he was gone." Here and there, thought Kit, what an admirable heading for a few essays! Here in this school the gifted and learned; there, in that spacious, lofty fane, the athlete and late pugilist! Later I must attend this Antaens and see how he gives the devil his due—whether he speaks as well as he fights like the great Julius. Such the origin of first essay and continuance until the plant was transferred. He then turned to the gentle Watchman and the state of the streets presented the most obvious subject. In a violent rain or after an incipient flood as frequently befell it was no exaggeration in Saxe to declare that four strong horses scarce could draw an empty wagon through the town. The way was next to impassable and so full

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of ruts in consequence that one's back as sitting in any light curricle collided to lame if not to kill. In a grotesque rhyme, interalia, he counselled the councillors to procure griffius or winged horses for their special use, else have the streets put in keeping with their magnificent structures and interim distances. The last suggestion, whatever the mediate cause, was soon thereafter adopted. Farnham paved—Harney, Douglas, 16th and 18th asphalted and for show at least surpassed the best macadam. We have no record of contributions to this serial and find one only in manuscript which was possibly recopied. But as there is really nothing to hinder its appearance we will use it as our editorial privilege. The friendship between the parties interested was never interrupted. The incident that evoked it was this. Lazily sauntering past the stairway leading up to the office he wss hailed by the genius loci himself from the third or fourth stair and invited to share his otium cum dignitate.

Readily complying the vagabond was soon under a fire of interrogatories which we cannot particularize, and only elicited so many disclaimers and don't knows as to cause the querist with portentous front and magisterial air to demand. "What do you know?" The reply unavoidably prevented was handed in next day,

"WHAT DO YOU KNOW?"

1.

What do you know, asked Mr. So-and so
The rhyming chief as sitting on the stairs
That led up to his Poetry Daypo—
And tipped his hat upon the north-west hairs.
As he should say I Mr. Mac Do-nough
A thing or two might shame your slow day-
[mares
What more he thought or meant just then was
[stopped
An angel passed and after her he hopped.

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2.

But yet the catechist right here set up
His query and his imprimatur 'stet,'
And so I'll fire my rough and tumble Krup
To show to him there's powder dry there yet—
I know the angel that he followed up
Had flowing skirts and beckoned higher yet
Until she vanished—he knows when and where
Else like the goddess—mother into air.

3.

And so I know we only know in part
All truth, as sportsmen know their flying prey,
And learn betimes by slow and dexterous art
The incidental angle used to slay.
By thunder, too, he struck it neat and smart
When thus we saw him take his eager way;
For Goethe names it forty-five degrees.
And now he knows one knows just how to tease.

Much attention besides was given to another popular serial whose editor's kidness and courtesy left an impression ineffaceable and had his reign continued all that the generous rivalry of noble minds could elicit would have been forthcoming. He might have struck the poetical as at times he had shy poetical insight and reconcilements but they withdrew too often in the manner of Mr. O'Brien's. He was a member of a rhyming club and, failing in making a couplet, was fined. Stumbling homewards under skiey and other influences an inspiration seized him and turned him about. "I'm Paddy O'Brien drunk as a swine," rang in his ears and he determined to redeem the forfeit. Reentering the hall with much gravity he declared he had a rhyme and was encouraged to proceed. He gave it but with a licence, thus—

I'm Paddy O'Brien
Drunk as—pork by Jabers!

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Returning to the main track from which we have been switched two years, two advances, two vacations, and one transfer—from the auditor's room to that adjoining the General Manager's—we find his affairs not so well amended as assured or anticipated. The promised advance has not been given and the manager's profile only suggests to his mind the words of Othello—

"You told a lie, an odious, damned lie—
Upon my soul a lie; a wicked lie."

Reflecting yet that what was deferred in time might be compensated by amount he patiently wrought on in accord with the old adage—if you wish prosperity deserve it. New lines of railway and additions to the old were being opened up and hence new stations to be furnished with tickets and instructions, besides supplies for succesive excursions and fairs, so that opportunity was fully presented;and the strain on his business energies was almost anomalous. He had just overcome the pressure of the season and been complimented by the sub-manager, or chief of his department, who declared he had done twice as much as any predecessor when he was summoned before the chief. The magnate was sorry to say through arrangements outside of his control, he was forced to part with him though no immediate removal was necessary a week, a month or even two as suited himself. He enjoined him to advise the auditor who, he had no doubt, would arrange for readmission. No fault could be found with him and he was to request the auditor's attendance. In compliance with this injunction he at once saw the auditor who instead of his usual urbanity growled—"Have you been misbehaving again?" Taking this simply as a joke for he had never interchanged with either official or

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clerk an angry word he laughingly rejoined—"You can soon satisfy yourself the manager wants to see you." The only attitude could be at all misrepresented was in the absence of another clerk whose work was assigned to him. Asked at the time if he did not like it he answered frankly: "No, because of my sight—it is too trying." At all events this wretched mysterious bearing of his superiors caused no little uneasiness and the rather because his own singularly transparent disposition hated intensely all finesse, cunning, and management. Why should there be concealment or hesitation at revealing the cause or causes why of a change so vital to him? With his old clerical friend he had received a blow in the face though too, like him he had borne himself correct as an angel from heaven, had received from his superintendent the highest encomium. Verging sixty he was yet capable of his duties though—dismissed—the consequence might be irreparable. So great indeed was the indignity to his sense of providence that momentarily he forgot his sack, as the pilgrim in Doubting Castle his key, and saw nothing ahead of him but a hole in the water into which he must miserably disappear! Yet he was soon himself again and shortly thereafter was offered a desirable position in a Publishing House, which he deferred accepting until further developments at the office. The first exhibit was an employee's return ticket for himself and wife valid for a month. This he was constrained to use on account of the past ordeal and only wished before starting a quiet interview with the auditor on account of his insensate and confounding query—the more so as he was assured by a high official that the auditor was unduly influenced. That gentleman detained at home through sickness he could only use the escape valve protem, and this we may name—

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BILLEE CRANDALL.

1.

The pythoness with such finesse,
The oracle could handle
As made the false appear the real—
And so played some on Crandall!

2.

The gossip vamp Miss Sairey Gamp
For courtesy sipped scandal
Which gave each view a lying hue
And so did Billee Crandall!

3.

"Send tribute now to me or else,,—
Wrote Nial—darling vandal!
Yet soon to find himself behind,
And so may Billee Crandall.

4.

The darkling blow from secret foe
Has never haft of sandal;
But lacerates the soul it mates,
And so will that of Crandall.

5.

I go but with old Time, my friend
That slays both spite and scandal;
And puts to rout all tyrants stout
Or slaves like Billee Crandall.

6.

And yet, farewell—God send you grace
Like sand on Coromandel:
We bear no hate though d——n the prate
That fooled you William Crandall.

It would be unfair yet to omit that there were other departments besides the auditor's and ticket

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office—that the morning of departure the manager wishing him a pleasant trip enjoined him to remember in spite of appearances he was no less a B and M employee—and so that he calmly put the defunct position in his sack, faced the sun rising and recalling an early boyish incident, intrepidly sang—

LET HER WENT.

1.

Let her went Taffy said, as a bull on a tare
Dashed away with his bonds and sprang high into air
Over buttress and pier, in his blindness and pride;
To be lost like a flash in the Mersey's broad tide.

2.

There was wit in the Briton's grim hearty ha ha
As the gambols of taurus unwieldy he saw;
For why should blind fortune our peace ever slay
Since changing as Protens as prone to betray?

3.

The man who is true to the constant within
In despite of all changes goes on still to win:
What treacherous chance can extinguish dear love
Joy and faith in the truths are inspired from above?

4.

If big smelling friendship unworthy fail
And like the blamed bovine as quickly turn tail
Remember his kicking and force will be spent
While you laugh at his antics and cry—Let her went!

5.

If grief and dark care on your footsteps impend
The heart free from guile may smile on to the end;
For forms of all evil must quickly be spent
Since good only lasts and exults, Let her went.

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XLVI.

FINALE.

Railway Porter.—"Well, sir, you've tipped me very handsomely and I dont mind giving you a tip. Never get into the last carriage, it always suffers worse in collisions." Mr. O'Bull.—"Faith, why don't they leave it off, then?"

As we feel unable to adopt the hint of Mr. O'Bull we will jump aboard for a round trip to the world's limbo, the great cataract; to whose genius we may consign the begining of the end and so vacate for good the boundless, promising west. Not that our rover had elected any fate or point of departure for as a child he awaited the father's will with glad expectancy—he knew well from the past that there are no trials may not be converted into blessings.

Not all who seem to fail have failed indeed
Not all who fail have therefore worked in vain;
For all our acts to many issues lead.
And out of earnest purpose pure and plain,
Enforced by honest toil of hand or brain,
The Lord will fashion in His own good time
Such ends as to His wisdom fittest chime
With his vast loves eternal harmonies.
There is no failure for the good and wise.
What though thy seed should fall by the way side.
And the birds snatch it, yet the birds are fed
Or they may bear it far across the tide
To give rich harvest after thou art dead."

But down the burn Christie sounds the steam whistle and off goes the train along the river bank.

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Past Belle-vue the memento of a romantic picnic; over the Platte bringing airs and reminiscences from the scenes of early exploration; over the Missouri itself—and on across Iowa. Over the Mississippi, dear to fame, and on away beyond the night, across the days. One fine Sunday in September 18—they reached the residence of their eldest—a villa near the Falls. The youngest too was located in the neighborhood and accompanied by one or other of their spouses he often made delightful and interesting excursions as we gather from this memento among others.

NIAGARA.

Why this ado, thou bluff Niagara!
As if the world would heed thy ceaseless call,
And turn aside in rapt and speechless awe
To gaze upon thy wild and dizzy fall!
What art thou but a slave of form and law
A show of power material—after all!
That kinkey wall so bright and radiant there
Not fairer is than is my lady's hair!

That milky pool that gathers in thy tears
And keeps thy secrets ever deep within
Not truer is than self to doubts and fears
And humbling falls that mark the trail of sin—
That incense there that mounts and disappears
In heaven's own gates doth yet not nearer win
To God's great heart than doth the contrite sigh
Unseen of all save his all-seeing eye.

Deep unto deep there calls and homage pays—
America to England England thence
To her. To Him the symphony of praise
Who evermore in common doth dispense
Laws, learning, language, and heroic bays,
The love of freedom and strong pith of sense:
And better yet to knit in amity
Frank admiration—mutual, kind, and free.

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I linger yet upon thy matchless brink
While thoughts like these impressively assail—
How blessed wer't mine to feel—the power to think
A melting song or tell the thrilling tale
Would mend the heart and earth to heaven link—
Make worth, and truth, and honesty prevail!
But, hark! dost hear my rough bon ami Frank—
"Come on away thou blamed Missouri Crank?"

They severally and unitedly urged him to remain there, where were so many attractions, and affectionately submitted his claim to the great and gracious law of nature that old age should have rest. And feelingly did he know that the soul seeks not—she demands release from the bonds of the world's day-darg life; and expects her thoughts to be settled into a calm still and tideless. Without deciding they made a tour but antedating their ticket and only on renewed expostulations submitted—the mother to the enjoyment of family intercourse and the father to the much coveted calm of thought.

No sacrifice was sparcd to secure their ease of mind. The days of the human autumn were thus made as calmly grand, as gracefully hopeful as the days that lead the changing year down to the grave of winter. He did not regretfully utter the dolorous strain—

I'm growing old, I've sixty years
I've labored all my life in vain—
In all that time of hopes and fears
I've failed my deareet wish to gain;
I see full well that here below
Bliss unalloyed there is for none.
My prayer will ne'er fulfilment know;
I never have seen Carcassone,
I never have seen Carcassone!

He had probably never reached the good ahead of him that the old farmer anticipated, nay predicted, but he was not without compensation. Like

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the mad laird' he never kenned whare he cam frae. His paternal ancestor lay mouldered beneath the carved enigma in God's acre upon the chequered downs of Tinwald, as secure from the strictures of fame as if his descendent had never been. But all the same he was one enabled to go with time, not behind it—to feel age more by the strength of his soul than by the weakness of his body. And, granting one unkind aspect of fate, it, like the reciprocal influence of sense organs, has a corrective merit. The excitation of any sense, says science, has for result the increase of the acuteness of others If colored plates are placed at such a distance that one can hardly distinguish the colors, and various sounds are then produced, the colors become generally more distinct the higher the sounds. Similarly one can while sound affects the ear, read words which one could not before. So it requires affection's diapason to bring boldly out the fainter lines of fate

What is the consolation of wealth to the tender transport of delight imparted by love's soft sympathy? Is it not pitiful in this connexion to notice the ostenstble things by which we are rich or poor! "a matter of coins, coats, and carpets." Against these he could place his eight scions of any one of which he might thankfully sing:

Said Sir Walter Scott "unless we have taught ourselves to consider everything as moonshine compared with the education of the heart we shall never learn to feel and respect our real calling and destiny."

To make his cup of earthly felicity run over he had the delight of that friendship planted in esteem's deep soil and the gradual culture of kind intercourse. We have as editor been consulting a huge pile of letters from this untiring friend C. B.

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L., all foolscap size, and every page closely written —sometimes eight pages—and find them so inspiring that we rise dumbfounded with admiration at their appreciation of the lofty, experience of the world, delicacy of manner, pathos and amiability. To him it is we owe these outlines—not only are they at his suggestion but through his power to console and inspirit; no week passed without the cheering epistle and some tentative to exertion. "I love" he playfully says in one missal, "to look back —upon the past friendship between us, to recall the many battles we have fought, and see the wounded carried from our imaginary battle-fields to be succored by the good dame fortune in the hospital of faith and good cheer." A few lines of Vagor's passed to him through the Niagara Courier and hence without a breach of confidence may be repeated.

To C. B. L. HIGHLO W.

My dear, good friend, I'll venture once to try
Niagara's proud harp—longwhile incog:
Till, late, some sons of Orpheus masking sly
Gave it a most unmerciful strong jog—
From droll grotesque to heights sublime it rose
From feet 'not mates' to 'instep high on nose.'

And is not this the maestro's chosen shrine
As witness cedars tall and massive rocks—
That form to waters many-voiced a line
On which their vast momentum raves and shocks
And sinks in tumult horrible to scan,
Down, down to caverns measureless to man?

O sacred stream! to me thy melody
Is sweeter than all melodies beside—
In night's lone watch the spirit's lullaby
The life of hope, the dirge of hate and pride—
God over all the strain, increasing, loud—
"Him first—Him last – Supreme in shine or cloud.

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Ye clouds that give the sky its gayest shades
Or roll along surcharged with death and gloom
Smile ye or frown on more steependous glades,
Or where the works of art more grandly boom,
Or where earth's offerings more sublimely rise
Commingled with the heart's best sacrifice?

So was our wanderer laid asleep in the body to become a living soul, to illustrate by these memoirs the admirable laws of the spirit as gathered from philosophy and seconded by large experience.—In viewing ourselves, our past in the light of thought we find our life is embosomed in beauty—behind us as we go all things assume pleasing forms as clouds far off. Not only things familiar and stale but even the tragic and terrible are comely as they take their place in the pictures of memory—the soul will not know either deformity or pain. In the hours of clear reason the mind seems so great that nothing can be taken from us that seems much—the universe remains to the heart unhurt. The world itself exists for the education of each man. To believe your own thought, to believe that what is true for you in your private heart is true for all men,—that is genius. What we do not call education is more precious than that which we call so; for, as Emerson beautifully excogitates—One mode of the divine teaching is the incarnation of the spirit in a form—in forms like my own. I live in society with persons who answer to thoughts in my mind or express a certain obedience to the great instincts to which I live. I see its presence to them. I am certified of common nature and these other souls these seperate selves, draw me as nothing else can. They stir in me the new emotions we call passions—of love, hatred, fear, admiration, pity—hence comes conversion, competition, persuasion, cities and war. We infer hence too that

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he who writes to himself writes to an eternal public, that that statement only is fit to be made public which you have come at in attempting to satisfy your own curiosity, and that what we do not believe we cannot adequately say though we may repeat the words never so often.

That he wrote in the light of all or any one of these laws we do not say but leave to the erudition of the acute critic and turn to his impassioned swan song his now old and hoar—

MUCH PONDERING ON NIAGARA'S SOUNDING SHORE.

Alone by the fast flowing stream
In pensive enjoyment I sit—
The past and the present alike
Pay tribute to vagabond wit.
What are the hard facts on life's round
But aids helping mortals to think—
To weld up a being divine
By adding sound link unto link.

The land of my father's and mine
To me gave its classical lore;
And—treasure of treasures—the word
That opened God's infinite store.
To England whose charter was mine,
And yet a kind step-dame at best,
I owe the free graces of speech—
The absolute rest of unrest!

Are they—sons and daughters—less dear
Though born and enshrined on her soil?
O no—but to prejudice heed
We stand in the devil's own coil!
To grasp facts in full we must be
Exempt from the trammels of place—
To have and to hold all things well
Our hearts must claim nothing in space.

What myth ever coined of the brain
Yet equalled in beauty and grace
The concept of Thee veiledof earth

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And seen in a vagabond's face?
That thus thou mightes't walk hand inhand
With all still empowered to be kindV
Endow with thy pains and thy worth
The worlds of heart and of mind!
Thou coulds't not be held of earth's bars
Nor of Satan's own vigil and ward
But bodily upward and on
To bliss thou didst pass glory-starred.
So Time's cunning alchemy shall
But forward our speed to thy throne—
Thee leader—though world's oppose—
To glory and joy must we on.

We may hence gather whatever the laws of his intellectual life he had known and loved the law of patriotism as defined by Dr. Cheever.—Every evil habit, he says, one conquers, every vicious element one neutralizes or annihilates is an insurance for the benefit of society. Could even five men of Sodom have been persuaded to obey the God of Lot the dissolute city would have been safe from fiery vengeance. So the best patriot, the best lover of his city and country is he who becomes from the heart and in the life a true Christian. That person is doing the greatest work for his country and his race who is growing most in grace and in the knowledge and likeness of his God and Saviour. The region of the mighty cataract was pregnant of thought and metaphor and feelings too deep for utterance. Every day revealed new beauties and aspects! So the astronomer pursues his celestial problems in an ever increasing ratio of admiration. He discerns the real motion from the apparent, the central star from the wanderer, the order of their going and association and binds them into systems. Systems themselves offer a sublime investigation and again triumph awaits the student. The sun moves! The grandest object in grace as in nature was and is a Vagabond.

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